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Vol. III, No. 8.

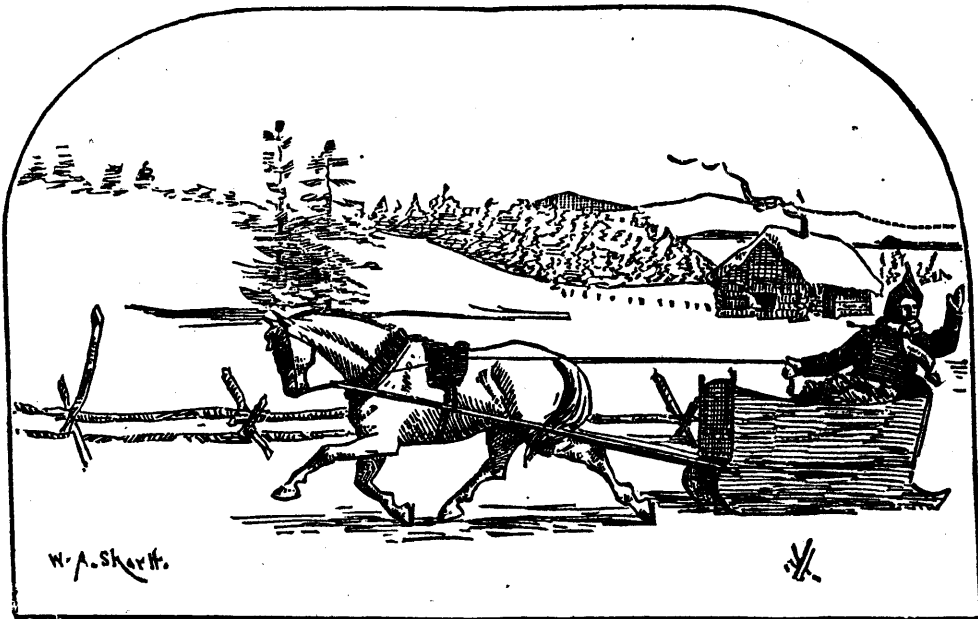


March, 1891.



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VOL. III., No. 8.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., MARCH, 1891.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

MR. ROBERT MILLAR.

IN introducing Mr. Robt. Millar, the subject of our biographical sketch, we feel as though it was a mere *pro forma* operation, as he is already well known to our readers under his *nom de plume* of "Rufus Reddy." There is an appropriateness in connection with this pseudonym which will be apparent to those who are familiar with Mr. Millar, whose complexion is very suggestive of an *Auburn-loveliest-valley-of-the-plain* residence, while the *semper paratus* style of his facile and forcible pen still further marks the connection. Our personal recollections of Mr. Millar were somewhat antecedent to his birth, or as Sir Boyle Roche would say, "We knew him before he was born." In other words, prior to his advent on this sub-lunary sphere, we had the pleasure of knowing his immediate progenitor, Robert J. Millar, Esquire, during his life-time a very prominent resident of Drummondville, Que., and who in the palmy days connected with the early salmon fishing of the St. Francis river; wielded a fish spear with a result only circumscribed by the number, or number of pounds weight of salmon, inscribed on his fishing license. He was an honest Millar, although the grist that ran through the stones of Drummondville Falls was well tolled. To repeat his prowess in the way of securing grist would be a twice told tale. Those who consider this method of securing salmon unsportmanlike, must remember that the St. Francis river salmon never rise to the fly, and that Mr. Millar was paid in salmon for his services as salmon



ROBERT MILLAR.
(RUFUS REDDY.)

protector. He has told me that during several successive seasons he had recognized one enormous salmon which he was always tempted to spear, but which happened to be amongst the last of the run, when the complement to which he was legally entitled had been secured. The subject of our sketch was born at Drummondville, and is descended from old military stock, his paternal grandfather having been a Lieutenant in H. M. 1st Regiment of Scotch Foot, where he saw service in the great war that opened the present century. His mother is a daughter of the late Lieut. Robins, of the well known Demeuron Regiment. The military spirit has descended in a milder form upon the present Mr. Millar, who is a member of one of Canada's Crack Volunteer Corps, the Victoria Rifles of Montreal, being one of the crack shots of that Shooting

Regt, and the happy possessor of medals, cups and other valuable prizes won at the Rifles Ranges. He is a railway man and connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway. For several years he has been a regular contributor to the Canadian newspapers, and is everywhere recognized as a vigorous and forcible writer on current topics and one of the best informed men in Montreal, on all matters of general interest. As a pen caricaturist he holds a leading position, and he has a wonderful faculty of pen painting any human follies and foibles which attract his attention. A few years ago he visited the British Isles and the European continent, as a correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*, and his articles to that paper were eagerly looked for and well received, the interest taken in them being manifested by their reproduction in other Canadian, as well as American newspapers. Mr. Millar is one of Canada's humorists, and will be remembered by our readers as the author of "My Grandfather was wounded at Lundy's Lane," "How I won my Spurs," and other humorous sketches which have appeared from time to time in this journal over the name of "Rufus Reddy." For some time past an affection of his eyes has interfered with Mr. Millar's usual literary contributions, but it affords us much pleasure to say that he has so far recovered as to be able to become a regular contributor to our columns, a pleasure which we know will be shared by the numerous readers of this journal.

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STYLE OF TRAVEL

—OF THE—

High French Officials at Quebec in Olden Times.



HE industry, patient and comprehensive research displayed by our French annalists, Garneau, Bibaud, Ferland, Faillon, has unquestionably left but little unsaid or unnoticed—albeit the manner of presenting facts may widely differ—on the old regime of Canada; and the glamour and rainbow tints, with which the historian Frs. Parkman has invested this remote period, seems to have rendered it instinct with life.

More than one circumstance of recent occurrence are of a nature to encourage the modern delver in the rich mine of colonial history to delve still deeper. In 1872, a Public Record Office was opened, an annex, as it were, of the Department of Agriculture, the best man in the whole Dominion of Canada, probably, Douglas Brymner, was selected as its head, specialists such as the Abbés Verreau and Tanguay, B. Sulte, Jos. Marmette were asked to co-operate; we all know their cordial and effective response.

It is now apparent to careful observers that the *lacuna*, hitherto sorely left with respect to reliable records for describing a later period—the English regime—is being rapidly filled in. In more than one promising essay, is apparent the beneficent influence of the new light—of wider horizons—opened out; there are many satisfactory indications, probably, no where more visible than in two recent histories of Canada, Mr. B. Sulte's and the more recent work of Wm Kingsford. F. R. S. C. Another healthy trait, worthy of notice, is the awakening of each province, since Confederation, to the sacred duty of garnering and preserving its own historic records, in which are revealed the struggles, material and intellectual progress of its inhabitants from their rude beginnings to the present day. I am more particularly reminded of this at the present time by the perusal of the annual report *annuaire* of *l'Institut Canadien* of Quebec for the year 1889.

Amidst other interesting matter, it contains summaries of no less than seventeen (*) hitherto unpublished *Mémoires*, compiled by a distinguished engineer officer sent out from France, Col. Franquet, who came to America, in 1750, as Chief Engineer of Fortifications, who had been charged

by the king of France with the duty of fortifying Louisbourg, in Cape Breton, which he did, though it had to succumb, in 1758, to the victorious arms of Wolfe, despite the heroic defense it made. Franquet landed at Louisbourg, in 1750; in 1751, he crossed over to Isle St. Jean (Prince Edward Island). In 1752, he extended his peregrinations to Quebec, Three-Rivers, Montreal, Lake St. Sacrement, and during his three years stay in Canada, he visited and reported on innumerable forts. It is some of the memoirs he wrote about this time, I purpose to examine and comment on. In 1754, Franquet returned to Louisbourg in company with the Chevalier de Dru-court to put in order the old works of defence and carry out the instructions of the French king as to new works. Franquet was even more than an experienced engineer officer; his memoirs exhibit him as possessed of literary attainments, he evidently was a close observer of men and things generally, though his timely reports to the king on existing abuses and needed reforms seem to have remained unheeded in those degenerate days, in which coming events were already, though dimly casting their lurid shadow before them.

New France in 1751 was administered by the Marquis Duquesne. Duquesne de Menneville, a captain in the Royal Navy, was a descendant of the famous admiral Duquesne, who had shed lustre on the reign of Louis XIV. He was brave and able, but a blight affected the colony: the profuse expenditure and in some cases the wholesale pilfering of some of its high officials. A burthen to France it was even in 1751, losing gradually its former prestige. Was the Marquis gifted with a species of second sight and when in 1754, he asked for his recall, could he even then detect on the wall faint tracings of an ominous hand pointing to its loss to France a few years later? Some are inclined to think so.

In 1754, however, there were yet but distant mutterings of the gathering storm and even the royal concubine would have shrunk from openly daring to rejoice at the possible loss of Canada to France.

The Marquis Duquesne, who had landed at Quebec in July 1851, was not long before setting earnestly to work in order to carry out his royal master's instructions concerning the measures to be taken to eject English traders from the valley of the Ohio. One of his first tasks was to order a general review of the regulars and militia available and to enforce discipline: the country could furnish 13,000 fighting men, it was found. The fol-

lowing year was spent in preparations for the coming campaign. In the spring of 1753, Capts. Morin and Peau were dispatched with men towards the seat of the threatened trouble, in accordance with plans matured the winter previous; this brings us to the 14th January 1753, when His Excellency started by land, of course, to make arrangements at Montreal for the king's service and Col. Franquet will be our cicerone. Franquet's M. S.S., translated in 1854 from the archives of the war office in Paris, was that year added to the collection of Canadian historical documents.

It remained for long years ignored—except to a few curious students of Canadian annals. In 1876, it was my good fortune to obtain for the first time access to these instructive memoirs. In 1889, the *Institut Canadien* of Quebec made a selection of their contents for publication in its *Annuaire*. Under date, 14th January 1753, Col. Franquet describes the trip by land, he was invited to take under the considerate charge of Intendant Bigot, from Quebec to Pointe-aux-Trembles, to escort the Commander-in-Chief, on his annual voyage to Montreal.

"Each year," says Franquet, "it is customary, nay necessary, that the General in the colony should go to Montreal in January, returning to Quebec in the ensuing month of August. Among other official business the following appear to be the principal duties which attract him there."

1st.—To select and name suitable officers to command in the king's posts in the upper country—*les pays d'en haut*.

2nd.—To regulate the number of soldiers required in each post.

3rd.—To limit the proportion of vehicles for their conveyance and the amount of provisions necessary for the route.

4th.—To provide each post with the arms and stores requisite for their defence and maintenance, for one year.

5th.—To deliver permits to traders, for leave to trade at these posts.

6th.—To fix the number of assistants required by the traders and by others for the king's service in order to be able each year to keep exact count of the number of persons leaving the colony.

7th.—To receive the delegates of Indian tribes, who each year visit Montreal to bring offerings to the king; to warn and advise them of what the French sovereign expects of them and to present these delegates with necklaces as tokens of their good faith.

There were several other important subjects which engaged the attention

of the General-in-Chief in his annual visit to Montreal, embodied in other memoirs addressed by Franquet to his sovereign.

The 14th January was the date selected for the departure of the quasi-regal expedition for Montreal,—quite a gala day. An invitation from the courtly Marquis to form part of it was as highly prized at Quebec as was an invitation from the French sovereign to a courtier to join the royal excursion from Paris to Marly, so says Franquet. Bigot had selected a party of the *elite*—ladies and gentlemen—to accompany with him the General as far as Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles west of Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, all were to be Bigot's guests at dinner that day and at breakfast the following morning.

The Marquis's staff consisted of Capts. de Vergar, St. Ours, La Martinière, Marin, Péau and Lieuts. St. Laurent, Le Chevalier, de la Roche and Le Mercier, whilst Bigot's party comprised Mesdames Péau, Lotbinière, Marin, de Repentigny and du Linon, with Col. Franquet, Capts. St. Vincent, Dumont, Lanaudière and Repentigny. The gay cavalcade in single sledges or in tandem left the upper town at 10 a. m. The meet took place most probably, facing the chateau St. Louis, where the great Marquis held his little court. An old-fashioned storm attended with intense cold then prevailed, the usual salvo of guns at the departure of a Governor could scarcely be heard in the howling blast and blinding snow drift, as the party drove through St. Louis Gate. Soon, we are told, diverging north to follow the Ste. Foye road, passing close to Ste. Foye church, until it reached the height of Cape Rouge, where the road skirted the hill: a dangerous spot and liable to end in an upset and violent descent into the valley below had it not been lined with trees, which kept the vehicles from rolling down from this dizzy height. No bridge existed in those days on the St. Augustin stream. His Excellency crossed on the ice. "In summer a canoe is used to ferry across foot passengers, horses ford the stream at low tide or are made to swim across at high tide."

On ascending a hill, the road runs on the St. Augustin heights to a grist mill, which adheres to the face of the hill and is set in motion by a mill-race and wooden viaduct built on trestle work over the highway. The travellers then descended by a steep and narrow road to the shore of the St. Lawrence, where the parish church of St. Angele was erected. From there the party took to the ice on the St. Lawrence and then ascended Dubois' hill, which

was so encumbered with snow that the drivers had to assist one another to get the sledges safely past one by one. After a few miles more of arduous wintry travel, Franquet dwells on the imperative duty devolving on land owners, to beat and shovel their frontage roads and to mark out the various path with evergreen bangles, balises, to guide travellers after storms; elsewhere, he notices the laborious occupation of that important official, the *Grand Voyer*, whose usefulness ceased nearly a century later, in 1840, (§) when rural municipalities undertook the care of country roads by act of Parliament.

The seigniori of Pointe-aux-Trembles de Neuville the projected stopping place, then belonged to M. de Meloises, Madame Peau's father. The vice-regal party next drew rein at the door of a convent of Congregation Nuns—founded there in 1713 by a Mr. Basset, a native of Lyons, France, two of the pious sisterhood were then in attendance. The Governor made it his head-quarters and his followers lodged in the neighboring dwellings. Col. Franquet sought for shelter at the *presbytère* of the resident priest, Revd Messire Chartier de Lallumire, the brother-in-law of Madame de Lallumire, one of the party. The Governor General came there also and claimed a bed, but the *chef de cuisine* and his staff, were duly installed at the convent, where the unfailling game of cards took place at 5 p. m: supper was served at 10 p. m. this dispatched all retired "to court the balmy," the sweet restorer, sleep. Franquet notices that on the arrival of the Commander-in-chief, the *Capitaine de la cote* had as usual turned out the militia, 20 to 25 of whom, in a double row, lined the street, through which the General reached his stopping place from his cariole. This guard stood sentry all night notwithstanding the severity of the weather; the guard was dismissed after the departure of the Marquis. From which one can infer that the passage of a French Governor, on a cold, blustery, January night, was not always unallowed bliss, to the local militia at least.

On the 15th January, His Excellency, left at 9 a. m. for Montreal with his staff, Duchesnay, captain of his guards, Merelles, his secretary, his lackeys and two soldiers, whilst five or six carioles, with his equipage preceded his vehicle to beat the road.

On his leaving, Intendant Bigot, came to the front and took his place. He then suggested that the remaining company should spend that day at Pointe-aux-Trembles, adding that his Majordomo had brought ample supplies of good things and that they would all

drive back the next day after dinner, motion carried *nem con.*

The gambling was brisk "*l'on y joua beaucoup*," and the spread was on the same elegant style, as at Bigot's palace, in Quebec. Next day, it was cold, but bright and sunny; the whole cavalcade retraced their steps in the direction of Quebec, stopping merely, at the ferryman's house, at St. Augustin for the ladies to go in and warm themselves.

5 o'clock p. m.—by the way, the fashionable hour for a five o'clock tea—found the party re-entering the city, where a sumptuous meal, awaited them at Madame Peau's elegant mansion in St. Louis street; the party broke up there at 10 in the evening.

Such is the short but graphic sketch furnished by an eye-witness, Col. Franquet, of a winter *partie de plaisir* at Quebec, in 1753.

Franquet has left a spicy description of a summer excursion, with the gay Intendant, by water from Quebec to Montreal. Bigot, evidently from the first, considered that such an important official as Col. Franquet, ought to be "dined and wined" properly, when he asked the Royal Inspector to join him in a voyage to Montreal. The Government "Gondola" a long flat bateau, propelled by sails as well as by oars, left the Cul-de-Sac at Quebec, on the 24th July, 1752. It could carry 8,000 lbs, burthen, with a crew of fourteen sailors. In the center there was a space about six feet square enclosed by curtains and "with seats with blue cushions," a dais over head protected the inmates from the rays of the sun, and from rain. Choice wines, cordials, spirits, eatables—even to ready cash,—everything necessary to human sustenance or pleasure was abundantly provided. There was nothing ascetic about the bachelor Bigot. Ladies of rank, wit and beauty, felt it an honor to join his brilliant court, where they met most charming *cavaliers*—young officers of the regiments stationed at Quebec. Col. Franquet seems to have enjoyed himself amazingly, having "a good time" all through and describing some of the merry episodes which occurred on the trips at Three Rivers and other trusting places of the magnificent Intendant. What a terrible awakening, six years later, in Paris, for the faithless official when the grim old Bastille opened its remorseless portals to immure Bigot and his public plunderers of France and of Canada!

The remainder of this memoir contains some appropriate remarks on the various items of expenditure involved in these official excursions of High French Officials. Each vehicle in winter, except those for the servants



INDIANS RUNNING RAPIDS.—NEPIGON RIVER.

Indians Running Rapids on the Nepigon River.

The Nepigon River takes its rise in the lake of the same name, and empties into Lake Superior. It is a very rough and turbulent stream, and affords some of the best and liveliest trout fishing to be found in Canada.—The sportsman, armed with a seven or eight ounce bamboo rod, who finds himself fast to a three or four pound trout, in these waters, has his hands full, while the sound of the rapids as they plunge and swirl amongst the huge

and the supplies, are drawn by pairs; each day's expenses of the driver foot up to 70 and 75 francs. To which are to be added the expenses incurred by the *Grand Voyer*, who has to start a few days in advance of the General or Intendant, to have the roads beaten; exclusive of extras, his charge varies from 7 to 10 francs a day: in winter the country folks have to provide their own horses and carioles to execute his orders. The alacrity with which they turn out indicates their more or less zeal for the king's service; relays of horses have also to be furnished by the parishioners whenever the General travels and summary punishment is sure to overtake transgressors in this respect, shorter or longer periods of incarceration. Services to the king are generally paid for in Canada; too much so. The state pays for the vehicles, the board and lodging of the drivers, the services of public officials or any special mission. Franquet, in his memoirs, proposes the following remedies to these growing and ruinous abuses:

1st. The heads of the Government to travel merely on sheer necessity.

2nd. That, as a suitable escort, four tandems only be allowed for conveying them—their secretaries, captain of the guard and lackeys and six one-horse vehicles to convey their equipage on the road.

3rd. That 30 *sols* be allowed for lodging over night in the country parts for the master and 15 *sols* for his servant each to pay for his meal.

4th. That to diminish *corvees*, the number of carioles in winter to be furnished by the peasantry, to precede

high public officials be limited; that the militia guard be suppressed; that the king should open out public roads, twenty feet broad, to be kept up by the owners of the land under the direction of the militia captain of the parish. This, says Franquet, would do away with the expenditure of keeping up *Grand Voyers*. The shrewd engineer officer was right, but *Grand Voyers* (†) continued to flourish in Canada for nearly a century later—until 1841. Franquet was clearly in advance of his age.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, Feb. 1891.

(*) *Voyages et Mémoires sur le Canada par Franquet.*

1752. *Voyages de Québec aux Trois-Rivières, Montréal et au Lac St. Sacrement.*

1753. *Voyages de Québec au village de Lorette Sauvage.*

Mémoire sur les principaux endroits parcourus de Montréal au Lac St. Sacrement.

1753. *Voyage par terre et sur les glaces de Québec à Montréal.*

1753. *Voyage par terre, de Québec à la Pointe-aux-Trembles pour accompagner M. le Général dans son voyage à Montréal.*

Premier séjour à Montréal.

Voyage au Lac des Deux Montagnes.

Second séjour à Montréal.

Séjour aux Trois-Rivières.

Du Fort St. Frédéric.

Du Fort de Chambly.

De la Rivière de Richelieu.

Du Village Précancour.

Du Gémeing.

Mémoire sur les moyens d'augmenter la culture des terres du Canada.

Québec 1753. *Mémoire sur le projet des ouvrages proposés pour défendre la basse ville et la haute.*

(§) 4 Vict., Cap. 4, Sect. XLVI.

(†) The last *Grand Voyer* was the genial and handsome Lieut.-Col. Antrobus, subsequently appointed A. D. C. to the Earl of Elgin, Governor-General of Canada.

—o—
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boulders, the whizzing click of the reel, and the sighing of the wind amongst the branches of the pines, furnish a musical accompaniment which few sportsmen would exchange for the best executed selection from our modern opera. This river is reached and crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway and we are indebted to D. McNicoll, Esq., the general passenger agent, for the illustration which accompanies this article.

Lottery Laws.

We think that some attention should be given by the Government during the coming session to the amendment and enforcement of our lottery laws. Several publications, in the form of magazines, have achieved a wide circulation in Canada during the last few years by means which, if carried out without fraud, are yet demoralising in the extreme. Under some euphonious title or other, in some deceptive guise or other, to catch the unreasoning and unwary, they are nothing but lotteries, and ought to come within the prohibitions of any properly constructed lottery law. We know, and these adventurers know too, that there are a great many people in the world, even in Canada, that are weak and foolish enough to expect to get a great deal for nothing. It is among this class that these monthlies roll up their circulation. A favourite device of late has been Word Competitions, something decidedly intellectual and literary in appearance, but a lottery just the same. True a step even higher has been taken, and a great deal of capital made out of Bible Competitions. What a mockery, what an insult to everything sacred! Such journals have not the honesty to acknowledge that they are not worth the paper they are printed on, though such would be a legitimate inference from the desperate and immoral means they employ to extend circulation.—*Canada.*

LAKE MEGANTIC.

The view of Lake Megantic, given in this issue, is taken from "Cherry Bank," on the easterly shore of the lake, and is from an ink drawing specially prepared for us by Miss J. Hamilton, Toronto, engraved at the Montreal *Witness* establishment. The Boundary Line Mountains are visible in the back ground, and midway in the left of the picture is Pamee Point, named after an old Indian, who resided in a bark tent, a little farther up the lake, some 35 years ago. Although called Pamee, he was probably Parmagimit, a son of Metalluc, the "lone hunter" of the Magalloway River region, who resided at Umbagog Lake. At the south end of the lake the Arnold and the Annance rivers empty into the lake, and are its principal tributaries.— We have had excellent trout fishing at the mouths of these rivers in September, when the fish appeared to be collecting together just previous to the spawning season. Flint's Mills (Three Lakes post office), are at the south east end of the lake, and marks the Megantic end of the port-

age to Spider Lake, distant three-fourths of a mile. Rush Lake is midway between Spider and Megantic, and the distance by this lake and the Spider river, is three miles. Considerable large game can be found at certain seasons within a short distance of the Megantic Lake, and a few years ago we had a good deal of work in cutting our way through a beaver dam in the lower part of the Annance River, which its primitive constructors would persist in repairing during the ensuing night. Within ten years we have noticed the small poplar and cherry



LAKE MEGANTIC.

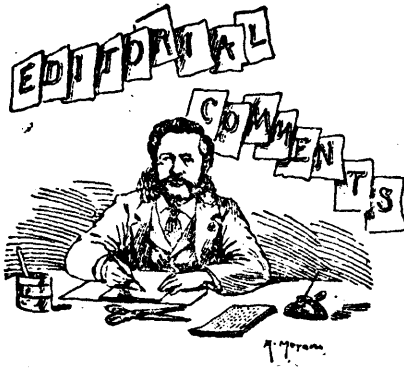
(LOOKING SOUTH, FROM "CHERRY BANK.")

trees, near the outlet of Rush Lake, cut down by the beavers the night previous.

The Great Divide, Denver, Colorado, maintains its reputation as a first class magazine, abundantly supplied with interesting and instructive original illustrations and reading matter. Clubbed with this journal for \$1.50. It should be in the hands of every one interested in mining, mineralogy, and antiquarian research. Its serial stories are illustrative of mining and camp life.

HUMBUG COMPETITIONS.

The publishers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, in order to set at rest all doubt as to the value prizes, aggregating over \$3,000 in value, which will be distributed as a prize competition among subscribers to that journal during the next six month announce that any prize winner who is dissatisfied can exchange the prize for the cash value named in the list. The smallest prize is valued at \$5. There are 100 prizes in all and the first one is \$750 in gold. The others include a Heintzman piano Bell, Karn, and Cornwall organs, gold watches and other valuable articles; the competition consists in finding in current numbers of the journal the answers to thirty-six questions, six of which are published each month. This in itself is a literary exercise of great benefit to subscribers, since the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is in every sense a high class journal, lately enlarged and greatly improved. On receipt of twelve cents in stamps the publishers, (the Sabiston Litho. and Pub. Co., Montreal) will send to any address a sample copy containing full particulars.



We have been asked the question whether salmon were frightened by noise, or not. We are inclined to think they are not, unless the noise is of such a nature as to communicate vibration to the bottom on or near which they are lying, something for instance like the rumbling noise caused by an earthquake or very heavy thunder. We must confess that all the salmon we ever caught were caught with a spear, and that very little time was given for any exhibition of fright, and still in the way of noise there was little to be frightened at. On such occasions we were after other fish as well, and to be successful in securing such fish as mascalonge, we had to keep perfectly motionless, and in that position we couldn't have created much noise. However, our view of the matter is borne out by a letter recently received from J. U. Gregory, Esq., Agent of the Department of Marine at Quebec, in which he alludes to Judge Brooks, of this city. He says, "I shall never forget his splendid appearance, fast to a salmon in the Rimouski, when I was dashing on in the train for the same sport in the Restigouche. When the Judge came in to Dan Fraser's, I told him how I had envied the man I saw, and when he said he was the hero, did he not swell with an angler's pride and very justly too, for he saved his fish in an ugly rapid." Judge Brooks says, "I remember distinctly the incident Mr. Gregory speaks of. The salmon rose just as the express train was thundering along the river bank, *showing that noise does not frighten them.* I have taken them near the mill, within ten feet of a raft of deals which the men were making up, throwing the deals down every few moments with a great



GOOSE SHOOTING IN MANITOBA.

noise, which the salmon paid no attention to." The Judge is an expert in salmon fishing, and the only appeal we can see from his decision is to those who like him have had experience in catching salmon with the fly, and who have made the habits of these fish a life long study.

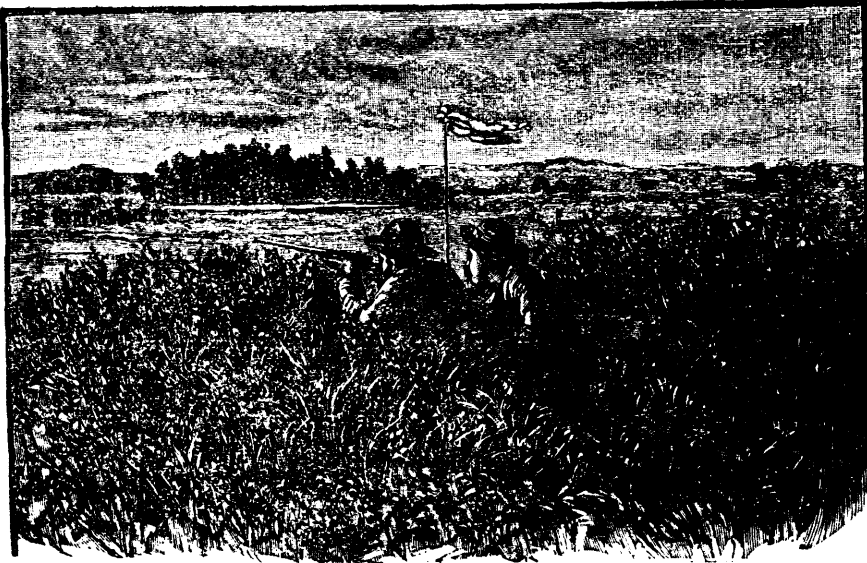
In our next issue we will commence a series of "Fire-side Stories," by a Kansas Canadian, illustrating of the history and early settlement of the Eastern Townships, amongst which are "Grand-mother's Story," "Recollections of Stephen Burroughs," "Major Rogers' Raid on the St. Francis Indian Village" etc. The author is an old resident of this part of the Townships, and his father was one of the earliest settlers. He has nearly served the allotted term of man's existence, and will ere long assist in exploring the mysterious hereafter, and many of the incidents referred to are from his own personal knowledge, while others have been "handed down" in his family for two or three generations. A record of the information contained in these articles will be invaluable to present and future generations of every family in the Eastern Townships. The name of Stephen Burroughs, the successful preacher and notorious counterfeiter, associated with

the early history of Richmond county, and the incidents referred to in connection with his residence there, will be new to our readers. The account of Rogers' Raid and of the circumstances which led to it, is a very comprehensive one.

The elections are over, the many hopes and fears allayed. Canada's G. O. M. has been returned to power and the country will now settle down peacefully for another five years of accumulative prosperity. We have often heard the remark that the public are fools, but when the thing is simmered down to a fine point, they are not such fools after all. What a privilege to enjoy, that of deciding, who, where and how we are to be governed. If it one of the rich grains found at the bottom of that crude old seive, the *Magna Charta.*

WILD-GOOSE SHOOTING IN MANITOBA.

Our illustration represents one of the popular sport of the prairie province, and one which carries with it a fair share of pecuniary benefit. Along the banks of the streams where the abundant wheat crops show the wonderful fertility of the soil, the wild fowl collect in immense quantities and the farmer finds labor and pleasure



FLAGGING ANTELOPE ON CANADIAN PRAIRIE.

combined in resisting their invasions on his grain crop. Two or three individuals stationed a little distance apart, can make sad havoc in the ranks of wild geese as they follow their leader in the search for a base of operations, and a bag of thirty or forty birds each is considered a fair bag as the result of a days outing.

FLAGGING ANTELOPE ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE.

This illustration is one loaned us by the C. P. R. Co., and is intended to show the dire results which usually overtake those whom nature has provided with an over-development of curiosity. The sportsman who keeps himself concealed and places a waving handkerchief where it will sooner or later attract the attention of the nomadic antelope, is almost sure to be rewarded with a easy shot as the animal endeavors to ascertain the cause of this unusual attraction. Many of these animals are "wiped out" with a handkerchief as a lure. The caribou is also largely gifted with curiosity, and should two or three of these animals be suddenly surprised and put to flight, they are quite likely to retrace their steps in order to ascertain the cause of the alarm. In such cases it is better for the hunter to maintain his position, or follow very cautiously and slowly, rather than give chase.

PARAGRAPHS.

The papers, a little while ago, told of a wonderful cow in some part of the Western States, which gave daily thirty one quarts of milk. The writer has the personal knowledge, incredible as the statement may appear, of a cow which gave for a time, during the summer months, forty quarts of milk per day. This was vouched for by several witnesses, brought together for the occasion by the purchaser of the cow, who hearing of her milking qualities, offered a large sum of money for her provided she would actually give on a certain day the forty quarts, which she did with a gill to spare. The cow, part Durham and Ayrshire, was owned by Mr. W. H. Gay, now of Smith Mill's, and was sold to the wealthy Mr. Melville Smith, of Montreal. One of the witnesses that day being Mr Bernard McGuire, of Longueuil.

Over a hundred thousand people were evicted in New York for non-payment of rent last year, and still we hear little or nothing about it. Let, however, one family be similarly used in Ireland and the papers immediately teem with heart-rending accounts of it. Hundreds of families in our large cities are in a state of poverty bordering on actual starvation, and few outside of some earnest working philanthropists even hear of it. Let a few Irish fam-

ilies be found in perhaps not so unfortunate a condition and the civilized world rings with it. There is not day but assaults and crimes are committed, the results of agrarian questions of some nature, and beyond an account of the deed, no comments are made. Let a parallel case occur in Ireland, and the cabinet is immediately summoned, and the question discussed with hushed voices. And what is the explanation of all this; nothing but politics, and so it will continue, so long as Ireland is made the battle ground of political factions.

Some men are fools naturally, being born so, some are fools artificially, being made so. Some only play the fool, while actually containing none of the disqualifications necessary to turn out a prime article of that order, and some are too idiotic to be even classed among fools. But of all these fools, the well-known farinaceous compound commonly called "cake" must be handed over to Benjamin Mills, of Hillsburg, Pa., who allowed a couple of vagabond spiritualists to swindle him out of six thousand dollars, on the plea that Mrs. Mills, deceased, needed the money for some celestial speculation. Whether it was to buy an interest in the milky way and establish a run of cheese factories, or to purchase the hide of *Ursa Major*, we are not informed. But it was something that Ben. evidently saw the glitter of gold in, for he went as far as to mortgage his farm to raise the amount. If any of our readers know of anything that will surpass this in the fool line, they would confer a boon by trotting it out.

It is wonderful to notice now some people avail themselves of that great privilege, the right to vote, and the many sources through which they allow themselves to be influenced. Though usually one or two great questions are placed before them in the plainest manner possible, though it is made clearly evident that by these few important questions the intelligent voter is supposed to be entirely governed, still hundreds of cases can be cited where sensible voters have allowed the most trivial matters to stand in

the way of an intelligent vote. That well-known writer, the "Ragged Philosopher," in the St. Johns *News* tells of a case where a man gave his vote to a candidate because the latter had guaranteed that a certain stove which he had sold would not crack, and it didn't crack. The storm of indignation that would have been aroused had the stove cracked, can be well imagined. The great questions of the day, the unrestricted reciprocity, the national policy, all swallowed up in that crack, at least in what wasn't a crack. It has also been vouched for that a candidate once lost a vote because his nose was too large, the voter objected to men with large noses. Another would not cast his vote for a candidate who unfortunately resembled a person who had cheated the voter out of a small amount of money. These fortunately are but the scattering partic'es tossed about by the whirlwind of petty fancy which in turn is shattered upon the steady rank and file of the masses. We will not mention the most despicable voter of all, the one who will vote for money. These unfortunately are becoming very numerous.

Mr. Henry Henshaw, of Washington, read an interesting paper before the American Association on "The Indian origin of Maple Sugar." The principal point was as to whether the Indian learned to make sugar from the white man, or *vice versa*. Mr. Henshaw is satisfied that the red man knew all about sugar-making before the arrival of the white man and describes their peculiar manner of making it. There is one point, however, which must sorely press Mr. Henshaw's theory, and that is the word sugar in the different Indian dialect. The Abenakis "sugalle," the Iroquois "succe," go pretty far to prove that before the Englishman came with his "sucre," the noble red man must have sweetened his plum duff with salt, or eat it plain. And when the first lump of sugar was dropped into Lo's wide opened mouth, he must have rolled his eyes, and thought what "heap good stuff" it was and how many scalps it would take to fetch a pound. There is, we fear, a great deal of poetry

lost on the noble child of the forest. In verse his wigwam is portrayed in most brilliant hues; in realistic prose, the wigwam is better appreciated when surveyed from a distance with forefinger and thumb well pressed over the nose. We read of "Minnehaha," laughing waters. But if you wish to see an Indian prick up his ears, till his head appears like a church with a steeple at each end, you sing to him of fire water. We hardly think the primitive gentleman of the forest was as sweet as Mr. Henshaw imagines he was.

It is now stated that in some of the inland districts of the Southern States, as well as in certain portions of Portugal, the inhabitants subsist on a species of clay, that is dug out of the river beds and low lying portions of the country. This clay possesses a certain nutriment, and is digestible, being a fatty glutinous ingredient. It is rolled into balls and swallowed, two or three at a time, a couple of times per day, and life is sustained indefinitely upon it. Were the clay abundant in Canada, what a wholesale supply of fodder could be obtained just at present by scraping down the garments of our zealous politicians in the late political contest. What a fearful waste of the necessaries of life must our political campaigns appear to these clay eaters. For the benefit of these inhabitants, it might as well be explained that the dirt and mud that has lately been thrown so indiscriminately, is not eatable. Its use is more to stick and annoy, and its liberal demand has been largely owing to the recent advance in the stale egg market. It is considered at best but a poor substitute, not possessing that olfactory irritating element, which has sustained the popularity of the stale hen fruit through numerous generations. And cheap as it is, there will be no further waste of the staple article till next election, when this softer portion of the earth's crust will again be expected to play its important part.

25 complete Novels, free by mail to any reader of this journal, who will send us \$1 and the name of a new subscriber.

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EXCHANGES.

The Sportsman and Tourist is the title of a new magazine, devoted to all sportsmen, tourists and pleasure-seekers of either sex throughout the world, and is published by the Jamaica Publishing Co., Jamaica Plain, Mass., at \$2 per annum. We are in receipt of the first number and so far as we can judge from that, we conclude that our friend, Capt. Chas. A. J. Farrar, has his hand on the tiller. "How we saw the Maine Wilderness," is the first of a series of articles contributed by him, and is written in his usual humorous, interesting and instructive style; and Russell S. Nye furnishes the first part of an article entitled "Lake Umbagog and the Magalloway River," both of which are profusely illustrated. Capt. Farrar has a world wide reputation as an author of books illustrative of wild-woods life, the result of personal experience, and under his management the magazine must prove a welcome addition to the library of every sportsman. We wish it success.

"Canada" for February presents a very neat and attractive appearance and is a decided improvement on the first number. Amongst the original articles are "Winter-Dawn," by Archibald Lampman; "On a Permit," by Mrs. Curzon; "Evangel," by Hugh Cochrane; "From the Grave of Gray," by H. L. Spencer, and "Youth," by Mrs. Irene E. Morton. "Montcalm and French Canada," is an instructive translation from the French of Charles de Bonnechose, by the editor, Revd. M. R. Knight. "Canada" must be congratulated on having such a brilliant staff of contributors, and in order to introduce it where its literary qualifications will be properly appreciated, we will give a year's subscription to "Canada," as a premium, to the first five hundred new subscribers who remit \$1 direct to the publishers of THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

The Argosy is a handsome, illustrated weekly magazine of 24 pages, published by Frank A. Munsey, the well known New York publisher, at \$2 per year. It contains a high class of modern literature, consisting of serial

stories, instructive papers and sketches, humorous articles and illustrations, &c. Amongst the current serial stories are "Richard Dare's Venture," "The Penrose Plot," "Digging for Gold, a story of California," "A Shop on Wheels," "Brad Mattoon," and "Train and Station." We have made arrangements with the publisher which enable us to offer the *Argosy* and THE LAND WE LIVE IN one year for \$2.30. Subscriptions can commence with any number.

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.

BY RUFUS REDDY.

The other day I received the following terse and explicit missive:

"Dear Mr. Reddy—I've decided to marry, what do you think of it? Your young friend JOHN."

So John is about to marry. I think a lot about it, John, a lot about it, but I do not see what I might say upon the subject, that will have any effect upon your decision. No, none whatever. A man who has made up his mind to marry is a difficult animal to head off, very difficult. John is not the first man who has contemplated marriage, and who did marry, not by any means. To enumerate the number in round figures, we will suppose that since the creation of the world some fourteen billions of men, more or less, have entered that uncertain state. Now were it possible for these fourteen billions to be condensed, as it were, into one reasoning being, gifted with the experience of its whole multifarious source, to such an enquiry, I say, this composite being would place its ponderous hand upon the trembling shoulder of my youthful enquirer, and utter this kindly warning: "Young man, beware," and what would be the effect of this caution? Nothing whatever. No, John, man will marry, and marry, and continue to marry, till Gabriel stands upon the pinnacle of yonder tower, with trumpet in one hand, and with the other beckoning towards the cemetery, and this fair creature who has bound you with those mysterious chains. How fair she is to look upon, I suppose, eh, John? They are all that, and how gently she nestles upon your shoulder so trustingly, eh? Happy young man. But women do not always nestle after marriage John, not always. Sometimes they hustle, and when they hustle, you hustle my boy—yes, in fact we all hustle. But there are times, nevertheless, young man; long after the poetry of "love's young dream" has been rubbed off the corrugated walls of every day life; even in later days

they will nestle. Nestle, while you slumber, upon the purse to be found in those garments which hang over the back of the old oak chair, and leave it as bloodless as the aborigine, when the vampire rises from his sleeping form.

Women are strange creatures John. Do not think because you have been courting this nestler for a few months, that you understand her, and can read her through. Women are about as easily read John, as a heavily bound book with its covers closed. Character is usually read through the lenses of reflection. The emotions and sentiments the would-be reader possesses, he thinks he sees reflected in some degree in the person he is attempting to read. This is our mistake in reading woman. We read them as men, from which they are as different and widely separated as the north is from the south. Man is made up of facts, woman of sentiment. Man is of the earth muddy, woman of the angels heavenly. If there are women who do not reach this standard, it is owing to their contact with this masculine mud. John, we joke of their frivolities, their vanities. We poke fun at the lover because he has discovered a being upon whom he is certain heaven has cast an extra coating of its rays; while to us she may appear but the gaudy butterfly. This butterfly is the creature who all the same, in the days of trial, will stick to you till death. If marriage is not what it should be, John, we men have made it so. We drag too much of our earthly facts into it, and not enough of the womanly sentiment. Karr, the celebrated French writer, says: "Never attempt to prove anything to a woman by facts; she believes only according to her feelings." This may appear at first sight satirical. But upon it may be based the foundation of woman's steadfastness. I once visited our Provincial Penitentiary, near the city of Montreal, and noticed several tastily fitted up cottages near the grim walls of the prison, and on enquiry discovered that several of these dwellings were inhabited by the wives of convicts confined near by. These faithful women believed according to their feelings. Though jury had found their erring husbands guilty,—though judge had condemned,—though the world said guilty,—these guilty culprits, to their wives declared their innocence, and that was enough. To these wives they were innocent, and they left all to be near those made doubly dear by their persecutions. This, John, is frail forlorn woman. Let us now consider how man would act under similar circumstances. A pale blue streak would be noticed passing swiftly along, with

Ottawa as its objective point. As it moderates its movements in the neighborhood of the Parliament buildings, though sworn to protect until death us do part, your valiant husband would now be recognized, with well established bill, seeking the aid of the senate to accelerate the swing of death's tardy scythe. This, John, is man, that perambulating heap of pomposity, called man. If you have a true woman, John, perhaps you'd prefer to have her called a girl, for there is something supremely sweet in that short word girl, especially when it has reference to "my girl." If you have a true girl, stick to her and marry her. Though you will have your dark days, though clouds will mingle with sunshine, still may you in after years rest your hand upon that stooped and withered shoulder, and look into that face, robbed long since of all its brightness and from which the bloom of youth, so pleasant now to look upon, has disappeared for ever, and say: "She is all the world to me. God bless her."

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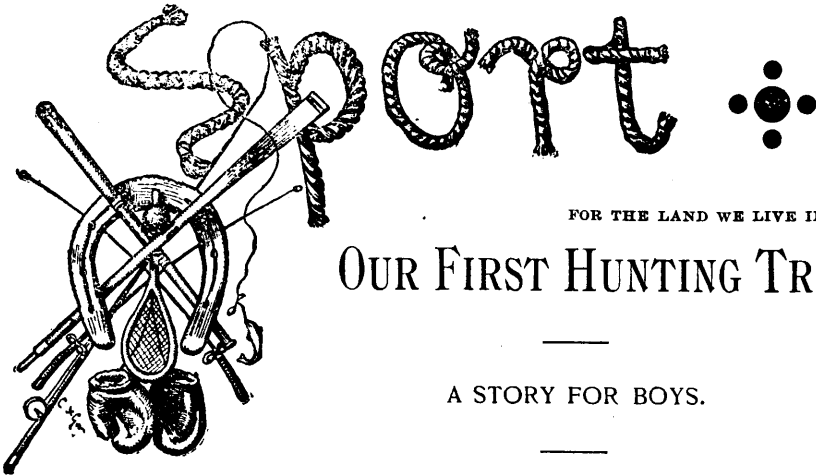
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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

OUR FIRST HUNTING TRIP.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

IT was on a bright spring day, in the month of May, when two boys, Charles Douglas and Will Jones planned a hunting excursion for two or threedays. It was on Monday that they made their plans and by Wednesday they were to be ready to start.

On Wednesday the eventful day dawned bright and clear and they started off in high spirits.

They travelled toward the North West, until noon, when they came to a small stream, near which grew quite a number of trees, in the shade of which they stopped and proceeded to get dinner.

After having refreshed themselves with a hearty meal and cool draught of water from the stream they continued on their way travelling until about five, or half past five o'clock in the afternoon, when they came to a small lake or pond, where they discovered numerous deer tracks, and determined to stop for the night and perhaps a day or two.

They first began to look for a place to pitch their tent which they soon found, the place being a shady spot in among some trees and not far from the lake.

While Charlie prepared supper Will proceeded to put up the tent and make things comfortable for the night.

Will had put the tent up and just finished feeding the horses, when Charlie announced supper to which they turned with exceedingly good appetites. Though it took them quite a while to clear up after supper it was still early for bed; nevertheless they concluded it best to "turn in" as they were somewhat tired, having started very early and travelled at a good "jog." I think they must have travelled as far as fifty-five or sixty miles, at least.

After breakfast the next morning they fished for some time when Will looking at his watch found to his surprise that it was getting near noon, so leaving Charlie to get dinner, Will took his rifle and went to look for some fresh venison.

I will now let him proceed in his own words.

"I took my rifle" says Will "and started to follow the tracks of the deer. I had not gone far when I struck into a trail, (or path) which looked as if it had not been long since they had passed."

"I now examined the tracks and found as I supposed, the direction in which they had gone. Following the tracks for a mile

or more and not seeing anything of the deer I began to be discouraged and was about to turn back thinking I had followed the wrong way when as I suddenly came to the top of a little knoll I saw not more than two hundred yards ahead of me in a little valley surrounded by woods on one side and the lake on the other, a herd of five or six deer feeding as quietly as cattle. I was standing by a large rock which lay by the side of the trail and crawling behind this I concluded to watch them for a few moments.

While watching them, I noticed two large bucks which were the nearest to me, and looking to see if there was anything to afford me better shelter and bring me within nearer range, I saw a large pine to the right of me which had been upturned by the roots and lay in such a position as to be just what I wished for. As I crawled toward this as noiselessly as I could three of the deer raised their heads and I began to think I would have to be very careful indeed, if I got a shot at them. After a hard pull I reached the tree and from this I was not more than seventy or eighty yards from them. I now found a place to rest my rifle in and taking steady aim fired at the buck. At the report of the rifle they all started, and bounding forward, passed within a few feet of me.

Instantly cramming in another cartridge I fired again, this time bringing down a doe. As the smoke had not yet cleared away, I could not see distinctly whether I had killed the buck or not, but as I drew nearer I found to my surprise, that I had killed him. Examining to see where the ball had struck, I found it had passed through him a little back of the shoulders, killing him instantly.

Taking out my knife, I now cut their throats, so as to let them bleed freely, and then shouldering my rifle started for camp-proud of my success.

I had not gone far however, when hearing a crashing in the bush I stopped and listened. The noise drew nearer and presently a large bear emerged from among the trees.

I instantly dropped behind the large pine and waited for events. The bear slowly advanced to the deer and proceeded to make a meal; having waited ten or fifteen minutes and being tired I determined to shoot, but on looking to see how many cartridges I had found I had only two, and knowing

that bears were hard to kill, my resolution began to weaken. As I said before I had left Charlie getting dinner, but being tired of waiting and afraid I had lost my way or something had happened to me, he determined to follow. I had just begun wishing myself in camp with Charlie, instead of watching a bear, when I saw somebody's head above the top of the knoll and then the form of Charlie slowly appeared in view.

I could scarcely keep from laughing, (scared and tired as I was) to see his surprise on finding himself so near to a bear. I now watched, to see if I could find out what he intended doing.

He stood for a few moments watching the bear, and then as if suddenly collecting his thoughts he retreated a few steps, and disappeared behind the rock.

While waiting anxiously, for what seemed to me to be an age, and not hearing anything from him I determined to fire, thinking to let him know that I was near and supposing he had at least five or six shots. Taking aim I fired and then followed such a roar as I had never in my life heard before. There was no doubt but what I had struck him, and peeping from my hiding place to see the result I saw him tearing around frightfully. He would first rush on one side of the deer, then on the other, then sitting upon his haunches would roar terribly.

As I had expected I soon heard from Charlie, for, after waiting a few moments my shot was followed by a second, which rang out loud and clear and peeping again from my hiding place I saw the bear fall, supposing him to be dead we both sprang forward I exclaiming at the same time to Charlie. "Charlie! I congratulate you on your good shot, and for releasing me from such a dangerous position."

There was time for no more words for suddenly to our surprise and honor the bear saw us and raising himself on his haunches looked us full in the face, for we were but a few steps from where he lay.

We both instantly cocked our rifles, and drawing back a few steps fired again, but only one of us could have hit him (I think I missed him for I was somewhat nervous being very tired.)

Now followed a fight such as I had never witnessed before or have I ever seen since. How we ever escaped being killed is more than I can tell. All I know is, that we used our knives as well as we knew how, that Charlie gave the last blow which ended the bears life, that the beech of my rifle was split in pieces and that such looking boys you never saw. We were bespattered with blood, had so many scratches we didn't get rid of them for a month afterward, and our clothes hung in rags. As soon as we were rested we cut the best parts from the deer for our suppers, and taking the buck's horns and the bears hide for trophies we started for camp. You may be sure we went to bed as soon as supper was over. The next day we were so stiff and sore from our fight, that I didn't go out at all, but Charlie did make out to go in the afternoon, but came home looking tired and discouraged saying he had killed nothing, and had not even seen so much as a cat to shoot at. I replied, "so you didn't have very good luck."

Well, "we'll both try it in the morn-

ing." So early the next morning taking our shot guns, as we intended to hunt small game, we started, each taking separate paths. We were to meet about noon at a certain tree that we could see at the further end of the pond. Having found game plenty and concluding it must be about noon, I started for the tree, at which I soon arrived, finding Charlies already there, and well satisfied with his morning's work. While sitting under the tree enjoying the cool breeze, and chatting about our morning's sport, I noticed a sort of roaring sound which seemed faint and then grew louder at times. "Charlie!" I said "do you hear anything?" He listened a few minutes then said. "I don't know as I do, and still it does seem as though I heard a sort of faint roaring once in a while." "Well, I am sure I can. Come over here and sit by me and see if you can't hear it plainer." He accordingly took a seat by me leaning against the tree.

"Why yes," he said "I can hear it ever so much plainer now, I tell you what, Will, it must be in the tree." We listened a few moments longer, when Charlie suddenly exclaimed, "You don't suppose it can be bees, do you?" Animated by the thought we sprang to our feet and began examining to the tree. Having examined it for as much as five minutes and not finding anything we were about to give up when happening to look up. I espied a small knot on one of the large limbs around which, were flying some small insects. After watching them a few moments we could see that they were continually going in and coming out, and therefore knew that we had found a bee tree. "I say Charlie! do you suppose we could cut it? I have read about cutting them, and perhaps there is quite a lot of honey in it." "Why yes, we may as well cut it, as we'll be likely to have some fun if nothing else. At any rate I am willing to try it if you are." "Oh! Yes, I was just in for it." So shouldering our guns we started for camp. After dinner having made some torches out of an old sack, with which to smoke the bees, and taking the axe, (we only had one) and a large and a small pail we started for the tree, at which we arrived in due time. After tying some old handkerchiefs over our hats, the best we could, we set to work to fall the tree. As the tree was oak, and our axe being some what dull, by the time we had it ready to fall we were quite sweaty (bees sting a great deal worse when any one is sweaty as we soon learned to our cost.) Yelling Charlie to get the smoke rags (or torches) ready I waited, intending to fall the tree in such a position that the limb, which the bees were in, would be on the upper side. I now cried to Charlie "Are you ready?" As he answered "Ycs." I gave two or three more chops which sent the tree down with a tremendous crash. Rushing up Charlie handed me a smoke rag and we ran up to see the result. To our dismay we saw that in falling it the limb had split open in the center, letting quite a lot of comb fall out on the ground. While Chas. ran for the pails I proceeded to smoke them, but as we were rather green about such business you will soon see how we succeeded. Venturing up I stuck the smoking torch under the log and where there seemed to be the most bees, being busily engaged smoking the bees in the limb I had not noticed that the ground was

also covered with them crawling in all directions.

Suddenly one lit on the back of my neck and while trying to get him off, another was up behind my ear buzzing like fury, another was on my hand and Holy Moses!

I felt an awful sting on my leg and clapping my hand down I let go of the torch. Looking around to see what had become of Charlie I saw him standing some four or five yards from the stump nearly doubled up with laughter. Heavens! there was another up my leg and Great Scott! it seemed that there were as many as a dozen up my sleeves, so letting go of my other torch and slapping my hands first one place then another I started off on the run. Pass-within a few feet of Charlie, I cried, "Why in time don't you help instead of standing there laughing like an idiot?" After running a short way, and having succeeded in killing or knocking off all the bees, which were on me, I started, rather reluctant, I confess, to return. While thinking how well he was succeeding, and why the bees showed him so much partiality, I saw him suddenly clap his hand up to the side of his head, then slap his leg, and next he made a dive at his face (I suppose one had got under the handkerchief,) and in so doing he loosened the handkerchief which came entirely off, at this catastrophe he dropped the torch and was soon dancing as good jig as any Frenchman. Venturing up I again began smoking them and taking out the comb as fast as I could. In a few moments Charlie returned, so handing him the torches I went to work in good earnest, and after having to chop some and getting a good many stings, we succeeded in taking our well earned honey we started for camp feeling that we were a great deal worse off in many respects than when we started. Arriving at camp we sorted the comb, and found to our chagrin that we had only the small six quart pail of honey. Nevertheless we ate a hearty supper and "turned in" for a good nights rest, that is, for as good a nights rest as could be expected, with our heads swelled all out of shape, and the rest of our bodies didn't feel any too comfortable you may be sure. In the morning it being Sunday we concluded it best not to start for home, until the morrow.

So having rested all day Sunday, we were up early the next morning and on our way home before the sun had yet risen. We arrived home late in the afternoon, and as soon as I could, I had those clothes off and I assure you I never thought of wearing them again. In fact my mother washed them up and sold them for rags.

And as to Charlies I guess his were served about the same way. My sister afterward told me, she at first thought we were beggars.

Thus ended our first hunting excursion.
AMY M. MARSDEN.

Glovine! Glovine!

PERFECTION ATTAINED!
SUCCESS ASSURED!!

Glovine instantly removes all dirt and grease from Kid Gloves, leaving them clean and pliable as when new.
Only 15 cent per box, sufficient to clean a dozen pairs of gloves.
HOWARD M'FG CO.
760 B'way, New York.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

"Times aint now as they used to be some sixty years ago."

When mother was to father wed,
Some sixty years ago.
Girls' weren't so proud as they are now,
Nor dressed to make a show.
Each dress was then short waisted cut,
Plain, narrow, short the skirts;
Women dressed modestly and plain,
But men wore ruffled shirts.
My darling mother's wedding dress,
Of calico was made;
It cost some fifty cents a yard;
'Twould wash and wouldn't fade.
And she had worn it many times,
And washed it too, I guess,
Ere she "stood up," to father wed,
In that stamped cotton dress.
Then women's hair was parted prim:
Combed smooth around each ear:
Men wore such long thick beauty-locks,
That they could hardly hear.
These Townships were a wilderness;
Wolves prowled beneath its shade;
And when the night had fallen dark,
Terrific howls they made.
And wild-eats, deer, moose, caribou
And bears stalked to and fro,
In this vast howling wilderness,
Some sixty years ago.
And houses then were made of logs;
Mother's had but one room,
Scant space for beds, chairs, table, stools,
And place to set her loom.
And mother hadn't any stove,
Of any kind, at all;
So father built a big fire-place,
Close up against the wall.
This old fire-place of stones was lull,
Some large, and others small,
And then he built with cedar sticks,
A chimney wide and tall.
Lime mortar was beyond his reach,
(He'd hard work to get bread.)
So he made mortar out of clay,
And that he used instead.
He in the first-place put a crane,
And on the crane a hook.
And on the hook a pot was hung;
Thus mother used to cook.
And this old fire-place broad and large
We gathered round at night,
We needed neither lamp nor gas,
The fire glow gave us light.
And here we children danced and played,
In this one cluttered room,
And when we littered up the house,
'Twas swept with cedar broom.
And in the ashes on the hearth,
In winter we popped corn,
And sometimes we played "fox and geese,"
Till mother would us warn,
That it was time we should retire;
Then soon our sleepy heads
Were lying quietly and still,
In our low trundle beds.
And we were happy and content,
In this one room so small
As those who dwell in castle grand,
In palace, or in hall.
ELEANOR A. EARLY.

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



CAPE TOWN.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

A Trip to Cape Town.

It was the end of October, 1862, when the "Oneco," hauled out into the stream from her moorings at pier No. 12, North River, New York, *en route* for Melbourne, Australia. There were over 200 of us on board as passengers, and the most of them were from different parts of Canada, Quebec, furnishing rather more than its quota.

Our skipper, Capt. Peterson, was a weather-beaten old salt of a very diffident unassuming disposition, closely attentive to his duties and accommodating to his passengers. The quarter deck was about the last place to look for him, unless some emergency necessitated his presence there, and it would have puzzled anyone to have picked out the commander when he was mixed up with the foremost hands, as he was quite as ready to take a hand in carrying out his orders, as in giving them. At the same time he was an excellent disciplinarian, and his own son who was before the mast received no more recognition nor any different treatment than was accorded to the other sailors. I remember that in beating into Port Phillip's heads the skipper of an English vessel, who was rigged out in his long shore toggery, directing the speaking trumpet at our quarter deck and dictating the course we should pursue, much to the amusement of Capt. Peterson, who perched on the maintopsail yard, was picking out his own course and directing the movements of his vessel. If we were taking the wind out of the Englishman's sails, our skipper didn't propose to take a leeward position if he could help it, and he succeeded in holding the "right of track."

A day or two after we were under way and parting with the tug off Sandy Hook, we proceeded on our voyage.

The "Oneco" had been one of several vessels chartered for the Australian trade, by Lewis Tappan, whom many of my read-

ers will remember as having been connected with the Lennoxville smelting works, about the year 1864, or during the time of the Eastern Townships copper mining boom. The New York agents were the Cameron Bros., one of whom, I believe, is now Sir Roderick Cameron. Mr. Tappan and myself have had many a pleasant hour in talking over his charter party connection and discussing the very lively shipping business of New York, during the rush which followed the discovery of the Australian gold fields.

Anything that could run before the wind was mustered into the service, and although there was less of the "old tub" lines about the "Oneco" than some of her consorts possessed, her leeway was almost equal to her headway, on a beam breeze.

Our first experience of rough weather was in the gulf stream, where a gale carried away the vessel's cross-jack yard, and created havoc amongst the hen coops and pig pens. Some forcible arguments made use of by Ned Croker and others of our Quebec shipmates, saved the swine from a watery grave and furnished the passengers with a supply of fresh meat, a very acceptable change of diet.

As we soon acquired a sea-air appetite, there was a good deal of grumbling in regard to the quantity and quality of the ship's supply of rations, and the matter being brought to the notice of Capt. Peterson, he gave orders to broach cargo and increase the supply, so after that there was no trouble until we ascertained that Ned Croker changed the destination of some of the dishes as they were passed down from the galley, so that a great deal of what was intended for the port messes went to Ned's friends on the starboard side.

This difficulty was obviated by appointing Mike Ellsler champion of the port side, and as he and Ned were well matched physically, the equal rights principle was very substantially carried out. When Mike's

voice proclaimed "Duff an' banes for the larboard," the proper party was on hand to receive them as they were passed down the hatchway.

Ned and Mike used to quarrel like two lawyers in the interest of their clients, and like the lawyers would sit down together and enjoy the tid-bits as the reward of their labors. I met Mike two or three years after on the Forest Creek diggings, and almost the first thing he referred to was the zeal and energy he had displayed in the "Oneco" commissariat. With a brogue that would have created jealousy in the heart of Ned Cream, he said "Faith b'ys, its little ye know the way I did be fightin' for ye's. Sure but for me, ye's ud be dead an' overboard."

One day when some 1500 miles on our course we took advantage of a dead calm to take a swim. One of my shipmates, a Quebecker, by the name of Lawlor, was a good swimmer, and ventured some distance from the vessel. Before he could get back a breeze sprang up and he had great difficulty in getting aboard. We hadn't seen any shark then, but two or three days later we got hold of an eight footer, and the sight of him as he floundered on the deck, prevented any more displays of swimming feats. After that when we went overboard a sail was lowered and concealed us from the sight of any ocean prowler.

Old Mr. Waterson, of Quebec, was an ardent fisherman and had a line baited with four or five lbs. of salt pork, always dragging from the taffrail, much to the annoyance of the ship's officers, but after a cry of "shark! shark!" had called him from the mess table a few times, only to drag in a dry codfish hooked broadside to, or something else requiring a strong pull, hitched to his line, the old gentleman gave up shark fishing in disgust.

Near the equator we were becalmed for about a fortnight, and suffered very much from the heat which melted the tar on deck. With an awning spread over the quarter deck we found it more comfortable there, as the heavy swell always created a current of air underneath. Unfortunately the capacity of the quarter deck wasn't equal to the space requirements of the passengers, and those who couldn't get there, had to pass the time as they best could.

Two or three degree south of the equator we caught the south-east trade winds, and while they lasted we experienced the pleasantest part of our voyage, as for several days we bowled along without shifting sail, or changing course, and every day sighted five or six vessels.

When in sight of the Rock of Trinidad which is fully described in Capt. Maryatt's "Frank Mildmay," we sighted a vessel astern which overhauled and passed us during the day, and turned out to be the "Gayhead" from Boston, bound for the Cape of Good Hope. She was a new vessel, making her first trip, and had left Boston the day before we left New York. We afterwards came together about midway between the South American coast and Tristan d'Acunba, and lay near each other all night, boats passing between the two vessels. She was the prettiest sight I ever saw at sea, as she floated gracefully as a swan, the moon shining on the bellying canvas, while the shadows obliterated all trace of the vessel's hull. Alternate songs and choruses by the crew of each vessel

prevented the "clousing of the glim" until the night was well worn away.

The *Gayhead* anchored in Table Bay the next day after we did, and here we exchanged first mates, Mr Weston taking the place of our mate, Mr Mock, who returned to Boston, to die.

We had intended to take water at Tristan d'Acunba, but when in sight of the island, a gale sprang up, and there being no anchorage, we had to bear off to the Cape.

It was early morning when we sighted the Cape Mountains, rising high above the horizon and having the appearance of a delicately traced cloud. It was estimated that we were then some 60 miles distant, but we glided along smoothly past vineyards dotting with green the brown, lava-like slopes of the mountains, past Robben Island, the Blackwell's Island of the Cape, and about noon we anchored in Table Bay, near the light house and opposite the jetty and Atlantic street, one of the principal streets of Cape Town.

On the opposite side of the Bay the beach is covered with sand-white as snow, and at the further end are several wind mills used for propelling milling and other machinery.

In rear of the town stands Table Mountain, rearing itself perpendicularly like an immense wall to a height of 3500 feet, while flanking and a little in advance of it, are the Lions' Head and Lions' Rump Mountains, the latter being occupied by a signal station. This is 1200 feet high, and although that seems insignificant, let anyone climb to the top of it as I did, after a 70 day's voyage, and he will have a greater respect for the actual altitude than for the figures. All vessels headed for Table Bay are signalled here.

Cape Town is very prettily situated between the mountains named, is well and substantially built, and the streets are wide and cross each other at right angles.

We landed there about 10 "Jan'y 1853, at a time when it was the half-wayhouse" in the track of vessels bound to Australia and the Indies, and fifteen years before the opening up of the Suez Canal cut off the principal European shipping traffic.

At this times Dutch was the common language spoken by all, white and black, the papers were printed in Dutch, and everything and everybody was Dutch, except the military and court officials.

With some shipmates, I stayed at the London Hotel, on the market square, where we found first class accommodation for \$1.25 per day.

Fruit was plentiful and to us it seemed dirt cheap. For two cents one could purchase a bunch of grapes weighing a pound or more. By going out to the vineyards and gardens outside the city proper, these and oranges could be had for the picking. Grapes and melons seem to be indigenous to Cape Town, and when a stranger enters into the Botanical Gardens, he is invited to take a seat in one of the lodges or arbors, and is bountifully supplied with grapes and melons, without charge. "Travellers from all parts of the world, admitted free," is inscribed on a board above the gateway. These gardens are amongst the finest I have ever seen and contain every variety of tropical fruit, trees and shrubs. Even the bread-fruit attains perfection under cultivation.

The residence of the governor is situated

in a beautiful grove extending back to the base of Table Mountain and in front the Botanical Gardens.

A short time before we landed a large tiger had been killed in the city square. He had probably made a predatory raid from the mountain.

The Kaffir war was raging a long the frontier of south Africa some 100 miles or so from Cape Town, when we were there and Macoma the Kaffir Chief, we understood, had just been brought to Wyneburg, a few miles from Cape Town.

The Constantia Vineyards are a great resort for those who have any spare time on their hands and are within easy drive of the city. The wine made here, and considered choice, was sold at 18 pence, while a light wine, similar to sanctern in taste and appearance, was sold at five pence or ten cents per bottle.

At the point of rocks where the light house stands, lobsters could be had for the catching and large ones ready for the table cost two cents.

The anchorage is poor in Table Bay, and when there are indications of a storm the heavier vessels put to sea. Ample warning is given by the "table cloth" as it is called, a fog-like cloud which curls over and obscures the top of Table Mountain. Half a mile out in the bay the waves will be running several feet in height, while between there and the jetty the water will be smooth, except for the heavy swell at such times a couple of pounds is no inducement to a boatman to board a vessel anchored in the rough water.

There have doubtless been many changes in Cape Town since I was there, and although my knowledge of it was acquired by a five days sojourn, I believe there are few places where a person could spend three or four months of our winter season with more satisfaction, while in these days of clipper built sailing vessels, the trip alone would be worth the entire cost to anyone seeking a relaxation from business cares, and who could afford the time involved. To many residents of this continent who find time hang heavily on their hands it would be cheaper than staying at home.

—o—
FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A MACLEOD BALL.

PAST AND PRESENT.

PAST.

In those days when Macleod was but an infant town, balls were as plentiful as flies in berrying time. The white ladies could be counted on the fingers of one hand. At first the men used to dance with each other, but this could not work long; they taught the squaws to dance.

The first ball ever given in Macleod, was given by the police in the autumn of 1875. There was not a single woman present, white or otherwise.

But a little later when there was to be a dance, one or two of the men were appointed to notify the squaws, that on such a night there would ~~would be~~ a dance in the hall.

When the time arrived they came flocking in; those who had papposes bringing them along. A few of the non-dancing men took charge of the babies while the

mothers were dancing. On these occasions the squaws appeared, not in the usual blanket, but copied the white ladies as nearly as they could, wearing hoop skirts, and some even wearing shoes in place of moccasins.

They danced the quadrille generally, though some learned to waltz very well.

When a sett is about to be formed, a man goes up to the *lady* he desires for a partner and asks her to dance. He is answered by a nod accompanied by a grunt. Then he goes alone and takes his place on the floor. When all the men are standing in their places the music begins, and each squaw that has been asked to dance goes and places herself beside the man who asked her. When the dance is at an end, the squaw, without a word to her partner, makes a rush for her seat and takes possession of her pappose if she has one.

When supper time draws near, a man goes round with a hat for contributions to "buy supper for the ladies."

At supper though the ladies are shy and don't eat much (though the chief inducement in getting them to come is the prospect of coffee and pie.) However before they leave the table they are careful to gather up all the viands within their reach, conceal them somewhere about their persons and convey them away.

The ladies are told when the dance is over and they march out of the room, in single file and return to their homes without escort. It would be an insult to offer to see them home.

PRESENT.

"What means the light in the town hall to-night; the strains of music issuing forth as the door is opened so frequently to admit someone? Why, all the town, not only the town, but community seem to be going in."

"What! my friend do you not know? It is easy to perceive that you are a *pilgrim*. Come with me and I will show you what a Northwestern ball is like."

"A ball! do you have balls here?"

"Well, I should smile! Why! this is just the country for balls. Come on."

"I can't, I'm not in evening dress."

"Oh, that does not signify in the least, Come."

As the friends enter the ball is in full swing. The hall tastefully decked with bunting and evergreens; the floor well waxed; the music, consisting of piano, violin and cornet, not to be despised. The room, (a fine large one, with a stage at one end fitted up like a drawing room with easy chairs, &c.) is full,—but not crowded,—with ladies and gentlemen, men and women. Some, and indeed most of them, in evening dress. Many of the ladies' dresses quite handsome and costly enough to grace any eastern ballroom.

A square dance is in progress, and some one, a man, is shouting at the top of his voice. Above the sound of the music we hear something like this. "Al-a-man-left." "Ladies in centre and gents dance around." "Swing the left hand lady and all promenade." "Every body dance." "Keep a Jumpin'." "Promenade, you know where."

The next is a gallop. It seems but an instant since the music ceased for the quadrille and the floor is filled with couples, but only a few dancing the gallop proper.

Some are waltzing to the music, while others have a peculiar dance of their own, yet all keeping perfect time. The waltz, though, is the favorite and the majority of the N. W. people are good dancers.

The hall also has several cosy little nooks for *tetes-a-tetes*, and said nooks are seldom vacant, for people like their ease, or a quiet flirtation, even in the busy North-West.

About mid night supper is announced. Cloaks and overshoes are adjusted and the couples repair, generally to "Camoose's" hotel, where a sumptuous repast awaits them. Then back to the hall until the "wee sma' hours" remind them that it is time to go home.

Macleod Alta, Feb, 1891.

SINAX-AKIN.



[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

HERE AND THERE.

BY A KANSAS CANADIAN.



N the early days of the settlement of the Eastern Townships a pearl-ashery was a necessity in every small settlement where a store was kept. This pearl-ash had to be transported to the St. Lawrence by long scows or *bateaux* on the River St. Francis.

The boats and load were usually drawn past the larger falls and put into the river below Lord's Fall, at Drummondville, which was one of the portages; another was Brompton Falls.

This unnavigable portion, the Government tried to clear of obstructions, and Charles Goodhue, of Sherbrooke, was appointed commissioner to carry on the work. A large gang of hands, under Isaac B. Burnham, was engaged for many months in blasting, and the last time I was there many of the unused drill-holes in the rocks were still visible at Lord's Falls.

Lord kept a number of men to drag the boats on rollers past the falls. At certain seasons of the year, when the salmon were ascending the river to their spawning beds far above, Lord might be seen on a certain rock just below the falls, nearly every sunny day, keeping watch in the thick heavy foam of the current below for any unfortunate salmon that proposed to jump or run the falls within reach of his spear.

The spear he used was a fine made, or-

inary five pronged steel one, and in the socket was firmly fastened a shaft of about ten feet in length, of the finest tough timber, and as straight as it could well be made. On the end was securely fastened a long line, to enable him to regain the spear if occasion required him to throw it beyond his reach. The old settlers used to tell of the large number of salmon he secured some days, and of his wonderfully quick eye in seeing an almost invisible fin, in the foam of the swift current. It was said that no salmon was safe within thirty feet of his position, so skillful had he become in throwing his spear.

At the mouth of the creek, Elmer Cushing had two men employed a good part of two summers in catching fish to supply the twenty-eight men he employed in clearing his grant of land just on the site and in rear of the present Town of Richmond.

One day one of his choppers was eager to try his luck at fishing. He was laughed at by the other men, but finally started and stationed himself at the mouth of the creek. A salmon tried to pass and was at once speared, and with another spare spear he pinned the one that was following, and both were secured. As a consequence the chopper was assigned to the less arduous duties of fisherman.

The West, the once Happy Hunting Ground of the Indian.

The more I see and know of the West, the better I can understand how hard it must have been for the Red Man to be obliged to leave forever, the fine hunting grounds of his race for ages so far back that "no man knoweth."

Pushed back from the North-East by the Pilgrim Fathers centuries ago, he seemed for a time to find a resting place further north and through the Middle States. But as usual the stronger white man drove them still further westward across the prairies, until to-day a large number are surrounded in the bad-lands of Dakota, by the deadly Winchester and Gatling guns.

They have stolen—it is estimated—5,000 horses, and driven them into that inaccessible fastness, where nature in some of her mad volcanic freaks ages ago, seems to have broken up the mountains and hills, as a miner would a large lump of coal, and dumped the pieces of all shapes and dimensions, over a territory of 70 by 90 miles, as inaccessible to the white man as are the Dismal Swamp and the jungles of Africa.

Thirty thousand more are hemmed in by soldiers in Indian Territory, 150 miles south of me.

It seems to-day, in spite of all the mission work so bountifully bestowed upon them, and the money expended in their education and in fitting them to earn their own living, that the old saying that "a good Indian is a dead one," is in a measure true.

Kansas, a Garden of Eden for them in Past Days.

Even to-day half a mile from this inland town of 2,500 population, the Neosho river, just skirting the town, supplies the place with about all the fresh fish they require.

Three kinds of bass are taken in abundance at certain seasons of the year; only one kind however has the appearance of the black bass of the St. Francis river; one kind is nearly white. The rock bass, or "croppie" as it is called here, furnishes splendid sport. Sometimes 50 or 60 will be taken of an evening with a single rod and line.

A good many cat-fish, of very fine quality, are caught with hook and line, running as high as 50 or 60 pounds weight each. Two were taken in one day, not half a mile from the city, which weighed over 100 lbs.

The Buffalo fish—much resembling and about first cousin to the mullet of Canada—seems to be in the greatest abundance. A few days ago I saw perhaps 150 lbs. fresh from the river, some still alive.

Otter and muskrat are still found in nearly all the large streams, the latter in great abundance.

Eight kinds of wild ducks, geese, some swans and cranes are plentiful. A pelican, with his large pouch suspended from the lower part of his head, and I presume much like the bird of Bible repute, was shot not long ago. These water-fowls are not so plentiful here as near the Mississippi, and the larger rivers and lakes. The deer that less than twenty years ago were seen everywhere on these prairies, like the buffalo, have disappeared before civilization, and the deer-hunter has to go to the Territories for his game.

Hereditary Presbyterianism.

For fourteen years I lived in Missouri, west of the "Father of Waters" and on a large prairie, with timber in abundance along the banks of the streams. It was said to be in former days the finest deer resort for miles around in that vicinity.

My next neighbor, Fuga, was the son of a Presbyterian Elder, near the Mississippi. The old man seems to have been born a hunter and in his old age kept hounds, and a white mule that was good for any seven-rail fence. Many a deer fell before the old man's rifle. He was said to be a strong pillar in the church, and everybody spoke well of him.

His son, until the time of the war, held slaves, who were always in for a good time on Sundays. Riding with him one day over the beautiful prairie near my house, he said:

"Just along here one Sunday morning, I counted twenty-eight deer feeding. Now you know that I am no church member, but my father had brought me up to keep Sunday. The sight of these deer was too much for me, if it was Sunday, and there was the black boys with their eyes shining through a rim of white, their white rows of worries in contrast with their dusky skins, so I said, 'Washington! get my mule, mighty quick. I am going to salt the cattle over near the Lone Elm. You can take the gun and go where you like.' A few minutes saw me riding round the west side of the deer (you know there was no hurt in riding on Sundays) and the darkies with their guns were hurrying to yon timber to intercept them as they passed towards the east, in their usual run. Shortly after the deer disappeared down the run, and the crack of the gun told me that the black boys were too quick for them. You see, father had taught me it was wrong to shoot Sundays, but not to salt cattle."

It was a distinction with some difference but I take it quite as much as has been found outside of Presbyterian training. Be that as it may, the wise man's proverb about "training up a child in the way he should go," has been verified in later years in this son, who to day occupies the same position in the church, as the old Elder, with the white mule and hounds, did forty years ago.

The Red Man's Cattle Nearly Extinct.

This network of railroads running like a spider's web over the feeding grounds of the buffalo, has brought him in contact with the deadly rifle, so that but for a few in Montana, said to be a herd of sixteen last year; some that are protected by Government in and around Yellowstone Park; a few scattering ones elsewhere, are all the wild ones left.

No wonder the Indians' wild nature, inherited for ages far back, gets under full sway when the Government supplies grow short, and his rifle and trusty Indian pony, that can keep up a steady lope hour after hour, fail to bring him food for his squaw and children.

'Tis said that partridges eggs hatched out under a hen, may for a few days develop young birds quite tame, but very soon nature assumes her sway and the young birds seek their forest home. So it seems to be with the Red Man. Give him Dartmouth, or a few years' training in these splendid Government schools, away from tribe contact entirely, send him back at twenty-one, and soon the chase and wild life have attractions for him, far greater than the white man's plough and harrow.

I said the wild buffalo are nearly extinct. The last solitary old bull, scarcely any-

thing but bones and hide, was shot far away from civilization, near Texas, about three years ago.

A tame herd of full bloods and their various crosses with the Scotch Black Galloway, are fenced in and kept on the western side of Kansas. These full bloods are held at fabulous prices, and I presume the coming young man and maiden of Canada, may take their sleigh rides in the cold, crisp, moonlight nights of a Canadian winter, well tucked in with this new coming robe of the west. That the owner has a pretty good thing financially, seems almost certain. Already robes from this herd of pure and mixed blood are worth from \$30, to \$60. Buffalo steak at 40 cents per lb., as a dainty on the rich man's table only adds to the income.

Just over the rising prairie towards the setting sun, a few miles away, my neighbors tell me plenty of buffalo were found, less than 25 years ago.

A favorite way of catching calves was to spot the locality where the cows and calves were feeding, about dark of a June evening. At day break a horseman gave chase to the herd and soon the cows and old ones were far away in advance of the calves in their mad plunge to escape. A second horseman now pursued the calves, passed them and became the leader to the poor frightened young animals, who followed the horse and rider to some corral not many miles distant.

I have seen a young calf in his fright follow a man, dog or horse, in the busy street, if separated from his mother, the same way.

Josh Gentry, and his Kentucky Blood Mare, after Deen.

Was there a "round up" in Missouri, by the neighborhood and town, to catch or destroy those pests of the prairie the "prairie wolf," (coyote,) or a hunt of any kind, Josh was on hand, rain or shine.

Through friends in Kentucky he became the happy owner of a fast blood mare. Being out on horseback with a fair cousin

one day, and some deer being in sight, he proposed to show her the speed of his fine Kentucky blood.

Screening himself by some rising ground, he approached the herd, pretty near, before he was discovered. The elevated head and a snort by a leader, soon sent them off at full speed.

Away they went, and away after them went John, and the mare. Mile after mile of the unfenced prairie was soon covered by mare and deer, the latter keeping well in advance. As the chase continued the mare's blood got, up and Josh as eagerly felt the excitement, and what at first was undertaken as a short sport for the fun of it, began to take another form.

"Is it possible this beauty of mine can overtake one of them, a feat hitherto unknown in the neighborhood? What a feather in my cap? What glory for *Flying Kate*?"

Loosening the rein Kate soon settled down to her work in dead earnest.

"Look out! Josh! see that broad, deep gully there just partly hidden by the tall prairie grass?"

Yes, the singled out deer saw it, but too late, with a bound through the air he cleared the space safe and sound.

The mare was too near to be stopped, and with a slackened rein, she eyed the chasm for a moment as she came over the crest of the hill, and gathering her feet well under her, made the mad plunge and landed safely across on the other side.

She soon commenced closing up on the deer which became more and more frightened. Soon the day-light between them was narrowed down to a few feet, till at last the pretty thing gave up exhausted.

To spring from Kate's back and cut its throat, was but the work of a few moments, and after the girl was loosened and the mare winded, Josh threw the deer across in front of the saddle, and returned home, none of the young men ever after that daring to say ought to the disparagement of "*Flying Kate*" or her owner.

Burlington, Kansas, Dec. 1890.



THE END.

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(FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN)

CURIOSITIES

OF

Science, Literature and Composition

BY REV. J. DOUGLASS BORTHWICK, I. L. D.

Some more funny Anagrams.

Napoleon Bonaparte — Bona rapta, lene pone.
 Louis Napoleon Bonaparte Imperator—O Sabaltero Nerone arma capiunt populi.
 Arthur Wellesly, Duke of Wellington—Let well foil'd Gaul secure thy renown.
 Ca talogue—Got a clue.
 Revolution—Love to ruin.
 Breath—The bar.

EPIGRAMS.

He told her, that he loved her
 In tones so soft and mellow;
 But she said she couldn't marry him
 For she'd asked another fellow.

The chinch bug eats the farmer's grain,
 The bee moth pollis his honey,
 The bed bug fills him full of pain,
 The humbug scoops his money.

They say thine eyes, like sunny skies
 Thy chief attraction form;
 I see no sunshine in those eyes
 They take one all by storm.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Here lies the body of Roger McGee
 When living, he was a good Roger to me.

Here lies our Mary Ann at rest,
 Pillowed now on Abraham's breast;
 It's very nice for Mary Ann,
 But rather rough on Abraham.

He lieth here
 Who lied before,
 But since he lieth here,
 He lies no more.

We will this month give some geographical antonomasias and next issue resume the historical.

Boston—The Athens of America, The Hub.
 Cleveland—The Forest City.
 Detroit—The City of the Straits.
 Venice—Queen of the Adriatic and The Swan of the Adriatic.
 Washington—The City of Magnificent Distances.
 Agra—The Key of Hindostan
 Valencia—The Garden of Spain.
 Dundee—Donum Dei—hence the name—The Gift of God.

LACONIC REPLIES, ETC.

The word laconic is derived from Laconia (Sparta) in ancient Greece, because the Lacedaemonians delivered themselves in as few words as possible. The following are remarkable examples of such and well worth preserving altogether.

Leonidas, king of Sparta, replied to Xerxes, when summoned to lay down his arms and those of his 300 warriors, standing before an army of one million: "Come and take them."

Julius Cæsar's celebrated letter "veni, vidi, vici." "I came, I saw, I conquered." He wrote this to the Roman Senate after his great victory over Pharnaces, King of Pontus.

The reply of Palafa, the hero of Saragossa, to the French, demanding the Spaniards, to lay down their arms: "War to the Knife."

Lord Nelson, at the battle of Trafalgar; "England expects each man, this day, to do his duty." Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of the Pyramid in Egypt: "Remember that from the summit of those Pyramids, forty centuries contemplate your actions."

PARANOMASIA

Can be made a very entertaining and interesting subject for an evening's amusement, any one can see what it means in the following examples:

- 1 Friends turned fiends.
- 2 Six groats' worth of oats.
- 3 The devil is the source of all evil.
- 4 I dwell near that well.
- 5 One of them has gone.
- 6 Are you able to lift that table.
- 7 When did you get that hen.
- 8 This shot is very hot.
- 9 This glove is a token of love.
- 10 The ball whizzed near his ear.
- 11 Let us rove through the grove.
- 12 I have no meat to eat.

NAUTICAL PHRASES.

Sailors, as we all know, have borrowed many terms for their ships from the shore, a writer thus speaks—"who does not know that when a vessel goes to sea she proceeds on her voyage, embellished with chains, jewel blocks, garnets, bangles, breast hooks pins, ribbons, gauntlets, heels, harpins (which must mean hairpins) garlands, hoods, collars and a score of other knick-knacks and decorating all of such a kind as an honorable Jack Tar would bestow, upon the lads of his affection." On the other hand the landsman owes some very choice and pregnant sentences to the sea. Here in this issue are a few. Let us take the word "Mainstay." Every sailor who has made only one voyage knows what this is, but to how many young men—nowadays—can the word be applied. "He is the mainstay of his mother, or of the family." He is indeed a good young man to whom these words can be applied and nothing will shine more in a youth's career than this, that he was the mainstay of his widowed mother, or orphan sisters. God bless each and every youth who is such.

We speak of a couple after they are married as having been "spliced." To understand this expression, and to show the indissoluble character of holy matrimony, let one see how a sailor brings together the two ends of ropes with their strands open, and passing their strands through one another until a union is formed so strong that a strain brought and upon the line would break it in any other place than the splice. Finally this month what could be more symbolical and fuller of meaning than to speak of a man in commercial difficulties, as being on his "beam ends?" When a ship is on her beam ends she is in a very dangerous position, and in a few minutes might founder at sea, so in commerce, some times on ones beam ends, then weathering the storm and at last arising phoenix like from the waves to happiness and joy.

Let us finish with a few origins of names.

Baabee—This coin, a half penny in England, was so called because when James VI of Scotland and 1st of England was engaged in coining a large number of half pence, a son was born to him (afterwards Charles I) "Let the coin be called a baabee (from baby) in honor of my son," and it has been so called ever since.

Blanket—So called from Thomas Blanket, one of the Flemings who came over to England, and who having made one of these woollen articles called it after his own name.

Brown Study—This just means brown study and is a reverie.

Britzeka—A carriage so called from a own of that name in Russia.

Bumper—From *bon père*, the good father so called from the first glass at dinner being drink by Roman Catholics to the health of their spiritual head—the Pope.

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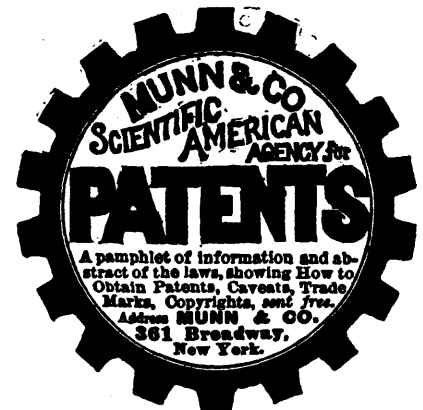
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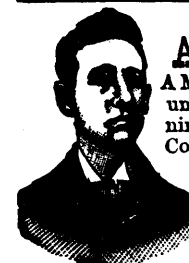
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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Mon Choual Castor.

I'm poor man, but I buy las' May,
 Wan horse on city passengaire,
 An' h' auction man w'at sole heem say
 She's h'out of full breed messengaire.

Good trotteur stock, h'also galluppe,
 But work long time on Cregg street car;
 Of course she's pooty well break h'up,
 So come cheap; forty wan dollarre.

Dat horse 'ave color many kine,
 But mos'ly beaver wit' some red,
 Dat's Sorrel forefoot, white behine
 An' wan black star on front hees head.

First chance I sent heem St. Cesaire,
 W'ere tink he's have much better sight,
 May be de grass an' cointree h'air
 Ver' soon was feet heem up h'all right,

I leff him 'lone till fall come 'long,
 Dat trotteur can't h'eat grass no more,
 An' w'en I go dere, fine heem strong
 Like noting I never see before.

I heech heem h'up on light sulkee,
 L'enfant! dat horse she's cover groun
 Dont take long time de crowd for see
 Mon choual was leek h'all trotteur roun'

Come down de race course like Oiseau,
 Tail over datch board nice you please
 Cant tell for sure de quick she go,
 Spose some w'ere on two tree forties,

I treat my fren' wit' whisky blanc.
 We drink Castor hees *bonne santé*,
 From L'Achigad to St. Hermas,
 He's be's horse *sure* on whole *Comté*.

'Bout week on fronte of dis Lalime,
 Man drive dat horse call Clevelan' Bay,
 Send challenge, so I'm match wit' heem,
 For one mile heat on straight away.

Dat's twenty dollars on wan side,
 De lawyers' draw de paper h'out,
 But if dem trotteur come in tied,
 Well all dat money's go on spout.

Next ting my backer man Labrie,
 Take h'off hees catch book ving-tinq cents
 An' toss Lalime bes' two on tree
 For see who's go on h'inside fence.

Baptiste I tole you pooty smart,
 He's gain dat toss wit' Jockee trick,
 I dont care me, w'en Castor start,
 Ver' soon I tink she's make heem sick.

Big crowd of course was dere for see,
 Dem trotteur on de grande match race,
 Some people come from St. Remi
 An' some from plaintee oder place.

W'en h'all is ready, flag was fall,
 An' way dose trotteur pass on fence,
 Lak noting you never see at all
 It make me tink of Saint Lawrence.*

Castor hees tail was stan so straight,
 Could place chapeau on h'en of top,
 An' w'en he's struck two forty gait'
 Don't seem he's never go for stop.

Well dat's h'all right for frise half mlie,
 W'en Clevelan' Bay commence for break,
 Dat make me feel ver' much like smile
 I'm sure Castor he's take de cake.

But Lalime pull been 'ard on line,
 An' stop Clevelan' before go far,
 It's h'all no good, he can't catch mine,
 I'm go more quick like h'express car.

I'm feel h'all right for my monee,
 For sure, mon choual he's took frise place,
 W'en 'bout arpent from home, *sapree!*
 Some thing's happen I'm loss de race.

Wan bad boy he's come h'out on track,
 I cannot see dat bad boy's han'
 He's hold someting behin' hees back
 It was small bell I h'anderstan'.

Can say for dat my horse go well,
 An' never show no sign of sweat,
 Until dat boy hees ring hees bell,
 Misere! I think I hear heem yet.

Wal joost so soon mon choual Castor
 Was hear dat bell so kling, klang, kling,
 He's tink of course of railway charrs
 An' spose mus' be conducteur ring.

First ting I know my trotteur's drop,
 Dat tail was stan' so straight before,
 H'after can't say, may be he stop,
 For me I don't know someting more,

An' w'en I'm come alife again,
 I fine dat horse call Clevelan' Bay,
 Was get frise place and so she's gain
 Dat wan mile heat on straight away.

An' now were'ever I am go,
 Bad boy he's sure for holler'n yell,
 Dis done! Dis done! Paul Archambault,
 W'at's matter wit' your Chestnutte Bell?

Make plaintee trub dem bad garoons,
 Very h'often ring some bell h'also,
 Was mad could plunge on St. Laurent,
 Wat to do heemself Castor don't know.

Las' time I pass Pacific track,
 For drive avec mon frere Alfred,
 Hinginne she's ring, Castor he's back,
 Mon Dieu! it's funny I'm not come dead.

Toujours comme ça! an' make me sick,
 But horse dat work long on les charrs,
 Can't brooke dem h'off on fancy trick,
 So now I'm want for sale Castor.
 Montreal, March 1891.

W. H. DRUMMOND.

* St. Lawrence was a famous trotter owned by the late Walter Frendergast of Cote des Neiges, twenty years ago.

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[BY CALESTIGAN.]

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To all Grits, Rielites and others of "that ilk" we would bid a final adieu! with the fervent wish "*Requiescat in pace.*"

To our late liberal friendly opponents we wish to tender the right hand of fellowship as eager, earnest co-workers under the G. O. M., Sir John Macdonald, in the building-up a great, glorious and moral nation, a position we could never hope to attain if attached to the skirts of the neighboring republic.

That the integrity of the empire has been endangered we never had a fear, but that the honor and loyalty of this country have been aspersed by at least one of her doughty knights is too true to be ignored.

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For Month ending 20th February 1891.

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Market Sketches



"Hello! Martin Luther! It's easy seen it's election times, or we wouldn't have the pleasure of seeing you here at this early hour of the morning. How are you, anyway?"

"Faith I'm flourishing like a green baize tree. It's hard to kill an Irishman, you know. I thought I'd run down and see who's entered for the parliamentary race. Has Millier made his deposit yet? Oh! he has ay? Then I'm out of it. I won't be the means of splitting the party and have them think I turned traitor, but I don't believe he's the popular choice, and I wouldn't mind betting that he don't get back his deposit, that he won't get the requisite number of votes."

"Yes, he will, It's going to be closer than you think. I shouldn't wonder if it turned out to be a draw game."

"You wouldn't ay? If that's the case he'll beat sure."

"If what's the case?"

"Why, if it's a draw game! There's not a man in the constituency can beat him on a draw game. Why man! it's on the cards!"

"Ah! I begin to understand you, but you must remember that Ives always holds a flush hand at election times and that's a pretty good thing to stand on."

"That's a fact. It's quite evident that the party of purity doesn't shuffle the cards when it comes to an election deal."

"Bigosh! somebody 'll tole me, M'sieu Martin Connolly, she'll be de *député* for Shalbrooke. Me mek hup ma mine me'll geev ma vote for M'sieu Connolly. She'll spoke Franch all-a-sam lek me can do mase'f. Fo'su' me no lek dat M'sieu Connolly she'll d n't be *candidat*. Me b'leeve she'll be goot man fo' de Franchman, de Hirishman, *et tous les hommes*. Me nevare see mo' bettere man, fo' su', aint it? Me sell ma hegg, me go *chez moi*, for hax ma homan de bes' man fo' geev ma vote. Me teenk he'll tole me, M'sieu Camirand, *l'avocat*. Goot man, fo' su'. She'll *connaiss tous les habitants d'Orford*. *Trente sous par douzaine! Les oufs! Les oufs! Trente sous par douzaine!* M'sieu Camirand, she'll mek good *député*, don't it? *Oui, Madame, oui, trente sous, bien fraiche. Merci Madame. Hurrah pour M'sieu Camirand!*"

"Well! be the Mortal! but that's the kind of man they do be callin' a free and independint elector! A man that don't know enough to mark his own ballot. Sure at the last election out in Orford didn't he get Mистер Wadleigh to mark his ballot, an' tould him the rayson was

that he'd got a splinter undher his thumb nail an' he was afraid he couldn't make a good mark. The omadhaun! Sure he'll ax his woman who's the best man, an' she'll tell him, Mr. Hall, an' Mr. Hall ain't in it at all, at all. Sure a man like that isn't reshponsible, an' ud be just as likely to help up an annexation schlam as any other. They tell me that it's Ives and Millier for it this time. I think I'll shtay over and see what Millier has to say. They tell me he'll not be the manes of detainin' me long if he takes the flure first. There's six poun's more o' butther to get off my hands an' I'm off the market. Here ye are, Pather! Here's yer tin cints. Here ye are, Mr. Shkinner! Is it butther? Ye may have the six pounds for a dollar an' a quarter, an' I'll hould ye the price of a noggin of whishkey ye'll not get a chance like that the day. Thank ye, Mистер Shkinner! It's aisy to see how little throuble it is to satisfy a sensible man. Now I'm ready for the spachifyin'. Hould on Bob Hetheringon! Sure there's no harm in an Orangeman and a Ribbonman walkin' together in election times."

Say! Did you notice that "winther butther" as Pat called it? It was about as white as lard and looked about as inviting. It must have been made from the milk that Mrs. Wales used to give her hired men with their porridge. You recollect old William Seth Wales, of Richmond, of course? Well he had a lot of men working for him, and one morning he heard some one hammering away down by the river and so he looked over the bank opposite the island and there was one of his Irishmen putting up a board fence along by the edge of the water. "Wha' are you doin' that for Pat?" says Wales, "We don't need no fence there."

"Faith sorr," says Pat, "I'm thryin' to keep the cows away from the wather. They're dhrinking too much intirely, this hot weather. Sure the milk's that watery that ye can see the bottom through a hapin' bowl full of it."

"Did you notice the last Gazette? Avery's gettin' as sarkastikin' as Artemas Ward's Kangaroo. In reporting Broderick's speeck in which he apologised for Millier's inability to speak in public on the ground that many of our public business men were in the same position, he says, "He omitted to state, however, that those who where thus deficient were not candidates for parliamen'ary honors."

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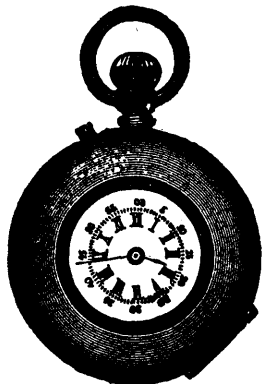
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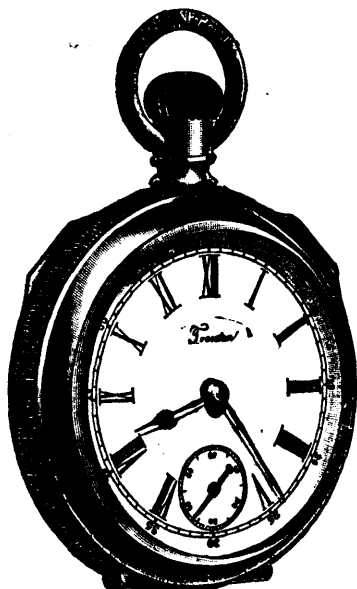
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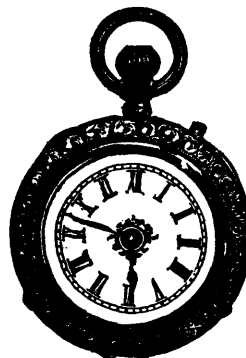
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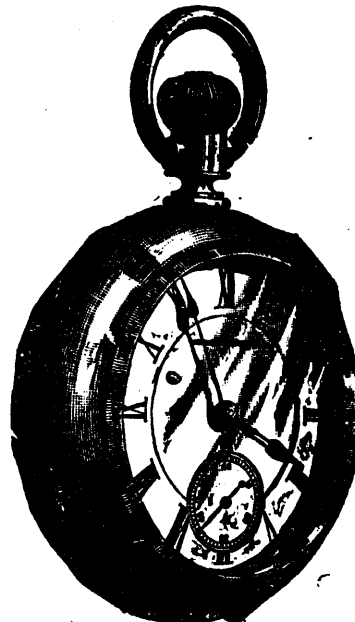
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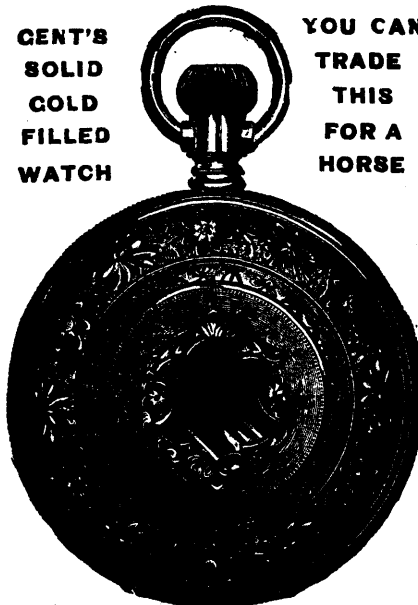
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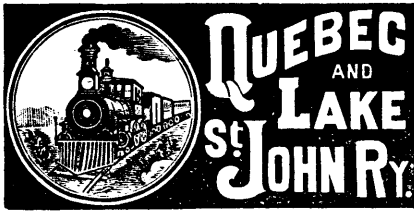
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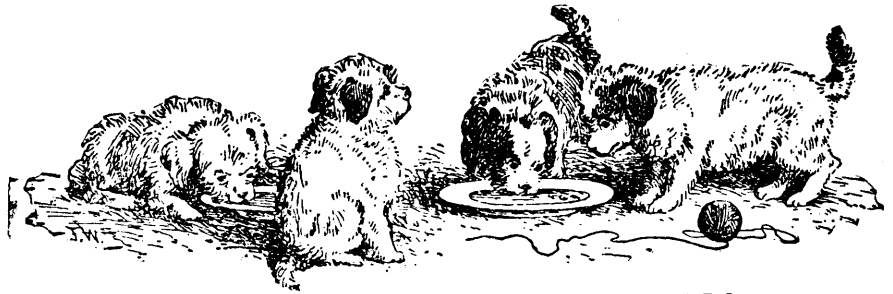
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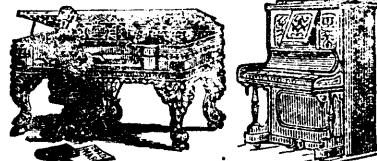
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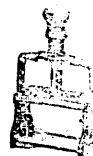
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