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May, 1892.



# THE LAND AND WILDLIFE

Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

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# THE LAND WE LIVE IN

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. IV., No 10.

SHERBROOKE, Q., MAY, 1892.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## IN THE CEDARS.

**T**HE inhabitants of cities and those who visit cities see in the markets a very long legged and long eared animal, the body of which is covered with white fur in winter. Judging from recent quotations in a New

York paper, "60 cts. a pair," they are thought to be eatable there. Though they are not eagerly sought after in eastern cities or regarded a fancy dish when served, nevertheless they are frequently bought and sold. When alive this animal is an excursionist especially on moonlight nights. Its track may be seen far away from the place in which it dwells and feeds. But when off on a tour it does not pass by any delicate morsel of browse without a generous nibble. Most always in the day time it will be found in the cedars, in the low cedars and where such bushes are thick. A great abundance of such game we rarely find elsewhere in the Eastern States.

There are many experiences which a hunter can relate who will take the pains to enjoy sporting of this kind, and I have often wondered why no writer in THE LAND WE LIVE IN has ever said "Rabbit." To hunt it the best time is in winter if you know where it is to be found. Being white and the ground bare and dark, the least movement of the white object shows at once.

On a Thanksgiving day, having a boy's relish for food, the flesh of it was first pronounced delicious by the writer. I was not a boy alone, but the reader can picture two boys on the side of a wooded ridge around a fire. Sticks in their hands are sharpened out to pierce strips of meat lying by and to

roast them. They were soon done brown, being seasoned with salt, and thus cooked they helped wonderfully the pocket lunch, that was brought along.

My companion related at this meal a practical joke played upon him the previous year by two associates. They had made an appointment to go hunting with him upon a certain day. They had arrived at his home very early in the morning and he was not at liberty to start as early. While he was adjusting matters to keep the household right

a rabbit close by. They went in the course they had left it he attending. They were sure not to see the head but were sure he would, which he did, and discharged his gun at it. Going to take up his game of course he got the lifeless head, which was not so appreciable to him as to his merry companions. However, at this later day he seemed to have fully entered into the enjoyment of the joke so as to think it a good one at his expense.

But further back than all this it is remembered now that a little fellow of this kind had been taken from the bush on a summer day and that I was one of the children out of whose hand he would feed and that *this* gave us enjoyment till Tabby became desirous, one autumn night, of a dainty morsel and took off his head unceremoniously for her enjoyment.

These boyhood days have lengthened out into manhood's, but still it is considered quite in order when close time comes on the ruffled grouse to take a hunt or two for rabbit before setting into winter quarters.

There are woods which stretch along the north of this county. We pass over the county line and over the brook, where our best trout are taken in summer upon a jam of logs, or on a tree fallen across and frozen into the ice. Lumber men have been working here and have made roads since we were here last. We pass up one for several rods but see nothing whatever. Parallel with it are other roads and one is found by going through a cedar thicket six or eight rods, but just as we step into it we see



WITH ROD AND GUN.

side up for the day, they had entered the woods near by, and having shot a rabbit had severed the head from the body and put the head on two sticks so that it would show above the log by the side of which they had left it. When he came out ready for the day's sport they told him that they had seen

at the right, two ears erect, a full round eye and a perfectly motionless body of white. Here we begin the capture, which ends in good time, at 4 o'clock p. m., with number eight. After one of them we have had a lively chase. He has taken pains to keep us just a little too far off most of

the time, and when showing himself would be on the move. To get another we have had to go about a full circle and got a shot just by the place where first started. Another sits erect, breast to the front, curious to know what sort of a fellow is tramping and banging about them, I suppose. Another is squat on a log and the full rays of the declining sun seem to be falling upon the place he must have chosen for an afternoon nap. Another starts from near my path and stops very soon only, a rod off. This is what the most do, so it is well to drop upon one knee ready for a shot. Well, two that P. M. were wounded, or during the week in which I took fourteen out of that same region, and made that human like cry which none of us like to hear—"too much like the crying child." Happy is the man who has a loaded second barrel to relieve misery then!

But it is no small task to get eight rabbits home, yet by putting four on each end of a small rope and throwing the four on one end over the shoulder how much easier you can make the task.

By dressing four at a time when you are home, you will have eight hind quarters for dinner if you will only put them in a tin side by side and bake them as you bake any meat. Then, if you do not care for the dish when served with vegetables it must be because you remember that it is "wild meat." However, I will not forget that many who are *in reality* hunters and sportsmen can tell me almost everything about how to cook. But this is the way one madam does the rabbit, and we are glad when another late autumn comes around, or there is a fall of damp snow so as to leave a perfect track. When such a snow comes in the night we have found the next day as good as a late autumn with no snow.

THE PARSON.

Charleston, Maine, 1892.

## AN ORNITHOLOGISTS LETTER.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter received by J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Quebec, from Chas. Hughes, Esq., Montreal, which is valuable as being the result of personal observation. Mr. Hughes has been an ardent sportsman, and sporting articles from his pen descriptive—"of moving accidents by flood and field," in which he has been an active participation—will appear in future issues of this journal. He is a very observant student of nature and a life in the woods has given him a practical knowledge of the ornithology of Canada possessed by few. Those

interested in the *fauna* of this country will find his sketches most instructive and the information contained in them can be swallowed without the *grano salis* usually required in connection with hunting and fishing stories.

"Your paper, THE LAND WE LIVE IN was duly received, I have been getting it for some time past and have taken great interest in reading your letters on our birds. My profession of lumbering affords me little time in which to devote attention to animated nature, but I never lose an opportunity in searching into their habits: a most beautiful study. I am sorry to find it so little appreciated. I have given my sons every opportunity of pursuing the study in all its branches and they take pleasure vying with each other as to proficiency. They are good taxidermists, as I instructed them in much that I learned as a lad and nature must be studied to know the position of the bird. I have been very much annoyed with our newspapers in mutilating articles on our birds which I have sent them for publication and the terrible mistakes made at times, which must have given real ornithologists a very poor opinion of my knowledge and experience in the study.

I had the pleasure of addressing you some years since, with reference to a curious animal which my son shot at Lake Megantic. I have been ever since endeavouring to find out about it, and succeeded at last, in securing one. From all appearances it is a hybrid between the cat and the hare, as all its front quarters, head and feet are cat, and the hind quarters, legs and tail, are the hare. It was very ferocious and fought my dog most savagely. I am puzzled to know whether the cross is between a tom-cat and female hare, or a buck-hare and female cat.

I am now trying to find a shore lark's nest. As I mentioned to you, I found out that they breed in winter. If I succeed I will inform you. It is very certain that they do so, as I had the young ones three quarters fledged and found them 6th March, nested in the quarries outside the city. There was fully two feet of snow, still and very cold.

My experience in the forests of Canada extends to forty-two years. I have often followed the winter birds and studied their habits, especially the Blue Jay, Canada Jay, Chickadee, Wood peckers, Nuthatches, Cross-bills, Gros beaks, the Shrike—which is a good mocking bird, and many others which keep to the forests, I have derived great pleasure in listening to their calls and notes.

I have seen several varieties of our migratory birds wintering with us this year and secured a Wax-wing. There was quite a flock of them. I saw no Bohemian Chatterers, this winter, but flocks of Gold-finches; also the Red-tailed Hawk, the American Goshawk, of which I secured one, I also saw a Song Sparrow Rosignol, in a friend's yard, where it is wintering. It sleeps in his hay loft but it must be an old bird that was too weak to migrate.

I wish to call your attention to a bird myself and sons shot last October, in the Snipe Grounds, below Sorel. There were five and we secured them all. They were the size, and make of the Wood-cock, with

head and beak, but black legs, and the exact plumage of the Snipe. They were feeding like Snipe, but their flight was slower. They were the fattest birds I ever saw, a perfect ball of fat, and about six to seven ounces each, in weight. I have been hunting up several Natural Histories, but can't find them described. They are the first of the kind I ever saw, and I have been shooting for forty-five years."

Montreal, 1892.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## PRESERVE THE OLD RECORDS!

BY A KANSAS CANADIAN.

Not many months since, an old friend whom I had not seen for twenty-five years, was visiting me out in my western home. He was one of the many Eaton boys who had sought homes and occupation elsewhere. Now when Dr. Hurd of Massachusetts, saw a copy of THE LAND WE LIVE IN, lying on my table, he casually turned over the leaves until his eye caught Cookshire, Eaton, Newport and the name of Hiram French, your aged and interesting correspondent. Devouring the names, incidents, localities, and dates of settlement by the early pioneers, of the land of his birth, &c., he went through all his letters as eagerly as I presume he would some newly reported surgical operation that had set all the doctors in the world, wondering.

"Yes," he said when he had gone through them, "I did not know this and that thing before. Here is where many of my relations and friends lived." The doctor had been away perhaps thirty years.

The present generation may not appreciate the value of these short home historical records, but coming generations when peradventure they find some old faded copy of this magazine amongst grandmother's papers in the garret, will feel as if they had discovered a treasure." Yes, present readers, save some of the condensed history of the land of your birth or adoption, and perhaps when you are three score and ten, and your little grand-child shall guide your tottering limbs down by the old pasture, where you can point out the now shallow brook, the once splendid home of the speckled trout, the few remaining trees where you and your comrades gathered nuts when the leaves got brown and sore, or perhaps had a boy and dog chase after the squirrel that came to divide the spoil with you, and you shall return by the old well-worn cow-path home again once more, and lay your frail body down for an hour's rest, while little Ruth reads a story of the older home days; then shall the dim eyes kindle with life and memory once more seek its duplicate among the things long ago forgotten, yet never forgotten, only covered up with moth and rust."

How many of those condensed histories of Shipton published by the Rev. Edward Cleveland when principal of St. Francis College, a treasure to future generations, can now be found? Perhaps not a dozen copies. The carefully preserved copy among the volumes of his library, his son tells me has unaccountably disappeared.

I have now an old copy, dated 1834, of perhaps the first Eastern Township's school book, published by Ramsay, of

Montreal entitled *The Canadian Reader*, price \$1, recommended by Wm Squire, E. Peck, R. Spalding of Stanstead, Zadock Thompson, my old teacher in Sherbrooke Academy, in the days when Dr. Brooks and the first Mrs. Sanborn, were among his pupils. Of all the admirable stories contained in this "Reader" probably nearly all true, I have only seen one reprinted since. How many copies are left? The story of Tell, and his wonderful feat with the bow and arrow, has been deided by some miserable destroyer of pleasant things, and I suppose if some superheated steam under the rock of St. Helena should some morning culminate in a volcano and scatter that hard mass into the sea, some of these book fellows 100 years afterward would refer to the island as being "all a myth," only "a ghost in a foggy morning." Boys! preserve some of the old records!"

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## The Man-Eaters of Tiger Land.



NE warm day in November I was lounging about the barracks in St. George's, Bermuda, and happened into the canteen just as one of the non-commissioned officers of the —th regiment was reeling off some of his East India experience while on service in the central provinces. The weather was just warm enough for open doors and windows, and a group of soldiers and civilians sat around in easy attitudes, all much interested. The speaker was a broad and sturdy fellow of about thirty five, with an honest and determined face clean shaven, and his quart cup of a cap was cocked jauntily over one ear, after the fashion of his comrades. His expression was earnest and sometimes even serious, and every man present evidently accepted his statements for truth. I never saw a more orderly and decorous group even at chapel service, and I drew into the ring quite unobserved and curious.

I caught on to the subject at once. The sergeant was talking of "man-eating tigers" and the ravages they committed in the isolated farming districts, what he said having been prompted by the perusal of a paragraph in an East India edition of the *London Field* which he held in his hand. It detailed an account of the recent death of a famous tigress, known as the "Balaghat man-eater." This is how it ran, line upon line:—

"A few weeks ago we recorded how this notorious man-eating tigress had carried off a servant of the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces in India during a march. The blood-thirsty brute has at last been shot. She measured 8 feet 6 inches, and at the time of her death was accompanied by several young cubs. Her first victim is reported to have been a man of the Marar caste. He and several companions were going along a jungle path when they saw this tigress stalking them, and immediately they climbed up into trees. The precaution proved useless, at least in one instance, for the tigress, springing up the trunk of a tree in which the Marar had taken refuge, pulled him out and carried him off, his

companions being too terrified to render the unfortunate man any assistance. The last victim but one of this ferocious brute was a Goud boy, whom she seized off a cart on which he was riding."

"That tigress," the speaker commented, "had a bloody record for such a young one. But I knew of an old brute out in the Terai district, where my regiment was stationed, which kept the country in terror for a period of full twenty years. I hear that he has been killed at last, Allah be praised! as all good Mahometans say; but he must have destroyed a power of men in his time, not to mention women and children, besides coolies. They do say as how he wouldn't eat any meat but man meat. Even mutton wouldn't tempt him. That one individual brute must have killed and eaten at least twenty persons each year, making a good round four hundred human beings to his score."

One listener interrupted to say that he had always imagined that these stories of tiger depredations in India were mainly exaggerations.

"Why, bless your innocent heart! do not the official bulletins show that 10,000 humans are eaten by wild beasts every blessed year? and all the Government rewards and inducements do not avail to keep them down. Were it not for our soldier boys, brave chappies! all the country districts would be depopulated in five years. You cannot well imagine what a hullabuloo one of those there man-eaters will stir up when he turns himself loose upon the country. Even populous villages are not exempt."

"Every little while the official bulletins of Kashifur or Vizayapatern, or some other of the score of infested districts in Madras and other presidencies, announce "Another Man-eater!" and at once the respective localities become uncomfortable. A reward of 200 rupees is offered. All the native farming population is dazed and apprehensive. Gallant officers of the garrisons hastily make up their shikari parties to scour the district which has been posted, armed with the most formidable weapons known to modern field service. Mothers turn pale as they regard their offspring at play beside the houses. Teamsters look askance as they drive to their daily labor in the field. All who can do so stay indoors and hug the hamlet's close, for they have heard the alarm before and they know its import. A visitation is as certain as the sweep of a pestilence, and no one knows who may be the first victim. More than once in past times some unsuspecting child has been snatched from a door step, or husbandman from the field, and dragged off to the jungle, and such a tragedy may happen again. Once a bride was taken almost from the arms of her friends, swung lightly over a tiger's shoulder and trotted off to its lair. So noiselessly do these villians stalk their prey, even by noonday, as cats do birds and mice, approaching them unawares, and before the natives can reach their weapons the victim is gone!

"I don't know why it is, but as soon as ever one of that breed of tigers has once tasted human blood, by whatever chance presented, he becomes infatuated and insatiable. His whole nature undergoes a

metamorphosis. He perpetually haunts the ghants in quest of victims. No device or precaution can prevent him;—nothing but an ounce of cold lead in his heart and vitals. Of course there are tigers as tigers go; but the common run of brutes, do you mind, are usually regarded as small deer, for they slink from the presence of man if it be daylight and stick close to their lairs. They live or what they can pick up in the forests and jungles, with an occasional steer snatched from the edge of the open, and you won't often see them, even if you hunt for them. But the man-eater is the chappat that is dreaded. There is no living creature more ferocious, relentless and courageous than he.

"In India sportsmanship is heroism. It requires nerve as well as judgment to beat the bush when one is liable at any moment to encounter, unawares, tigers which fear not man in his most formidable guise, and most of all to face him when he charges or stands at bay. There was poor Mr. Howard of the Norfolk regiment, as brave a lad as ever stood a cavalry charge. Some of you may remember him? He was out shooting near Malapuram, when he came across a tiger which he fired at and wounded. After waiting for an hour on the chance of the animal either dying or becoming stiffened from his wound, Mr. Howard followed up the tracks and met the tiger in the open. The animal at once charged, and Mr. Howard missing with both barrels, was seized by the arm and severely clawed on his chest. All the natives, except one who accompanied the sportsman, bolted; the one exception was a shikari who was carrying Mr. Howard's spare gun. This man very pluckily went up to the tiger and, firing both barrels, killed it and released his master. Mr. Howard was immediately taken into Malapuram, and seemed progressing favorably, but died very suddenly on the 25th, another victim to the dangerous pastime of shooting tigers alone and on foot. If the truth be known, scores of them never return to their regiments.

"Do I know how large them animals grow? Certainly I do. Some of them are enormous, and quite capable of carrying off a full grown ox bodily. It is the fashion of the garrison officers, you know, to keep scores of the largest ones captured during each successive year, and from a table recently published it is shown that since 1883 no less than thirty man-eating tigers have been killed, which measured from nine feet in length, the smallest scheduled, to ten feet two and a half inches, the largest. The heaviest weighed 540 pounds, and the height was 44½ inches. This brute was the duffer with the twenty years' record, and was killed in 1890 by Rajah Hurry Raj Singh of Kashifue."

The narrator subsequently related many blood curdling incidents which had come under his personal knowledge, and when I left the canteen I felt that I had never been plied with such a fearful category of sanguinary facts in all my life.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Dickens' Complete Works and the Land We Live In, 1 year only \$1.60.



WINNIPEG IN 1871.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## Moose Hunting and Its Perils.

BY AN OLD LUMBERMAN.

In 1855, when lumbering on the St. Maurice River, my choppers one evening, on their return from their work to the camp, reported having seen two very large moose deer browsing off the tops of the trees they had cut down, describing them as very large bulls, from the immense size of their antlers. I had been most anxious for some time to get a moose and to procure a set of horns, so made all my preparations that night for an early start next morning to bag them if possible. My having used both rifle and gun from a boy, and being a most ardent sportsman, I was determined at all hazards to go in search of them.

Putting some provisions in my wallet for the day, I left immediately after breakfast, thinking to find them at no great distance. After travelling some two miles I came upon their trail and followed it for fully two miles more, when suddenly I heard the branches breaking and to my great delight I caught sight of them.

I now moved very cautiously knowing the slightest noise or a chance of their seeing me might startle them, but the thicket they were in gave me no chance to get a shot, and not being near enough to make any chances of a sure shot, I would not risk missing one, thinking that if they saw me they would bolt and run.

I had been stalking them for some time with indifferent success and had strolled some four miles after them, being very cautious not to be seen by them as they were leisurely walking and browsing quietly. They were two immense kings of the for-

est, especially one of them, being a gigantic animal I saw them now and again but could not get close enough for a dead shot. Suddenly they emerged out of the dense black and thick spruce and balsam trees into a fine, open, hard wood ridge which gave me a grand sight of two such noble animals.

I was moving very cautiously and steadily getting nearer to them when suddenly they turned to go up a hill, and catching sight of me the same moment, they halted and after staring at me a few seconds they came rushing at me, striking the ground with their front feet as they approached me.

My weapon was a single barrel shot gun, No. 12 bore, with only one bullet in it a trusty weapon I had often tried, and which had stood many a time in my journeys through the forest. I merely had time to run and get behind the largest tree I could see, which happened to be about the size of a flour barrel, I knew my chance of safety was to kill the foremost, and then fight the other by keeping behind the tree, and in less time than it takes to state it, they were on me, still striking with their front feet and now and again giving a roar which echoed through the forest. The force of their blows on the ground I can hardly describe.

The largest made a halt at the tree with his full side towards me and only a couple of feet from the tree, a magnificent shot. I gave him the bullet behind the fore arm and dropped him. He rose on his knees and instantly rolled over as dead as a stone the bullet having penetrated his heart, the blood spouting all over me.

Strange to say his companion stood looking at me giving a roar and stamping the ground. I was cautiously loading and

keeping my eye on his movements, fearing a blow from his front feet as he aimed at the tree, when suddenly he turned to run, looking for his companion. I had just rammed down the bullet and before he got too long a distance I had no other way to stop him than to disable him which I did by a well directed shot at his hind quarters which broke his hip bone and which stopped his pace to a jump on three legs.

I then followed him as he still had a good pace and I wished to keep him in sight seeing he was making for a thick cover of spruce and balsam timber. In my hurry I found I had dropped my powder flask, when I had to retrace my steps to look for it and not finding it, I returned in search of my moose and found him about a mile from where I had wounded him. His bleeding gave me a good opportunity of tracing him.

He had attempted to leap over some fallen trees and in doing so had got wedged in between them and could not leap high enough to get over them and not having found my powder flask I had to kill him with my hunting knife, and in doing so I came very near getting under his feet. By his making a desperate effort to rise he struck me with his head but I succeeded in cutting his throat.

To give an idea of the size of the largest moose, I measured his front legs, which were six feet three inches in length, his height was ten feet four inches from his hoofs to his head. His neck shoulder and mane were silver gray.

Our great naturalist Audubon mentions that we have a moose called the gigantic moose but states they are almost extinct. This great monarch of the forest must have been one of them.

It was now three o'clock, and I sat down



WINNIPEG IN 1887.

to eat my lunch as I knew I must have walked some twelve miles from my camp and that night would overtake me before reaching it.

Snow commenced to fall. I had good cause for little delay in starting back. I had tramped some five miles when the wind commenced to blow in fitful gusts and the snow falling thickly the wind whirling it round about in gusts as if undecided as to the direction which it meant to blow, the branches of the trees breaking from its force and falling in my path.

It was now getting dark and I was obliged to look steadily to make sure that I had not lost my track, but as I proceeded I found it getting obliterated from the terrible storm raging, and I had a lake to cross, some two miles wide.

As the snow and drift would have completely covered over my snow shoe trail my chances of not getting lost on the lake were rather against me as my success in accomplishing same was to keep in a straight line across, and I would come off into our timber road.

I had confidence I could risk doing so and as confidence is strength, with unabated speed and a killing pace I took the lake which was a most perilous undertaking in such a terrible storm, and to make matters more difficult, it was intensely dark, not a star to be seen from the density of the snow drifting and falling very heavily. A good bush man is like a good swimmer, he must keep his senses and be cool and confident when he gets into such straits.

I was now getting over the lake but often blinded and almost smothered from the wind and snow I had to stop several times to get wind.

I was now about half way across the lake when the dismal howl of wolves came

on my ear, and from their number, giving tongue, I knew they were in pursuit of some game—moose or cariboo, as we had no deer so far north in the St. Maurice district. I felt relieved to know from old experience that they would stick to their game if I kept out of their sight.

Their howling seemed getting more distant and indicated that they were going further away but I could understand the deer were coming round the lake.

I had now suddenly brought up on the other side of the lake and as luck would have it I came within a couple of hundred yards of the timber road, I had now no fears of being lost, only some difficulty in keeping the right road to my shanty, still some three miles distant, as there were numerous branch roads leading in several directions which we had cut in getting out the timber.

I threw off my snow shoes, and now in the forest and more sheltered from the storm, which seemed to be raging worse than ever. I sat down to rest and regain my wind as I had crossed the lake at a killing pace of fully six miles an hour.

It being now intensely dark I had to stop often to examine the road so as to be able to keep the right one.

I was now within a mile of my camp and knew I was in the right road from a very large pine tree my men had cut down and hewed, and had placed it on skids, when I again heard the wolves. This time they seemed to be coming straight on to me, and knowing my safety was to keep out of their sight, my having lost my powder horn my gun was not loaded. I again doubled my pace to reach the camp if possible before they came in sight.

It is wonderful the instinct of the deer when pursued either by wolves or hounds;

how they dodge and turn to throw them off the scent.

I was now getting very near my camp and could hear the branches breaking when some half a dozen cariboo or reindeer came thundering across the road followed by a pack of wolves about two hundred yards behind them. In the darkness I could not count the number but from their howling there must have been ten or a dozen and was not I am satisfied more than a few yards from them.

I could hear all my men outside the shanty as they had all rushed out to see the sight, having heard the wolves approaching and were all feeling very anxious for me being out in such a storm and so late, it being 9 o'clock and I had been tramping since 7 a. m.

I felt very tired, but my bagging two such magnificent moose and my narrow escape from giving the wolves a supper, fully repaid me and all gave me more firmness to try and bag a reindeer or two, of which, numbers had their haunts at a lake some twenty miles from the camp, where I had been fishing through the ice for lunge, weighing from six pounds up to twenty.

I started next morning with four men and brought in the moose which you can bet we all enjoyed. Such splendid venison, fully two thousands pounds of choice meat.

CHARLES HUGHES.  
Montreal 1892. Lumber Merchant.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## THE REPTILES OF CANADA.

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### INTRODUCTION.



OW few of the people of this land we live in know anything whatever of our reptiles, some of which they daily see on the path they tread. Yet they are there, asking to be inspected, to be studied, and that their adaptability to the sphere of life in which they move, shall be carefully investigated. Such investigation will display to us a power of design, a forethought, a creative ability that points to an unseen power, a Designer, majestic and supreme. Were there not a Creator, were there not a Designer, there could neither be a creation nor a design in boundless space. All would be chaos. How any one can boast of atheism, is best known to himself, for such a person can never have studied the movements of the toad, nor the history of a frog. But as we proceed, we shall see so many wonders in reptilian life, and the elegance with which they are performed to suit, each, its own particular sphere, for the pursuit of its proper food and existence, that it will teach us to respect a toad, a frog, or a garter snake, as an instructor and friend.

### ANURA.

Let us begin by describing the frogs and toads of Canada, the tailless batrachians, so named from the Greek words *A* not and *oura*, a tail or rudder. They are raised from spawn which hatches into tadpoles, having a fishlike form, and in these the hind legs are produced, with webbed feet, before the fore legs or arms and hands. Let us enumerate them as concisely as possible and arrange them in their scientific places. As the limbs develop the tail is gradually absorbed, the gill openings close, and air cells, like lungs are formed. The perfected little frog, like the adult, is covered with a glabrous, loose, moist, shining skin, which in the toads, is dry, rough, or warty, and these have a hard bony skull.

### FAMILIES.

We have three families or genera of the Anura in Canada, viz.:

1. Ranidae. Frogs.
2. Hylidae. Tree toads or tree frogs.
3. Bufonidae. Common toads.

### RANIDÆ.—FROGS.

In addition to the foregoing, the skin of a frog is described as without covering. As soon as hatched the tadpoles live for a short time on the refuse of the spawn they have left. They then seek decaying animal matter, or if this is not procurable, soft or slimy vegetables running to decay. The tongue is divided behind into two cornu or horns, and is attached by its anterior under surface, near the symphysis or center joint of the lower jaw, and is slightly extensible forwards. The posterior horns are extensible backwards. The legs are formed for leaping and swimming; the feet have five toes, all webbed. The hands are unwebbed, with four rounded fingers, which are turned inwards, under the breast. Eyes clear and bright, with great powers of vision. Ear covers well developed. Each species has a love note, uttered by the male during the rut, and termed by the French, "Chant amour," which is very expressive. For scientific convenience I have divided the North American frogs into two sections, so thoroughly distinct in the history of their lives, that it forms an unvarying rule.

#### 1ST, TERRESTRIAL FROGS.

1. *Rana Halcina*, Leopard or common frog
2. *Rana Palustris*, Pickerel or meadow frog
3. *Rana Sylvatica*, Wood frog.

#### 2ND, AQUATIC FROGS.

4. *Rana Clamians*, Green, spring or brook frog.
5. *Rana Catesbiana*, Bull frog.
6. *Rana Septentrionalis*, Mink frog.

Each shall be described in the order presented and here are the reasons for dividing them into the two classes.

Terrestrial frogs, when perfected, generally leave the water and wander away, feeding on insects and land mollusks. Instinct leads them from brook to pool, or muddy banks of lakes, there to hibernate. They often leave the water if the pool dries up in July, ere the tail is absorbed. These frogs spawn, as a rule, in shallow pools or ditches, that dry up about the 1st of August and they are perfected about the end of July. Much depends on the supply of food, as to their size, and they are all perfected in the three months of their first year, or thereabouts. The ears of this class are small, and there is little difference between the sexes on this point. The feet and toes are more slender and elongated in proportion to size, than in the aquatic group. The second external longest toe is slightly webbed on the third joint and very slightly fringed on the first and second, especially in the female. The feet and legs are formed for springing and leaping, and they make much longer bounds than their larger allies of aquatic section can do. In the aquatic section the toes are much shorter, the feet broader in proportion, and the web extends to their extremities, save the second outer where it reaches the second joint. Any person who takes the trouble can ascertain this for himself.

In the aquatic frogs the ears of the male are treble or quadruple the size of those of the female. Terrestrial frogs feed alto-

gether on land, rarely in the water; whereas aquatic frogs continue always in the water, and are found miles from solid land in marshes, where the first section are rarely or never seen. Bull frogs and the two other species devour any thing they can cram down their throats, any thing, everything they can swallow, and further, they prey on water animals which they seize below its surface.

They retire before the frosts of autumn set in, to hibernate in deep pools and ponds, among the mud at the bottom, and are late in leaving their wintry abodes, whereas the first section have generally spawned, often below the ice. There are also other differences, that had better be placed side by side so that any one can see at a glance the great differences of the two sections, as laid distinctly before them. These differences hold good in all the varieties and species to which they belong, all over North America.

#### TERRESTRIAL FROGS.

1. Skull and snout, acute, and the body proportionally slender and long as also the legs.

2. Feet long, slender; second external toe not webbed on first two joints. Webs semilunar externally.

3. Hunt their prey on land.

4. Ears of sexes nearly equal in size.

5. Legs and feet long, slender, formed for leaping and agility.

6. Spawn in early spring, as the ice disappears.

7. Deposit their spawn in shallow pools and ditches that may dry.

8. Tadpoles perfected in about three months from the date of spawning according to supply of food.

9. Food consists of insects, worms, and mollusks captured on land.

10. Terrestrial frogs do not retire till frost sets in. I have often seen the *R. Halcina*, Leopard frog, when there had been a sharp frost that made a skin on the water, moving languidly about. They come early from sleep.

#### AQUATIC FROGS.

1. Skull broad, snout obtuse, body short, squat, and broad, as are the legs.

2. Feet broad, oblong, and nearly rectangular. Webs straight edged, or slightly incurved; longest toe web to first joint.

3. Seek their prey in the water.

4. Ears of male three or four times larger than female.

5. Legs thick, shorter in proportion and with feet formed for powerful swimming.

6. Spawn during the height of summer.

7. Deposit their spawn in deep mud at bottom of lakes, ponds or rivers which never dry up.

8. Tadpoles not perfected till end of second year, about beginning or middle of August, and hibernate first winter.

9. Food consists of cray fish, other frogs, anything of an animal nature that can be swallowed.

10. They retire after the first touch of frost, and bury themselves in still, deep, muddy bottomed spots that are not liable to be disturbed by freshets and do not come from hibernation till about the beginning of May.

Surely these points are distinct enough to form the basis of a permanent separa-

tion. All the frogs have a complete set of teeth in the entire circumference of the upper jaw, not inserted into sockets, but kept in place by strong and thick gums. There are no teeth in the lower jaw. There are teeth on the vomer where the internal naris enter, generally in two, sometimes in three groups, and these vomerine teeth are a necessity to the existence of frogs' lives. Their use will be presently explained. The digestive power of the aquatic frogs is very great, and even bones seem easily reduced. The dejecta of land frogs is more solid than the aquatic, as beetles and winged insects enter largely into their food, as slugs, worms, and caterpillars are completely dissolved. Many other most interesting points can be discussed as the various species come under one review. There is one point, however, in frog life that I have never yet seen discussed by any person whatever, and that is the manner a frog manipulates its prey in the act of swallowing it. Here can be seen pre-arranged design in the formation of the throat, vomerine teeth—teeth in the upper jaw, and horns at the base of the tongue. To explain the action of these cornu, let any one hold the finger of either hand to the tip of the tongue, close to the lips, and steadying the head and hand, let him push the tip of the tongue against the finger with all his force. The pressure is much more powerful than at first supposed it could be. Suppose then that the force were reversed, and the tip pointed down the throat as in frogs, and would be applied to a solid morsel, which had to be swallowed somehow, without being masticated, teeth being absent, the action of the horns at the base of the frog's tongue is seen distinctly. Nature does nothing at haphazard. Frogs, as a rule, especially the aquatic division, seize much larger prey than do toads. When such a morsel is seized by a bull frog, as I have often seen, he makes several gobbles as every one has seen a duck do, till it gets the bit into the mouth. It is held there securely by the pressure of the tongue against it, pressing the struggling prey firmly against the vomerine teeth on the palate. The jaws are tightly closed and struggling is futile, yet I have seen the prey escape. The cornu and tongue are next brought forward, and placed between the morsel and the lips. The whole force of the tongue is applied, and thrust it from the cavity of the mouth into the fauces, beyond the vomerine teeth. There, if there be further struggling, the prey is more at the mercy of the two horns, which act like two boneless fingers, and drive the morsel by main force into the short gullet. The frog now lifts its head in jerks, and at each jerk, or even if there be none, the throat is seen to swell, as these powerful yet boneless fingers force the food down, driving it through the fauces and gullet, into the capacious stomach. Once there the muscles of the gullet contract, and it may be safely assumed that this contraction is more or less voluntary, just as a person can shut his hand and retain it so, or the stomach being full, may act as the exciting cause. We have here a beautiful series of preconceived design. The jaws, with teeth in the upper one to seize; the tongue to press against the vomerine teeth to hold securely; the tongue attached at its anterior base, to act as a fulcrum, and thus with the

finger shaped posterior horns to force mechanically through the fauces and gullet, into the capacious stomach; and the gullet to act as the strings of a bag, to retain the food, which often arrives in a living state. It is not intended here to enter into anatomical nor physiological details. That has been done by better qualified scientists than the writer, men who have had leisure and scientific fervor to pursue these matters, such as Leidy, Owen, Gunther, Lattaste, and Bollenger. Let those therefore who wish to pursue these points look after it themselves. However enough for practical purposes, and to assist in demonstrating species shall be given. These would be altogether too prolix to introduce into a series of papers, that are designed for popular instruction and amusement. There has been too much weight allowed to dry anatomical details, and too little attention paid to the life history of these most interesting animals; and in fact, these, the most important portions, seem almost ignored by modern herpetologists. Consequently many errors have crept in. Some of these it shall be endeavored to rectify as the various species come to be considered in their proper places.

TO BE CONTINUED.

J. H. GARNIER.



THE WORLD'S FAIR.

We have received the last issue of the "WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION ILLUSTRATED," the Official Organ of the Great Fair. The object of this publication is to give complete authentic historical record of the Columbian Exposition. It contains 32 pages of official proceedings, and will give photographic illustrations printed on Enameled paper, of all the Exhibits, Buildings, and attractions of the great Fair. As a work of Art, containing the most interesting information, it is invaluable to all who wish to keep up with the times and learn of the great International Enterprise.

It will be published semi-monthly in the fall, making eighteen copies for present year. Price, \$4, postpaid; 25 cents a copy. Subscriptions taken at this office, where the paper can be seen, or send 25 cents for sample copy to J. B. CAMPBELL, Editor and Publisher, 218 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

MINE PREDIGEET TROT HOSS.

Me got one boss me want for sell,  
She's long predigeet me lak fo' tell,  
Me heetch heem nup hon top de slay,  
Me no come fraid she'll run away,

Me spoke heem, whees'le heem, she'll don't  
go,  
Me tole dis hon ma broder Joe,  
She'll take de w'eeep fo' mek heem smart,  
Sue'll leet' hees leg befo' she'll start.

She'll keek hees foots hout strait behin',  
Den me'll come fraid dis mek me bittin',  
Me tole heem, whees'le heem, spoke heem,—  
so,  
She'll don't hear me, den 'way she'll go.

She'll pass troo de hair lex ball hon de gwad,  
An' hall de mans dere, she'll lak dat fun,  
She'll trot two mile one minit an' aft,  
Me'll tole you dat fo' mek some laff.

Me tole you dis fo' mek you see,  
Dat hoss she'll got got predigeet,  
An' if hee's cot you want for look,  
Dats twanly cent an' fo' freesh hook.

Me h'ask beeg price fo' mek me reach,  
So me not work hon top de deetch,  
Me tole you dis long tam befo',  
You bot heem now you'll geav some mo',  
LEOPOLE, Bard de Jeanville.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

TO H. R. H. ALBERT VICTOR.

Poor Victor! yet, why should we call thee poor?  
Because thou hast entered Heaven's open door,  
Heir to a Throne, thou to a higher hast attained,  
Losing thy earthly crown, a heavenly one hast gained.  
Pity we, rather, those you've left behind,  
Queen, father, mother and sweet Mary, kind  
And well beloved, for all her gentle deeds  
Of mercy, in all sufferers' needs,  
How strange that God should order woe like this,  
The funeral pall and tears, instead of bliss,  
Well! God allowed it, so it must be good,  
How little are God's ways by us understood,  
His work was finished here, God needed him  
For work on high, with saints and Seraphim  
A prince indeed, far nobler than when here,  
Yet, o'er his young life ended, we must shed a tear,  
A virtuous man, with an unsullied youth,  
Unblemished honour, and undoubted truth,  
Beloved and loving was this noble son,  
How true to her, his heart's dear, chosen one  
The nation's prince, we mourn with bitter tears,  
For God's child, taken home, we have no fears.  
With those bereft we grieve with heart and voice,  
But for Victor, we can but rejoice.

I fain would hope that your dear eyes may read  
The lines my hand has penned,  
I, so long, a humble worshipper  
Of England's sweetest lady.

DOROTHY FORSTER,

For Over Fifty Years

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## SPORTING SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE SHORES OF LAKE HURON.

By "Gaspereau."

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### THE PASSENGER PIGEON—ECTOPISTES MIGRATORIUS.



OST of the readers of THE LAND WE LIVE IN can remember the flight of the thousands upon hundreds of thousands of pigeons that yearly came to Canada in spring. As soon as the snow vanished under the rays of the warm sun in April and beginning of May, we had our hearts made happy when we saw high over our heads flock after flock, in long extended lines, winging their way to remote feeding grounds. These flocks were far out of reach of shot gun range, yet each bird was distinctly visible.

When the news went round that the pigeons were come, I have seen the entire population of the village where I resided turn out to see them, and as some great body containing a thousand, or perhaps two or three thousand, darkened the air for a few seconds as they swept past us, cheer after cheer would be raised by men and women alike, and the children, down to the little one a couple of years old, would join in with all the strength of their lungs, and the latter would clap its tiny hands as it was carried in its mother's arms.

One occasion is vividly stamped on my memory. It was away back in 1855, and the sight was truly bewildering. It was in April, towards its close, myself and a companion had gone early in the morning to shoot a few wild ducks on Burlington Bay, opposite Hamilton, which is at the head of the navigation of Lake Ontario. Red heads, Blue bills and pin-tails were in thousands on the water, and wild as wild. However, we secured six or seven and crossed in our canoe to the north side to the steeply rising banks in

Flamborough township. We climbed to the top of these banks, leaving the canoe safely hauled on the shingly beach. It might have been about seven o'clock, or perhaps somewhat earlier. We brought up our breakfast and were busily discussing it, when our attention was suddenly drawn to the sound of wings high over head.

"The pigeons, by thunder!" shouted my companion, as he sprang to his feet. It was the first appearance they had made in their migration northward that season. We settled down to our breakfast, leisurely discussing it and whence pigeons had come in such numbers. Our calculations were curious, but may be trusted as nearly correct.

The entire series of flocks, for the air was full of pigeons, trended about north-west or perhaps more northerly. They were 150 or 200 yards high, and it would have been nonsense to shoot at such a distance. By the time our repast had been disposed of we could see flock upon flock as far as the eye could reach in all and every direction we looked. It was a magnificent sight, a sight that can be seen no more, forever.

"How far do you suppose these birds have come this morning?" queried my friend.

"They travel about sixty miles an hour on the average; less if flying against the wind, and as much as eighty or more when assisted by a stiff breeze. What time do they start in the morning from their roosting places?" I asked.

"About break of day, in the gray light."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes I am, and I know I am right."

"Suppose then they begin to fly at half past four; it is now half past seven,

that is three hours; they will have travelled about 200 miles, more or less. This would be about 100 miles into the States for their last night's roost."

I had in my pocket a very good log-nette that I found an indispensable companion, especially in duck hunting. Over the whole sky the atmosphere was alive with flocks of pigeons. Away out over Lake Ontario to the east, over Dundas marsh and village, and the mountain beyond, away north till the distant patches of bush mixed in a heap on the horizon; to the south, where the heights above Hamilton were surmounted by Laurie's hotel and the residence of the late Hon. Isaac Buchanan; thence as far as the glasses could range into Barton township, was one continuous flight of pigeons, and how much farther, how could one say?

Like little black moving spots, they appeared in the distance receding out of view of my glasses, flock after flock, or as they came from the more distant Glan-ford, gradually increasing in volume and, after passing overhead, completely vanishing and commingling with the northern sky, their numbers were utterly countless. And that was only thirty-seven years ago!

Truly we may ask, Where are they all gone? These thousands and millions that we used in former times to look for in the spring as a harbinger of happy times and the precursors of the warm days of summer, are no more. They have not been exterminated in Canada, and were rarely seen in the markets or shops of larger cities. Their ruthless and persistent slaughter by the citizens of the land of the free and the almighty dollar, is the sole cause of their utter extinction. It can be stated as a fact that very few persons, indeed, in Canada troubled themselves about pigeons. They were not slaughtered here as they have been in the United States. Yet it must be taken for granted that in all and every country where there are not stringent game laws, stringently enforced, the game must be exterminated. In England and all over the continent of Europe the strict enforcement of the game laws by the landed proprietors, keeps an abundance of game there, in spite of lawless poachers and the vulgar public. In fact it may be laid down as an axiom that the public must be protected, and that the greatest enemy the public has is the public itself.

And now to continue:—In a short time, I well remember, it began to blow pretty hard from the west, as the sun rose higher in the eastern sky. We threw ourselves down and surveyed the scene about us with wonder and astonishment. Still mass after mass, flock after flock, swept past on swift wings, and the day ran on. Seemingly the horde was endless.

"Look out," cried my friend, "the wind is driving them down, and see, they are coming low over the bay."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when a dozen or so came within fifteen yards of my head. I alone had a gun, but the birds were gone out of range ere I got on my legs.

"Get ready, Gaspereau, here they come again," as a large bunch swept by about thirty yards off.

I gave it to this flock right and left and

several fell, which my companion gathered. Well, heaven only knows how many bunches went by me ere I loaded. Suffice it to say that I secured about three dozen altogether ere the fight ceased that morning. Right well do I remember that every pigeon I killed that morning was a cock bird; not one solitary hen in the entire lot.

Thus the flight continued each morning till about nine, and if the wind was strong perhaps an hour later. Several of the sporting fraternity of the Ambitious city came morning and evening as long as this lasted, and I can say from my own knowledge that from a dozen to two dozen was the average amount of each gentleman's bag. Not a bird of these was wasted or lost, and many a pigeon pie was relished by many a family in Hamilton.

One of the mornings I was out on the same ground alone, I had a little adventure. A few hundred yards from where I was shooting was a ramshackle of an old building, where lived a family of colored people. I had knocked over three birds which fell down the bank into the edge of the water below me and was preparing to go after them. A very neatly dressed and very clean little colored boy, whom I had not previously noticed nor observed approach me, came from among some oak scrub and said to me:—

"S'pose, mass'r, please let me go for the birds."

I was startled with the suddenness of the apparition, and astonished at his cleanly look and manly style.

"Certainly, my little man, and I shall be very much obliged to you. That's a good boy, run and gather them up."

Away he leaped, and soon had them thrown along with a few more I had secured.

"Now, my little man," I said, "if you gather up the birds as I kill them, I'll give you a bunch to take home if you like."

He opened his large black eyes and I saw a big tear start. "Oh, thank you, mass'r, you're very good and I am so glad to get them. Phemy! Phemy!" he shouted, "come here;" and a little girl of very fair skin, and some nine or ten summers, crept slowly and timidly from the same scrubby oaks. Poor little child. She was scrupulously clean and neat, and I took a fancy to the two children at once, as it was evident that, although colored, they had decent surroundings, although they might be poor, and it pleaded in their favor.

"And you live in that old shanty, missie?" I said.

"Yes, sir, we do."

"And what does your pa work at?"

"He was field boss down in old mass'r's place."

"Well, and what is he doing now?"

"He went way back to try get little Whillie, ma's little brother, way from there, and he's been gone a long time, and ma's took to frettin' and think he's been cotched and sold down to Alabama or South Carolina."

"And so your ma's sick, my little girl?"

"Yes, sa," and the little one began to cry in a low moaning manner, "and we's got nothing to eat and ma's a bed."

"Here, then, take half a dozen of these birds to your mother. They will make her some broth, and I shall give your brother some more by and bye."

How her eyes did brighten as I handed her a bunch, and then with a curtsy and "Thank you, sa," she ran home as fast as her legs could carry her. I kept the lad to gather up the pigeons as I killed them.

"Ma'll be so glad, sir, to get some pigeons. We used to get them many a time in Virginny. All the hands used to go huntin' on Saturday afternoon, and me and pa mostly went to the river to fish."

"Your father was field boss, I hear."

"Yes, sir, he kept all the accounts and books on the estate, and was very well off. He took all the meat he liked for us."

"Well, what made him run away?"

"Well, sir, ole mass'r died, and his son, young mass'r, got in debt with his wife's goings on, they said, so he give orders for the old plantation to be sold, and then pa determined to bring us all to Canada, and we got here, all but little Billy, ma's brother."

"Do you expect your father home soon?"

"Don't know, sir. Ma's fretting herself to death about him."

And thus I learned their history—an every day one in those times among the planters. Their money was easy come at, and often recklessly spent.

I told him to meet me at the same place the next morning at daylight, as I would be there again, and he should gather up my birds for me. After the flight was over, I had several dozens, and still they were all cocks. I gave him another bunch, and some silver I had about me, to pay him, and the delight he expressed, not by words, but by his silence and his looks, was intelligible to any one more so than loud talk. He merely said, "Thank you, sir," with a tone in the words. Although colored folks, they were very slightly so.

Next morning I came across in my canoe with Jack Petrie, an Orkney man, who had been in the North-West in the Hudson Bay Co's. service. He was a splendid hand with a paddle, and through his good work, I secured three or four brace of ducks on my passage across. The morning was very rough and misty, which enabled him to get me some fair chances as the ducks flew around me. On climbing the steep hill side on the Flamborough shore, I found the two children, clean and neat. I should have mentioned that the boy's name was Tom Busby.

"So you're here in good time, Tom. How is your mother this morning?"

"Some easier, sir. She told me to thank you for the pigeons and the money, and she says she will see you paid back when pa comes home."

And so the children talked, and gathered up some forty or fifty birds I shot that morning. I told Tom to run down to the canoe and get a brace of ducks to take home; and giving the gun and ammunition to Jack Petrie to kill a few more, I gathered up a good bunch of pigeons and went with the children to see their mother, as an intense curiosity had seized me to learn more of her history.

On arriving, Tom opened the door and

ran in, exclaiming, "Oh, ma! here is the good kind gentleman come to see you."

She rose from a seat with a curtesy, and asked me to take a chair. After the usual small talk that must happen, I sat down on a new cane bottomed chair, of which there were several. Surely the inside of this shanty sorely belied its outside appearance. It had been carefully repaired against the cold and frosts of the early spring mornings, and inside was really comfortable. Everything was particularly neat and clean.

Mrs. Busby was nearly white, and it needed more than one look on my part to detect any African blood in her veins. Her mother, it appeared, was an Octoroon, and her father a white man, but her mother was only a slave.

No need to say any more. Her husband was an Octoroon. They had been married thirteen years. He was overseer on the plantation owned by a Mr. Bremner, and as the slaves would be sold in separate lots, independent of families, she dreaded a separation from her children, and insisted on her husband making his escape. This he effected successfully. She had no friends living she knew about, save her own family and her brother, Billy. Tom, her good man, had not been able to bring this boy with them, and had made the desperate attempt of returning to smuggle him into Canada.

Busby had been away nearly three months and not one letter had she as yet received. Her little pile had been exhausted, and she felt sick at heart. Some of the white people about had given her some needle work, and this, trifling as it was, helped her along with close economy.

My own means in those days were slender, but I gave her a few dollars to carry her along in the mean time. I must, in justice to her, say she had mighty little appearance of having ever been a slave. Her father, who had been dead many years, intended her to be free and to give her mother her free pardon, but his sudden death, ere this was accomplished, left her as she was. Her mother died of a broken heart and fretted herself into her grave.

When despondency settles on a negro, or one with negro blood, it quickly extinguishes the life of the unfortunate.

As I rose to leave, she asked me to let Tom go over with me to the post, as she did hope, as a last hope, that one letter would arrive and tell her the worst. Suspense and anxiety are in truth a slow and corroding torture. She gave me many thanks, and I must say she was a great deal more ladylike in her manners than the average American woman I have met all over, and far superior to the farming class one comes across in Ontario.

To continue the history of these poor people, I may state that Tom did get a letter for his mother, telling her that her husband was in New York, and dared not write to her before lest the post office clerks in the vicinity of their old plantation home would tell that a letter addressed to her was posted in, or had passed through, their offices. After much hard labor and undergoing hairbreadth escapes, he had smuggled Billy to New York and would be at Hamilton Sunday or Saturday.

He arrived all safely. I saw him, and

he might have passed anywhere as a Spaniard, and his wife as a white. Strange to say, some years ago, I met Mrs. Busby in a gentleman's house in this province. He was a merchant, well to do, and his wife, a very good looking, ladylike young woman, was the afore mentioned little girl that helped to gather up my pigeons.

Had I not known it, I would never for a moment have deemed that one drop of colored blood ran in her veins.

I have never met any of them since, and whether dead or alive, is of no consequence in the history of the passenger pigeon. Having digressed, we must return to the proper course of events.

Let us finish this paper by giving an account of the natural history of this bird, and give several succeeding papers to a description of a very large nesting, or rookery, as it has been termed, but more properly a breeding station that occurred here in the year 1871, just twenty years ago. Copious notes of this were taken by me, and I give this entire history of the passenger pigeon, not as surmises, but as indisputable facts that can be attested by every one in the vicinity when it occurred, as it is quite fresh in the memory of the young people where we live.

As soon as the snow is gone, or even before it, this bird prepares to breed. Once in the end of March when there had been a heavy thaw, I came on the solitary nest of a pigeon not five feet from the ground. There were only a pair of pigeons to be seen. I was passing a cedar tree, the branches of which drooped near the surface of the earth. When not six feet from her, a pigeon flew from the tree, and being startled, I saw the nest. The bird flew off as if she were injured or had been wounded, and fluttered along the ground for several rods. This was particularly seen and noted. It was the hen bird. There was a single egg in the nest quite warm.

The first week in April I went to see the nest again. Exactly the same circumstances occurred. The hen bird flew off as if being lame, and fluttered along the ground now perfectly clear of any fragments of snow, and she alighted on a sapling some thirty yards away, watching me most anxiously. In the nest was a half grown squab, and the gentleman bird of the establishment was sitting on a beech limb not twenty yards off dressing his wing and tail feathers in the most unconcerned manner.

I came almost daily to take a peep at this solitary squab, and it seemed astonishing the rapidity with which it grew. The last time I saw it the feathers were completed and had each the tip of down with which it had been first clothed attached to it. I had to leave home for a few days, and on my return hastened to see the squab. It was not there, and was never again seen by me.

I have seen hundreds of nests, and only once did I see two eggs in a nest. This was an anomaly, as one alone is deposited. The nest is composed of a few dry twigs that seem thrown together promiscuously, but such is not the fact. They are woven into each other in such a manner that it requires a heavy storm to blow them from the tree they are built in, and if they be cast to the ground they generally remain

in a solid mass or platform.

It requires about a fortnight for the hatching of the egg, and in the neighborhood of three weeks, rather less, perhaps, to perfect the young bird, so it leaves the nest. The parents are very attentive ere the fledgling leaves, but once it flies, even to a neighboring tree, it must thenceforth seek its own subsistence. Ere the nest is built, I have seen the male and female mated, sitting side by side on the spot selected for their nest, and the next day it is completed; the day after the egg is laid, and household duties commence in earnest.

This is a most interesting subject; and let me take you, kind reader, along with me in my next paper to our first visit to the breeding ground. It is not at all likely that a similar nesting will ever again take place in any part of Canada east of Manitoba, and likely never again in any part of North America. So ruthlessly has the American hoodlum, in the land of the screaming eagle, persecuted the passenger pigeon, that its place on the face of this continent soon shall be known no more.

And such is the fate of all varieties of game that the innocent public is allowed to follow. In all parts of the world there is a class of men that would never rest as long as a hare, a deer, a bird, or a fish lived, till it had been killed. Such is the poacher.

GASPEREAU.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

We are constantly in receipt of inquiries from members of our "INTERNATIONAL PURCHASING AND INFORMATION AGENCY," and others, as to prices of various goods, new inventions, novelties, &c., and where obtainable. Comparatively few of those who deal in, or control such articles are general advertisers. To facilitate and simplify the work of "the Agency," and for information, we have opened a CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY, in which will be entered the name and address of parties or firms dealing in or controlling any such articles or inventions, &c., and in connection therewith will file in alphabetical order all price lists, circulars, catalogues and other information which may accompany such name and address. These should be directed to D. THOMAS & Co., Information Agency, Sherbrooke, P. Q. It will be readily seen that all whose names are inscribed in our Directory, must derive more or less benefit therefrom, and for the present, this inscription will be made without charge. Every member of the agency is entitled to the information he desires, in accordance with the terms of his certificate. A blank certificate will be sent to any one, on application, who will enclose a stamp for return postage.

The regular price of the *Scientific American* is \$3. We will supply it with this journal for \$3.50.

## THE SARATOGA MIRACLE

FURTHER INVESTIGATED BY AN "EXPRESS" REPORTER.

The Facts Already Stated Fully Confirmed -- Interviews With Leading Physicians who Treated Quant -- The Most Marvellous Case in the History of Medical Science.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, *N. Y. Journal*, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading, "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the *Express*—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the *Journal's* article. The facts as elicited by the *Express* reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related:—

A few weeks ago there was published in the *Albany Evening Journal* the story of a most remarkable—indeed so remarkable as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis; simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an *Express* reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant, of Galway, Saratoga county, N.Y., as first told in the *Journal*, has been copied into hundreds, if not thousands, of other daily and weekly newspapers and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty due all the people, and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the *Albany Journal* and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified; or, if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the *Express* reporter's investigations authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified, but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the *Express*

are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who, after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in the state of New York—the Roosevelt hospital in New York city, and St. Peter's hospital in Albany—was dismissed from each as incurable, and because the case was deemed incurable, the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself and published in the *Albany Journal*, is as follows:—

“My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly, and slept in enough ‘spare beds’ in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting worse. I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888, the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888, my legs gave out entirely and my left

eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists, and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable, and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could no longer do anything for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse, I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing, and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and, upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case, Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, after taking some fifteen boxes, was fully restored to health. I thought I would try

them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills, I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost of only \$4.00—see!—I can, with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained ten pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens, I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable.”

Such is the wonderful story which the *Express* reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated, and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements:—

457

**SERIES B**

**ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.**

OUT-PATIENT.

No. 14037. Admitted Sept. 16. 89.

Char. Quant

Age 34 Birthplace N.Y.

Civil Condition Jew

Occupation Organician

Residence 17 Park in Holopaw.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

(OVER.)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement.



VIEW ON LAKE MEGANTIC.

our reporter a few days ago, (March 31st, 1892,) called on Dr. AMEN Starr at his office, No. 22 West Twenty-eighth St., New York city. Dr. Starr is house physician of the Roosevelt hospital, situated corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. In reply to inquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well and treated him some, but that he was chiefly treated and under the more especial care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded this case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record, he very courteously gave him a letter of which the following is a copy:—

Dr. M. A. Starr, 22 West Forty-eighth street, office hours, 9 to 12 a.m., New York, March 31st, 1892.—Dear Mr. Vought: If you have any record of a locomotor ataxia by name of Quant, who says he came to the clinic 3 or 4 years ago, No. 14,037, of the O. D. Dept., Roosevelt, sent to me from Ware, will you let the bearer know. If you have no record send him to Roosevelt Hospital.

Yours, STARR.

By means of this letter access to the records was permitted and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows:—

"No. 14,037. Admitted September 16th, 1889, Charles A. Quant, aged 34 years. Born U.S. Married. Hoboken."

"History of the case:—Dyspepsia

for past four or five years. About 14 months partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved; external strabismus of the left eye and dilatation of the left eye.) Some difficulty in passing water at times; no headache, but some dizziness; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.

"Ord. R. F. Bi pep. and Soda."

These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. "And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured, and Quant, who was receiving treatment in the out-patient department, was given up as incurable."

"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case, as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised," he said, "that the man is alive, as I thought he must be dead long ago."

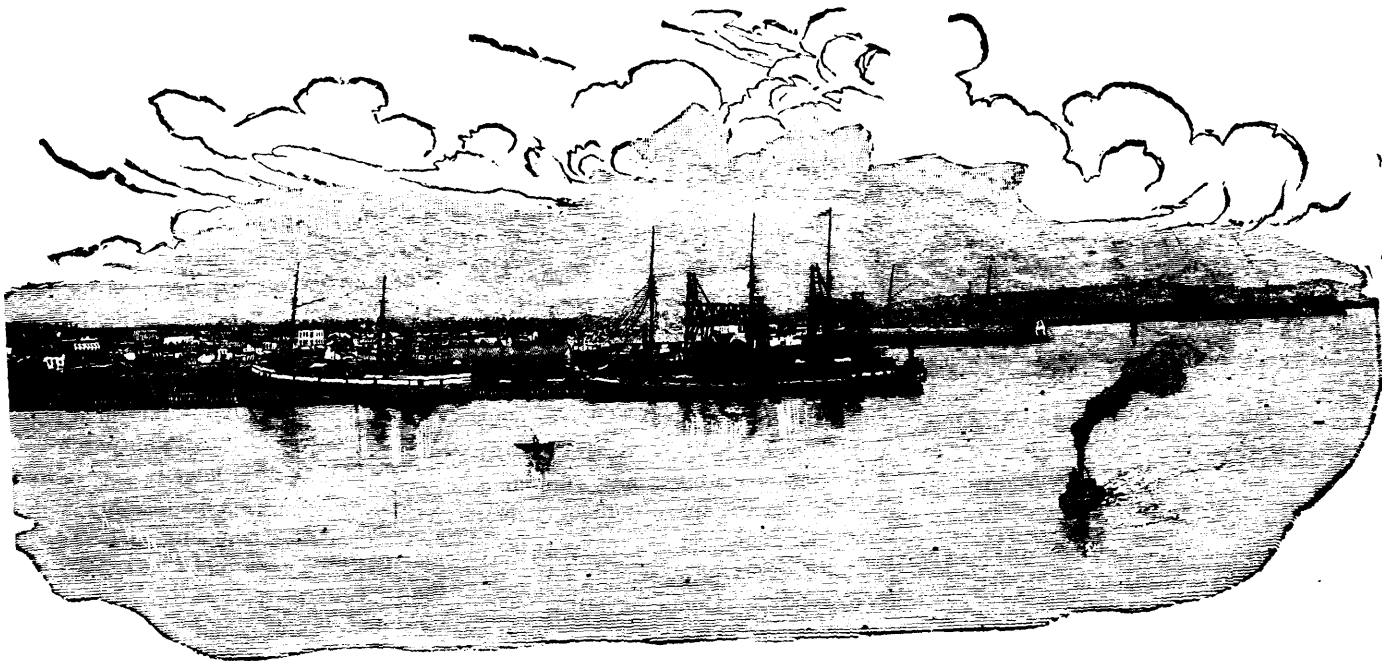
Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third street, New York. He said: "I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him about eight months. This was in the early summer of 1890. I deemed him incurable, and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about two weeks ago telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered."

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery?"

"That is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events, I am glad the poor fellow is getting well, for his was a bad case and he was a great sufferer."

Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 319 West Eighteenth street, to whom our reporter is indebted for assisting courtesies, said of locomotor ataxia: "I have had several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable, but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession."

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York, our reporter, Saturday April 2nd, 1882, visited St. Peter's Hospital, in Albany, corner of Albany and Ferry streets. He had a courteous reception by Sister Mary Philomena, the sister superior of St. Peter's hospital, and when told the object of his visit, said she remembered the case of poor Mr. Quant very distinctly. Said she: "It was a very distressing case and excited my sympathies much. Poor fellow, he couldn't be cured and had to go home in a terrible condition of helplessness and suffering." The house physician, on consulting the records of St. Peter's hospital, said he found only that Charles A. Quant entered the hospital March 14th, 1890, was treated by Dr. Henry Hun, assisted by Dr. Van Derveer, who was then



VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR

(1890) at the head of the hospital, and that his case being deemed not possible of cure, he left the hospital and was taken to his home, as he supposed, to die.

Such is the full history of this most remarkable case of successful recovery from a heretofore supposed incurable disease, and after all the doctors had given him up by the simple use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Truly it is an interesting story of a most miraculous cure of a dreadful disease by the simple use of this popular remedy.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as sup-

pressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

**Ink Erasing Pencil.**

We are prepared to receive applications from agents desirous of engaging in the sale of The Ink Erasing Electrode Pencil, and will fill TRIAL ORDERS only, at \$3 for one dozen assorted sizes, (Nos. 1, 2 and 3,) accompanied by application for Agency, on forms provided by us. An active agent can double his money in a very short time, as these pencils sell at sight.

D. THOMAS & Co., Gen'l. Agents,  
Sherbrooke, Que.

**CARDS** SAMPLES & Agents Outfit FREE  
W. J. Kenrick, 744 9th st Milwaukee, Wis.

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We will supply 1000 Letter Heads, 8x10 inches, with your name and business card on first page and one inch advertising space, on second page, for \$4.50. The second page (exclusive of the heading THE LAND WE LIVE IN DIRECTORY) is divided into 24 spaces, of one inch each, one column wide. Each holder of one inch space will have his card or any approved advertisement inserted therein and will circulate 1000 letter heads, at least, in his correspondence. Some will take 2000 or 3000 letter heads; but the circulation will extend to at least 24,000, more likely 30,000. Nine out of ten of these letters containing your ad. will be kept for reference. Any advertiser can secure extra copies of his letter heads containing ads. for \$3.50 per 1000, by remitting amount with his first order. As fast as the advertising space in one series of Letter Heads is taken up, another series will be commenced, and so continue indefinitely. The prices given above will govern the first ten series. A few spaces in the first series can be secured by sending immediately copy for letter head and ad. with \$4.50 in cash for the first 1000 letter heads, and \$3.50 for each additional 1000 required.

D. THOMAS & Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

**OUR PREMIUM OFFERS.**

In addition to the premium offers mentioned below, every subscriber to THE LAND WE LIVE IN will receive *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, entirely FREE for the year 1892. The subscription price of the *Medical Adviser and Farm Help* alone, is fifty cents a year.

Cottage Hearth and Land We Live In	\$1 50
Detroit Free Press do	1 50
Dominion Illus. monthly do	2 00
Canada do do	1 50
Sportsman & Tourist do	1 50
Montreal Witness, Daily do	3 00
do do Weekly do	1 50
Butler's Journal do	1 00
St. Johns News do	1 50
Scientific American do	3 25





SHERBROOKE, QUE., MAY, 1892

We have devoted considerable space in this journal to the publication of incidents connected with the early history of the Eastern Townships. These should prove of very great interest to the descendants of some of the early settlers, but we regret to say that many of them do not seem to appreciate such things nor the value that must attach to such records as the time rolls by. Many of us would now be glad to know all that our grandfathers could have told us, of events that transpired in their early days, and of which we have hardly a traditionary knowledge. The time will come when our early history and an account of the progress which has marked this part of the Eastern Townships since its first settlement, will be eagerly sought after by our grandchildren. With education and mental development, the desire to know something of our past history will increase. Although there is less enthusiasm over our approaching Centennial celebration than there should be, there is enough to show that the more intelligent portion of our community recognizes its importance. And yet there are many who think more of the almighty dollar than of what the dollar would do, in making them intelligent and liberal-minded, and leading them out of the narrow rut which now circumscribes their usefulness. We have devoted time and space to writing up and imparting information connected with some parts of the Townships—Lake Megantic for instance—with the view of attracting attention of outsiders to these localities, and derive more appreciable benefit from one little

village in Connecticut, than from any one of these places.

The close season in this Province, under the existing laws, is: For doré, from 15th April to 15th May; for mascalonge and bass, from 25th May to 1st July, both days inclusive. This continual tinkering with the Fishery laws is productive of very great annoyance to those desirous of conforming thereto, as not one in ten can keep posted in the changes which take place from year to year. It is also a hardship to many of our city sportsmen that the day set apart by them as their particular fishing day, should have been included in the close season. We refer to 1st July (Dominion Day). The Quebec Central Railway gives excursion rates on that day, and Lake Aylmer on that line of road is one of the best fishing grounds in the Province, for maskalonge and doré, and is a favorite holiday resort for fishing and picnic parties, and is reached at most convenient hours by regular trains from Quebec and Sherbrooke. The best mascalonge trolling commences with July and continues about a month when these fish retire to the deeper water of the lake, where they may then be caught by deep trolling or with sunk bait. Some very large mascalonge have been caught in Lake Aylmer and the catching of an 18 or 20 lb. fish is always as welcome as an angel's visit and more frequent. The largest caught last season weighed 22 lbs. and was captured by Mr. Pamphile Biron, of this city, with a bean pole and a stout line, handled with that degree of skill which has enabled Mr. Biron to so conspicuously *wheel* into line in the carriage manufacturing business. He is one of our best authorities on Lake Aylmer fishing and has a particular fancy for the luminous trolling spoon manufactured by the Enterprise M'fg Co., at Akron, Ohio. He informs us that with these spoons, which he procured through us, he caught last season five times the number of fish that those fishing with him caught, by using different lures. His largest doré was caught after dark. We have used these luminous spoons with great success, and as an inducement to others to test them and inform us of the result, we

will give half a dozen of these spoons and one dozen of the best assorted trout flies made by the Enterprise Co. to the person who catches during any 24 hours between now and 1st August next the greatest weight of mascalonge, doré and bass. or either variety, with luminous spoons acquired from us. An affidavit, before a Justice of the Peace, giving the date when caught, the number, variety and weight of fish, will be the evidence required. We shall register the names of those who purchase the spoons, so the name of the party intending to compete, together with the cash must accompany each order. Our personal experience is in favor of the "Enterprise," "Empire" and "Pirate" spoons, and we will mail, post paid, a No. 4 of either variety on receipt of 50 cents, or a No. 5 or No. 6 for 60 cents, except the "Pirate," the price of which for Nos. 5 or 6 is 75 cents, and No. 7 \$1.00. A No. 5 is a good size to use.

The Winninich (*ouananiche*) fishing of the Lake St. John region is proving a great attraction to our American cousins as well as many of our Canadian sportsmen. It is the liveliest fish swims and with a light split bamboo rod and fine line one has his "busy time" in handling a three or four pounder in the heavy waters of the Grand Discharge—the outlet of the lake. Winninich fishing is confined to these waters, which are reached by a 200 mile trip from Quebec, over the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. The scenery along this route is delightful, interspersed as it is with beautiful lakes and ponds. Those who have been cradled in the lap of luxury, can find all they can wish at the Hotel Roberval, overlooking Lake St. John, while the Island House at the Grand Discharge reminds the sportsman of camp-life with home comforts. For Winninich fishing, in August, we have found no fly to equal the "Reub-Wood," made by the Enterprise M'fg Co., at Akron, Ohio. We can mail them to any address on receipt of \$1.25 per dozen.

We had a pleasant call a few days ago from Mr. T. Kenna, the courteous-

and obliging Manager of the Roberval Hotel, Lake St. John. He anticipates a big rush of family visitors, tourists and sportsmen during the ensuing summer. According to its size the "Roberval" is one of the best kept houses in Canada and very pleasantly situated, commanding a fine view of the lake. A new steel steamer will ply between the "Roberval" and the "Island House," 25 miles distant, and elsewhere round the lake. We understand that Mr. Alfred N. Thompson will again assume the management of the "Island House," and if so its guests will be sure of good quarters and an attentive and accommodating host.

We shall shortly publish, in book form, a series of articles entitled "Sports and Adventures on the Shores of Lake Huron," descriptive of hunting, fishing and trapping incidents in which the author acted a prominent part. Some of these will appear from time to time in this journal. The book is expected to circulate largely amongst the naturalists and sportsmen of the United States and Canada, the author being a leading authority on natural history and field sports. We shall bind a few advertising pages in the book and the number of copies issued in the first edition will depend on the demand for advertising space. To railway and steamboat companies and dealers in sportsmen's supplies this will offer one of the best advertising mediums, and we shall be pleased to hear from those desirous of securing advertising space, before deciding on the size of the work. We have the M.S.S. now on hand.

We regret to hear that another of our subscribers, who *refused* his paper lately and declined to pay the three and a half years arrears due on it, is laid up with sciatica and suffering the "torments of the damned." With newspaper delinquents retribution is swift and certain. We would cheerfully send our friend one of Dr. Ordway's Plasters, a sure panacea for sciatic affections, but fear that this would have the effect of "heaping coals of fire on his head." We are waiting to

hear something respecting the authors of two or three more "rejected addresses" with the view of ascertaining and classifying the penalties inflicted in such cases.

It is astonishing how ready some of our French-Canadian journalists are to assist in widening the breach which unfortunately exists between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, instead of reminding them that they are *all* Canadians, members of the same nationality and that is in their mutual interests to live and pull together harmoniously. In a late issue of that journal, *Le Progres de l'Est* calls on the "Canadians of Sherbrooke to go into mourning" because under the Mercier Government Sherbrooke had a Canadian Revenue Collector and a Canadian baker, while under M. de Boucherville the Canadians are replaced by other nationalities. What infernal rot! Isn't Mr. Morkill, the present Revenue Inspector, a Canadian? Yes, and more than this, he was born in Sherbrooke and dismissed from the same office to make room for Mr. Laurent, an outsider and a *protégée* of some of the members of the late Government. Dismissed without cause, his reinstatement in office has surprised no one, not even the supporters of the late Government who could not have anticipated any other course. Mr. Pelletier furnished the bread for the jail, and although we are not cognizant of the circumstances, we have no hesitation in saying that his contract was the reward of his political support. It is criminal to circulate a report that French-Canadians are ousted to make room for those of other nationalities, when the sole object of the change has been to remedy a gross injustice done by the Mercier Government. Let justice be done though the Heavens fall.

See advertisement of the NOYES MEDICINE CO. in another column. Their preparations have been in use in this part of Canada for many years and are recommended by all who have used them. That the demand for them has constantly increased (without advertising) is good evidence of their efficacy.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We cannot afford to pay you anything for receiving and reading *The Medical Adviser*, in fact we thought we were acting quite liberally in sending it to you entirely "free, gratis, for nothing" for the year 1892. We pay the publishers to send a copy every month, of *The Medical Adviser*, to each one of you during the year 1892, and it will be *stopped* promptly at the expiration of the time. Those of you who have *refused* it, can have it mailed to you *free* for the balance of the year, by dropping us a line to that effect. We furnish the publishers monthly with the addresses of those of you to whom *The Medical Adviser* is to be sent.

We are well aware that a serious difficulty with many advertisers and would-be advertisers, is the preparation of a truthful, suitable and attractive advertisement. We shall be happy to prepare *without charge*, concise and attractive advertisements for insertion in our columns, and will guarantee satisfactory results, if such results can be effected by advertising. We cannot advertise "buckwheat hulls" and guarantee any pecuniary benefit from it, but we can prepare an "ad" that will attract customers and help to sell anything salable. Call at this office or address the editor of this journal.

Some of those to whom we have sent this journal, have carefully enclosed a copy in an envelope, and returned it to us but without anything to identify the sender, or to show from whence it came.

"Lake View" farm, advertised on second page, is the cheapest property in the Eastern Townships, and the prospect of two new railways connecting Quebec and Portland, with Lake Megantic, makes it specially valuable, on account of its proximity to what will be the terminus of these roads. The owner resides in the Western States, and the property will be sold "dirt cheap" to any one prepared to pay \$400 cash on account.

School children can keep their copy-books clean and neat by using the *Monroe Ink Erasing Pencil*.

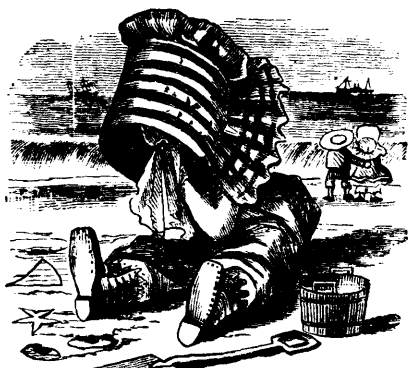
## BOOK REVIEW.

We are in receipt of *The World's Fair Souvenir*, Illustrated, published by the Anaboque Publishing Company, Chicago, being a complete and concise history of the principal World's Fairs from the Crystal Palace, London, 1851, to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, the site and buildings for which are now in course of preparation. It is a neat, artistically prepared volume of 265 pages in flexible binding, beautifully illustrated with engravings of the principal buildings of previous World's Fairs and those now in course of completion, with letter press descriptions and portraits of the officers in charge of the various departments. The principal buildings of Chicago are also the subject of beautifully engraved illustrations and give one a good idea of the imposing appearance of some of these buildings, which tower to such an altitude that it takes three men and a boy to see to the top of them. Amongst these is the Masonic Temple 22 storeys high. The book constitutes a *Souvenir* well worth preserving and we have made arrangements by which we can give a *free copy* to every *new* subscriber to this journal who sends \$1 direct to the publishers of THE LAND WE LIVE IN. To present subscribers who renew their subscriptions for one year, we will mail the *Souvenir* for \$1.50. To non-subscribers the price for the cloth bound edition will be \$1 and for the leather bound edition \$1.50. Cash must accompany all orders.

*The Sportsman and Tourist*, Jamaica Plain, Mass., is a handsomely illustrated monthly magazine published at \$1.00 a year. The February issue contains the sixth of a series of articles entitled "The Pongokwahemock Club and its Trip into Maine," and as usual brimful of fun and adventure, and amongst other original and interesting matter the second of a series of papers entitled "Through Summer Land," by E. L. Robbins; the second of a series by Russell S. Nye, entitled "In the Shadow of Ktaadin, or, From the Penobscot to the Aroostook," and the first of a series of articles by James N. George, "Camping and Tramping at Dead River, Maine." Sportsmen, tourists and pleasure seekers will find much to amuse and interest them in *The Sportsman and Tourist* and to enable them to take in both sides of the boundary we have arranged to club it with THE LAND WE LIVE IN for \$1.50 *per annum*, which can be sent to the publishers of either paper.

We have pleasure in placing on our exchange list the *California Family*

*Ledger*, a large 8-page paper, published at San Francisco and Stockton, Cal., devoted to choice literature, romance and useful information. It is published at the extremely low price of \$1 a year, which is ridiculously low for an original weekly paper of that class. Those desirous of giving it a trial can have it sent 26 weeks by remitting 50 cents to either of the addresses given above. Two serial stories "Across the Continent," by Theo. Winthrop, and "Wrecked on the Island of Uffa!" by Canon Doyle, are now running in its columns.



THOU HAST LEARNED TO LOVE ANOTHER.

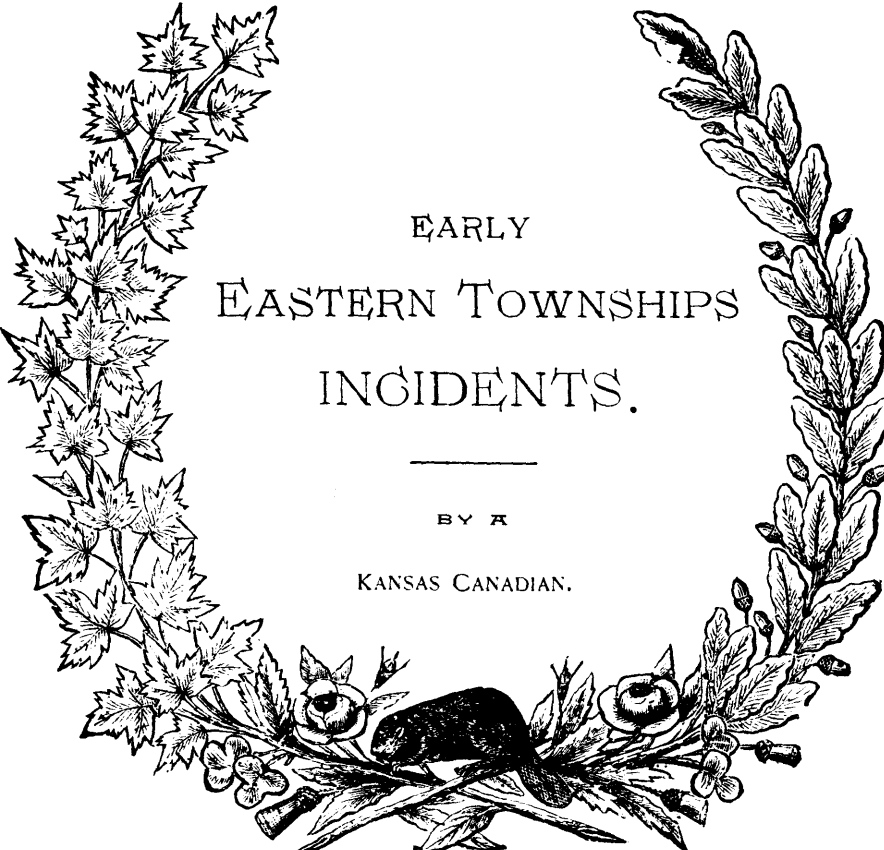
It's a fact. We acknowledge the corn. We don't usually "own up" any faster than it's proved, but in this case we admit the soft impeachment. Although wedded to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, we have fallen in love with *The Amateur Sportsman* and if we can "hitch" together, we will travel through this vale of tears "in couples," so long as we both do live. The amateur sportsman is ubiquitous. The forests are full of him, and his bark may be seen on any of our lakes and rivers where the "bark and bite" run together. He will fight it out on that line if it takes all summer, and although a *hooker* may make him reel, he always manages to get within a rod of what he is after. But the *Amateur Sportsman* which has taken our fancy is the one published at No. 6, College Place, New York, and which sheds brightness on the sportsman's pathway, for the moderate consideration of *one dollar* a year. It is sent out monthly and is handsomely fitted up, containing amongst its stores the following departments: Hunting, Fishing, Canoeing, The Kennel, The Trap, The Rifle, Natural History, and Fish Culture. Now we are going to present every new subscriber to this journal who remits \$1.00 direct to the publishers of this paper with *The Amateur Sportsman*, FREE, for one year. *The Amateur Sportsman* and THE LAND WE LIVE IN, *one year for one dollar!!* What Horace Greeley knew about

farming, isn't a circumstance to what one may know about hunting, fishing and matters and things generally, by embracing our offer. Embrace! This is a sample of our journal. You can secure a sample of *The Amateur Sportsman* by addressing the publishers and mentioning this offer. Renewal subscribers can have both journals by sending \$1.50.

The Luminous Bait and Trolling Spoons manufactured by the Enterprise Mfg Co., Akron, Ohio, are the best in the world for catching mascalonge, doré, bass and pickerel. We can supply them as well as artificial flies, casting lines and other fishing tackle, made by this company at manufacturer's prices. Parties visiting the Lake St. John region can obtain from us a fly which we have proved personally to be the best "Wimminish" fly in use. We have also a carefully selected assortment of bass and trout flies at lower prices for cash than can be obtained elsewhere. Send us \$1 for a sample dozen, assorted varieties, or two sizes of Luminous Trolling Spoons, one of each.

We are constantly in receipt of letters, asking for information and advice on various subjects, and know from experience the difficulties to which very many are subjected, through not knowing where to apply for such information. To obviate this we have established, in connection with our other business, THE INTER-NATIONAL PURCHASING AND INFORMATION AGENCY, of which any person can become a member on payment of *Fifty cents*, with all the rights and privileges of membership, during a term of ten consecutive years. The name and address of each member will appear in our INTER-NATIONAL DIRECTORY, which has a large circulation and from which source alone every member will in a short time secure benefits worth *ten times* the membership fee. Blank certificates of membership will be sent to every applicant who encloses a postage stamp to the publishers of this journal. Full explanations and instructions printed on each. Any person can become a member, irrespective of age, sex or occupation.

We have special rates and discounts with many of our advertisers, which our readers can avail themselves of, by simply mentioning this journal when answering any advertisement contained herein.



EARLY  
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS  
INCIDENTS.

BY A

KANSAS CANADIAN.

In a recent issue of THE LAND WE LIVE IN I noticed a call for extracts from any diaries kept by early settlers of the Eastern Townships. I have collected a few which have been laid away on the shelves of "the old garret" so long that they have become old and musty and hardly decipherable at this late date. I have no doubt of their authenticity: still, glasses of uneven discerning powers may have been used in describing some portions of the landscape, or some of the entries may have been made at times when distance lent enchantment to the view. They are fugitive sketches, taken without regard to their consecutive or chronological order, and I have styled them

**Memories of a Trip Along the Old Stage Road from Durham towards the Upper Townships.**

Just on that pretty sandy slope to the south, in that part of Durham which now constitutes the village of Ulverton, was the old log house where old Mr. and Mrs. Reed lived as far back as memory goeth, until years of hard work enabled the old couple to move into the large new house, which, I presume, is still standing, and the only home for many years for the weary traveller through that part of the Townships. The round table spread with a snow-white cloth, the fine cheese of her own make, the

bountiful plate of rich dough-nuts, with some of the best Young Hyson tea to be found at Sorel, and later at Tait's store in Melbourn, were always there, and gave evidence of Mrs. Reed's neatness and culinary skill. If the chores were done, the old man sat quietly by while the good wife poured the tea, and told about the children generally and Katie in particular.

These genial, pleasant faces were always the same. The God of their father they worshipped as regularly as the sun came over the eastern hills. Not an enemy, I presume, in this wide world. Across the road that old couple, the grandmother of ninety or more years and a large number of relations,—perhaps five or even six generations,—sleep their last sleep. Up in that upper room some of those unruly, fun-loving Durhamites had that little, plucky high constable, Eleazar, cornered one Saturday for some official offence. The little man, with pistol in hand, kept the door well barricaded, while the howling mob yelled beneath and threatened him with dire vengeance if they could only get their hands on him. A messenger quietly dispatched to Sheriff Bowen, at Sherbrooke, informing him of the great danger in which the little High Constable was placed, brought that worthy official to Durham early

on Monday, accompanied by George M. Gibson, Alex. Rea and Daniel G. Sloane, justices of the peace, and Capt. John Chillas with ten of the Royal Militia of Melbourn. As we rode in sight of the fort we tried in vain to get a glimpse of the enemy, but seeing the way clear and receiving the sharp command "Forward!" from our worthy captain, we gave the old plug horses a cut with our birch switches and rode up in elegant style, to find that hunger and the evaporation of the whiskey had dispersed the enemy. Later on we found them in their houses, harvest fields and potato patches, harmless as lambs and quite ready to accompany us to the Doyle school house and give bonds for their appearance at Sherbrooke. It was my first and last day of military duty, without dinner or glory. I hope if my old friend, the captain, is yet alive, that he will make better provision for his command the next time they are called out for active service. It is said that these unmannerly people, whose disturbances we so ably assisted to quell, have schools and churches now and will "never do so no more."

Just over those hemlock covered sand hills to the east is "the Falls" (Kingsey Falls), which an Indian in his birch bark canoe, with gun and pack, essayed to run. The bark was upset and the poor fellow drowned, while gun and traps were lost in the channel of white foam. Some months after Capt. Jim Gibson recovered them by diving down again and again in water that no eye could penetrate.

Below is the mouth of Black River, which some fifty-five years ago was one of the best fishing places to be found along the St. Francis river. It was here that young Dorman threw a spear into a 20-pound mascalonge one day in early spring, only to see both travel some rods across the stream. As it was a case of fish and spear or neither, he decided to swim for them, although the water was ice cold, and he succeeded in getting both. Further up in the bend we often got a shot at mallards, and one day tracked an otter until weary limbs bid us seek home and let some more experienced hunter try his skill.

Some miles over in Kingsey is where the little man Blake once lived, and who always raised the greatest crops that could be raised anywhere. One day in Richmond, when relating his success and the large crops which he secured, he said that, "Unfortunately he had forgotten that fall to dig a thirteen acre patch of potatoes. Entirely escaped his memory!" Near by were some Indian farms, and in the fall somebody's cattle were eating up

## THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

the squaws' corn. They appealed to him for redress, insisting that he should at least shut up those cows of his. "Not my cattle," he always answered; "Indian cattle." One night his cows came home carrying their tails behind them, but they were mighty short tails. Much enraged, he accused the squaws of docking his cows' tails, to which they replied: "Not your cattle, Mr. Blake; all Indian cattle. Tails just so long like one moose."

Just over there across the little hollow lived Hubbard Kyle, or somebody, (probably Hubbard Cummings. —Ed.) His two barns were always apparently well filled, and his barnyard showed a right smart stock of cattle, always well cared for. Hubbard was a typical New Englander, six feet two inches in height. They used to tell a good story of him and a neighbor who, one summer when bears were plentiful, made the acquaintance of Mrs. Bruin and her cubs in some thick timber. The old lady, after the introduction was over, proceeded to investigate. The younger man, Weston, made for the top of a small tree and from there saw the rest of the show. Hubbard, getting disgusted with the aspect, started homewards, the bear taking an occasional "spurt" out of him, until a brush fence was reached, when, after glancing over his shoulder, with a stride for which his long legs came in quite handy, he passed over the fence just as Mrs. Bruin reached for the seat of his trousers (pants I guess they call them now), and with her paw plucked out a goodly portion. Whether she put on her Masonic brand or not we never heard, but it is quite probable that she "came up to the scratch."

Just at the left, on the bank of the river, near a pretty slope, once stood an old house occupied by a Mr. Mountain. It was here that once, on the spur of the moment, when I was about eight years of age, I said firmly, "No, sir; I never drink," to a gentleman who, out of the kindness of his heart, after that cold drive, offered me some sling. As I look back and count the number of my boy companions who failed to say "No," and fell by the way side, I cannot but realize that this was one of the best resolutions of my life. The next was refusing to accommodate a friend by simply writing my name across a piece of paper. The "wise man" well understood this many hundred years ago;—"He that hateth suretyship is sure." The old house and, I presume, the old man, have long since passed away, and that large, energetic family of

boys and girls from England, that lived there since, have grown up and scattered; but if the last twenty years have seen as many descendants as the preceding twenty, there should be enough Armitages and Trenholms to settle the Oklahoma territory, which is to be opened up as soon as the cannon at noon says "Go!" when probably 20,000 people will be on it in ten minutes, staking their claim.

I have heard some very fine singing since the days of Rev. John Borland's meetings in the Methodist chapels about there, but little that seemed to inspire one with such heartfelt devotion as the singing of some four or five of those young men and ladies on some old English tune in the long time ago. I would that some of this paid "sandango howling" would yield to some of the olden time singing, when old men and women might open their mouths in church, worshipping their God, "singing and making melody in their hearts," even if there wasn't much of the latter for the later day congregations.

By the side of this old Episcopal church, that fine old man, the Rev. Samuel Simpson Wood lived for many years. In his young days, previous to 1826, I presume, he was the only Episcopal minister from Drummondville to Danville. A man of strong constitution, the best swimmer at 70 that I ever saw. A slight impediment in his speech, a hearty shake of the hand, and a friendly "good day" for all. The old settlers used to tell of the mischevous mule that he rode for years, and which chased his reverence into Mrs. Plunkett's house in Wickham in a fit of anger, but not known much about doors, found one closed behind his long ears as he also essayed to enter. The tables were turned on him, a fact which he probably had cause to remember. At another time the worthy man urged the mule to go through the Stevens swamp hole at the lower part of Melbourne village. He seemed possessed of the same determination that has characterized the mule family down to the present day, and that is never to go through a mud hole if there was anywhere else to go, so gently dropping his head and shoulders, and elevating his hind end, the master, black coat and all, were summarily dumped in the black mire, and kind friends afterwards found occupation in putting things to rights. On another occasion as he was nearing the few houses which then constituted the village of Danville, on a fine summer evening, and not being accustomed to the ways of the Townships, a pretty little striped kitten persisted in trotting along side of the

animal he rode. Pitying the poor feline which he supposed had got lost, he picked it up and carried it to the village, where he displayed his new variety of cat, and dilated at some length upon its beauty. About this time the little kitten ceased to be on good behavior, and the good man's clothes had to be deposited in mother earth for some days in order to get rid of the disagreeable odor.

The small new house on the left, with the old time one adjoining, is where honest Simeon Stevens lived until his days were accomplished. The first wall paper I think in Durham was placed on those walls over fifty years ago by House, of Stanstead. The paper was made at or near Rock Island. Here close by John Hall's is still the clear bubbling spring of water as of old, for the use of the thirsty horse and its driver; and on the left is that splendid grove of the largest lilac bushes I ever saw, either in the East or West. They were there the first and last time I passed by. My mother told me that Mrs. — (name forgotten) placed them there in the year 1800.

Across the river, nestled in under the hill on the East, and some distance back from the beautiful St. Francis river, is that small but lively village called Trenholmville. Here some of our fine brained men were raised, their mental faculties polished for after years at St. Francis college, and then with sparsely filled pockets, receiving the final touching up at McGill college, Montreal, while many of those borne with a silver spoon in their mouths have failed to attain as high a position as these Trenholmville boys. 'Twas ever thus. New England's hills, mountains, farms and baked beans and pork have, until lately, furnished brains for the other portion of the family to the Westward.

The little trout stream splashing and brawling down over the three or four miles from Spooner pond, has turned the mill wheel and helped to grind the buckwheat and other grains at some time or other for almost every lower township inhabitant ever since the first settlement of the country. The overshot wheel in the old Nunn's mill for a score or more years was always repeating over to the wondering boys the story of the race between the rabbit and sloth. Slow perseverance will win against fitful spurts of speed.

Spooner's pond is a pretty sheet of water about a mile long by half a mile in width, fed by springs situated on high ground, shallow at the shores, and in olden days about twenty feet at its greatest depth. The old settlers

told of the fine fishing trips to this pond for trout, and at a certain season of the year for sucker. A party of three were camped on its border, and after the evening fishing was over and supper finished, and the fire renewed under some of the tall, thick trees, they laid down to rest and were soon far away in dreamland and the slumbers of weary men. A screech and scream, followed by a too-hoot! too-hoot! overhead, awoke them in a moment, and seizing the old flint-lock gun, they were at once ready for any catamount or anything else. The older one soon recognized the cause of the alarm and laid himself down again. It was a large owl. An old hunter once told me he found more partridges near the pond one morning in early spring than on any other ground he ever shot over. Beginning at break-of-day it was one continual drum-drum until he could carry no more and left.

Towards the setting sun, nestled under the shadow of some high hills, was once the home of old Mr. Burrill, the first to make weekly visits to Melbourne and Richmond with a supply of fresh butcher's meat. He was a Yorkshire man, I think, very stout and portly. His cart and horse and blue-black, broken back, limping greyhound—his faithful attendant—the old man sitting in his two-and-six-penny home made chair, the bottom woven with bark or brown ash, were as regularly looked for in his day by the hungry as the return of the season. His son, William, in my day, occupied the new house; a pleasant, wide awake little man as could readily be found. No cattle show seemed quite complete without him, John Trenholm, Benj. Reed, and last, but not least, John Royston, either as judges or exhibitors. Keen men they were to discern the points of an animal or for a trade. Benjamin, I always thought, had more of an eye for a fine stylish driving horse, than for the honest bread winner for the family, even if he could boast of an ancestry across the sea.

On top of this terribly big rock on the Eastern bank of the river, so large that no man can measure it, with some soil scattered over the surface, not very attractive to a man who has seen the fertile valley of the Red River, but probably quite equal to much of the lower province and the three adjoining states, was once, and perhaps is still, Scott town. Some three score years ago the old folks from the land of the heather and the one adjoining, where royalty is always at a premium, made themselves homes. With strong, hardy constitutions, determined and persevering, but with well nigh empty

pockets, they in time subdued the wilderness, and with close economy and many a hard day's toil inside and outside the house, compelled the mother to give the new houses, barns and pleasant homes only to be retained by the sweat of the brow. Would that I could say something to the credit of the land of my birth in the history of her children. Where are they? Eighty miles north of my home quite a number of them reside, I understand, in comfortable circumstances. Iowa has still more. From a letter received lately from Eaton, a small potato and vegetable town, Col., the writer, says:—"We have nearly forty in this colony from the vicinity of Richmond, Que., and they are doing well." Yes, the younger perhaps stops at home to bury his parents and put up the stones over their graves. "For sale, this farm," and somebody of another race and blood becomes the purchaser, and he follows the flock to what he supposes, at least, a better and a fairer land. Yes, again I ask, why has that 66,000, in the days of Montcalm, already become one and a half million, and taking so fast the places of the former blood of the Townships? Ewing, in his three admirable letters some years ago on the waning fertility of the soil and the policy of the Government, explained it in part, and perhaps that wonderful Government of Canada will awake and act upon the fact that Canada's soil and her limited productions will not always supply a well filled purse to spend so freely in such wonderful ways as its past record shows, and that however hard her sons may labor, each year discontent and restlessness will increase amongst the Protestant population and some of other persuasions. "Better to cut the cloth for the garment, than the garment for the cloth" is as applicable to governments as to individuals in the way of expenses, and is good for liberals as well as ill-liberals.

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"Well, isn't this a little early in the season for doré?" You'd better look out or McCaw or Parker Nagle 'll be on your track for catching fish out of season." "I guess not. It was McCaw himself told me that the close season expired on the 15th of May, and I'm going to try how many doré I can catch before Queen's birthday. Fish-in's a little late this year, still there's a good few runnin' if one can catch them. I guess it's mascalonge you're thinkin' of. It's close for them up to 1st July." "Perhaps so. Where did you catch those doré?" "I got some down here at the mouth of the Magog, but most of them came from Massawippi lake. Shan't I send you up a couple? Only 10 cents a pound. How would one of these biggest suit you? Here's one 8 pounds you can have for seventy-five cents." "All right. I'll take it." "Here hold on, Bigosh! I'll take twenty dollars from you. You're a nice fellow to be buyin' fish out of season." "Oh, you be hanged, Presby. You'd better stick to photographing until you can get posted. It's open season for doré since the 15th." "How's that? It wasn't so last year." "Well it is this; but I made the same mistake myself, till Jack Whitcher there told me he had the right to sell them, so I thought I had the right to buy." "It's pretty hard to keep track of the law. Somebody's continually patching or tinkering with it. Hello, Didymus! Why don't you publish the Fish and Game law in THE LAND WE LIVE IN? Some of us 'll have to pay a fine yet because we can't keep posted in the changes." "Why don't I? Because I think the Government ought to pay for publishing these laws. I've spoken to Mr. McIntosh about it, and as I publish the only hunting and fishing paper there is in the province, I think it might be done without much of a pull on the treasury." "Py shiminy, nobody don't net nevare see les poissons, doré, all a sam' comme la lac H'Aylmère, en la rivière Mascalonge, entre le lac H'Aylmère et le lac Maskinonge. Fo'su' me see les poisson mek some jam—no, m'sien, not mek le preserve, mek some jam. All a sam' lek le drive-log pour le moulin à scie. Oui, oui, a le moulin de M'sieu H'Allen. Begosh me see M'sieu H'Allen she'll tek le 'han'spike for kotch tree fo' barrel de dore. Un autre homme she'll tak someting, wot you cah can hook. Out, Oui, can hook." "Was he a peacooper?" "Pardon, m'sieu, non, non. She'll not have pea souper, she'll ave souper de poisson." "Oh, dem it, no! Warn't he a Frenchman?" "Oli, m'sieu, oui, Canayen." "Well, then, don't you go for to tell me he can't hook. I say he can hook an' I know it." "Certainement, m'sieu. She'll kotch les poissons avec le can' hook. She'll broke de jam fo' su'. Les poissons he'll be go up hon de lac, en pientemps en haut. He'll be plenty poissons lek you nevare see befo', don't it? Big teesh, hey? Guess so meb-

be, planty dose feesh she'll mek feefty, seexty poun', soixante livres, p'raps. No, m'sieur, not shoot one feesh, me say planty feesh, bag full feesh, leven on huit feesh he'll mek way lek dat." "That I may niver sin, Antwine, but ye're the mortal liar. No I won't say that, but if it's yer'e first attempt at shpaken' an outrooth, ye've succeeded remarkably well, so ye have. Sure wasn't I workin' for Hughie Leonard up at Lake Aylmer at the mill that him and Dominick Murray does be runnin' by see tame an' sorra as much fish as that did I see in a whole year. It's a fish shtry ye're tellin' Antwine." See here, you no b'leeve Antoine, you hax M'sieu Bouchard, a Garthby, she'll see dem feesh." "By the pipers that played before Moses, but that explains it. Didn't Bouchard tell me about you and Brown, le Brun he called him shpendin' three nights shpearin' fish down below Bull Frog Bay, and when he saw the shpear marks, you tould him that you kilt them with a cant hook on the shpawning beds near Allen's mill. It's a big lie to tell, Antwine, but mebbe it saved you a twenty-dollar fine."

"Travelling dairy at the Dominion express office? No; what made you think that?" "Why I heard the agent, Mr. Duncan, telling Mr. Lebourveau that the butter had come." "The butter had come! Oh, I understand now. There was a goat came by express the other night for Mr. Gendron, and Duncan made some of the fellows believe that it was consigned to Mr. Lebourveau, the Deputy Grand Master of the Masonic Order, and was to be used in connection with the gridiron in making master Masons. They say the goat tried to exemplify some of the work of the different degrees while at the express office, and that Mr. Maguire and some others raised themselves up on the desks and counters just in time to keep the goat from raising them. They were too well bred to require any butter; but Mr. Duacan says they must have been accustomed to go-it while they were young, judging from the agility they displayed, and if it had been on the Pacific coast, he should have concluded that they had started on a ceiling expedition."

"Good morning, Mr. Morkill, I'm pleased to hear that you have been reinstated in your former position of Revenue Inspector. What will your predecessor do?" "I don't know; and, to tell you the truth, I don't much care. Perhaps he'll make the Liberal arts and sciences his future study, or go into the St. Laurent gulf smuggling business and raise spirits from the vasty deep."

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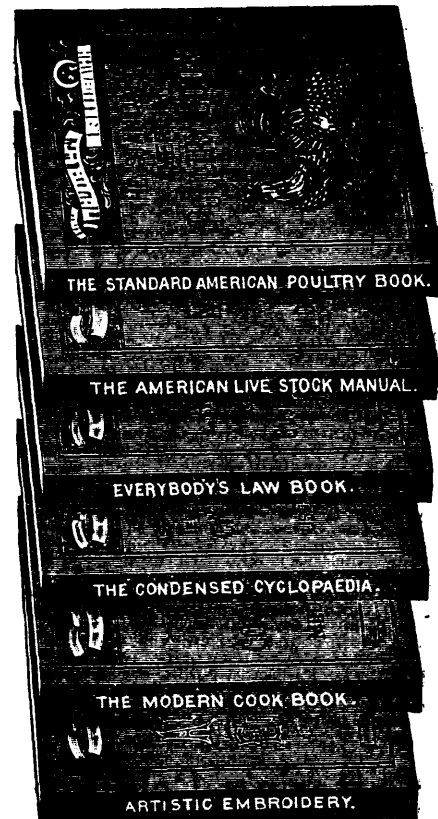
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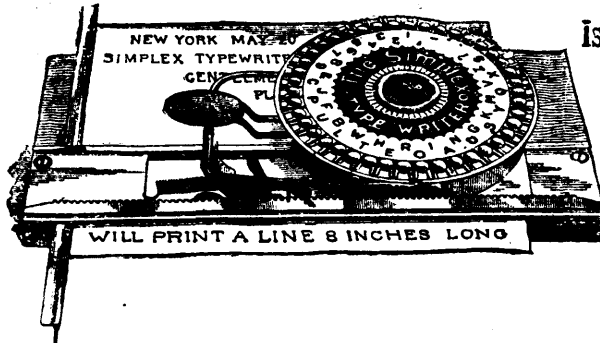
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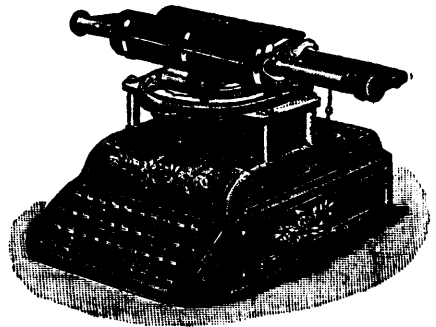
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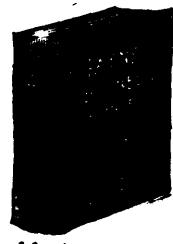
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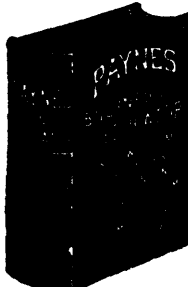
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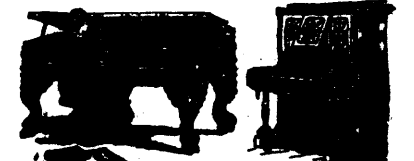
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