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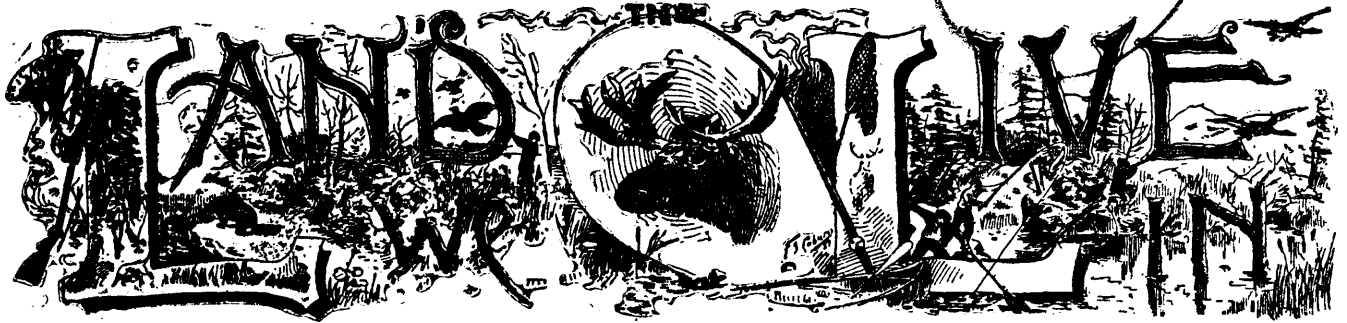
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Vol. IV, No. 2.



September, 1891.



Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

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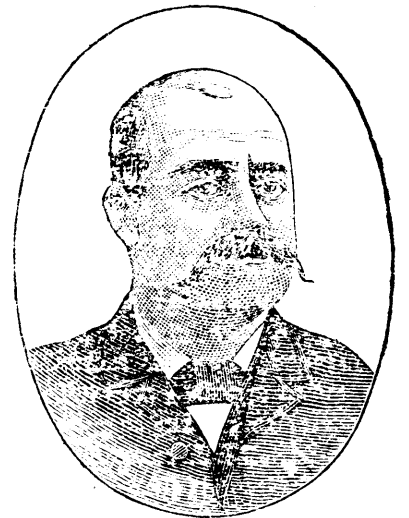
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VOL. IV., No. 2. SHERBROOKE, QUE., SEPTEMBER, 1891. PRICE TEN CENTS.

CAMP SUNNYSIDE.

Waterville, Que.

This is the morning of the 7th September, and the old hunter feels refreshed as if new and vigorous life were infused into him by the brisk and business-like ring of the village school bell. Troops of joyous, noisy boys, and beves of bright young girls ranging from the "bread-and-butter"

Miss of sixteen to the "hop-and-skip-me-quick" of six are rushing up the steps of the Model school house which has been lately renovated in room accommodation, hygienic appliances and general comfort. The two former lady teachers, with the addition of Miss Bradley, an alumna of the school as assistant, greet the pupils in the Principal's classroom; the Portals close, Minerva reigns within and the old hunter seeks the woods to communicate with the wise Goddess' solemn nocturnal bird and his own thoughts.

Waterville Model school is now *un fait accompli* as a first-class institution of it's grade. Miss Hepburn and Miss Bailey are sufficiently known at the Quebec Protestant Board of Education and by the parents and guardians in the district of St. Francis, without requiring encomiums from without; the school building and it's internal

arrangements are all that can be desired as to health and accommodation, and Waterville and it's surroundings bask in the purest atmosphere of these health-giving townships. With the foregoing facts before it is not surprising that parents who reside in less favored localities are seeking to avail themselves of the desirable advantages which the Waterville school presents. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* This

A Scotch Prayer.

O Lord what are we in thy sicht this night? a wheen pair cawciosies. Gie us a blessin' this ae time; its no' after we bother you. Gie us a' wee wark and big wages, an' a' breed an' cheese like Ben Nevis and whusky like Loch Long. Gie us bull's pork, sheep's beef, 'an calf's mutton, an' a new-born egg, till better meats be ready. Send a blessin' down the lum, an' bless the nail pat an' the Duke of Argyle, the Lord God of the Hielans and keep us frae a' the ghaists and wutches and lang-nebbed things that crawl among the heather. Build a big wa' between us' an' the deil, an' a' far bigger ane between us an' the wild Berishman, an' put broken bottles on't.—*Butler's Journal.*



VIEW ON COAST OF MAINE.

is the 7th of September and I have not shot a bird. The grouse, I believe, wintered well, but the incubating season having been unfavorable the coverts are small. Are they wild? I will tell you next month.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A Trip to Lake St. John.



AVING recently returned from the Grand Discharge or Outlet of Lake St. John, the head of the Saguenay River, and the rendez-vous of the famous *Ouananiche*, a brief account of the trip may prove interesting to some of the readers of this journal.

We left Sherbrooke on the 20th August by the Quebec Central morning train, and thus had an opportunity of viewing the beautiful and picturesque scenery along this line of railway, which is the connecting link between the New England States and the Lake St. John region, and the quickest and most delightful route for New York, Boston and Portland sportsmen and tourists.

A run of a couple of hours alongside the St. Francis River, following the windings of that beautiful stream brings us to Lake Aylmer, so well known to the piscatorial sportsman for its mascalonge and doré trolling, and as we pull up at the Garthby station, we look round for our old friend Bouchard, and as we do not find him, we conclude he is endeavoring to coax the finny tribe in the vicinity of Maple Point, or at the Narrows.

Passing on by D'Israeli, a beautiful little village near the head of Lake Aylmer, we cannot help contrasting its present appearance with what it was when we first visited it on a locomotive, at the time when the railway was in course of construction, and when it consisted of one solitary house, in which the wayfarer might perchance get a meal of fried pork and potatoes, but would more likely have to fall back on his own resources.

As we pass along towards Black Lake we think of that locomotive trip, and how we had to get down in the bottom of the cab to escape the heat of the bush fire alongside, as Dave Finn with his hand on the throttle lever carried us over the road for the first time. Then the shanty and sup-

ply camp of Gordon and McAulay, and the huts of the laborers, were the only residences around Black Lake; now it is a thriving village fast recovering from its recent baptism of fire, and supported by the promising Asbestos mines now being worked in the immediate vicinity. We look across the lake and recognize the island, where we camped with Clark Gordon, on our first trip, and think of the luscious trout we caught from its rocky shores.

Some six miles further brings us to Thetford Mines, the most extensive asbestos mines on this continent. Beyond this there is little to attract the eye of the tourist until we come in sight of the Valley of the Chaudiere, the outlet of Megantic Lake, and the route followed by Arnold when on his Quebec raid in 1776. The scenery here is beautiful beyond description, and as we wind along the western slope of the valley, a perfect panorama of rich, well cultivated farms, dotted with villages and homesteads, is spread before us, laid out in longitudinal strips of over a mile in length, and varying in width according to the number of sons amongst whom the paternal acres are divided, for it is customary for each son when going into the family business to take a slice of the old man's farm.

At Beauce Junction, the first station after crossing the Chaudiere, a branch railway extends up the valley to the villages of St. Joseph and St. François, which is in course of extension to connect with the Canadian Pacific Railway somewhere between the boundary line and Moosehead Lake, in Maine.

Our next stopping place is St. Mary's, the most important village between the Chaudiere and Quebec and the rest of our trip to the St. Lawrence is through a well settled, and generally well cultivated country.

After crossing the line of the Intercolonial Railway we come in sight of the St. Lawrence, and as we wind along the heights above it, we have a fine view of the Montmorenci Falls, on the other shore, while the tin roofs and spires of the numerous villages in sight, glitter like silver, in the sunlight. We thank the courteous and obliging

conductor, Mr. Wiggett, for his information, and following his advice cross in the ferry steamer, and instal ourselves in Blanchard's Hotel, as being most convenient to the Louise Dock, from which the evening train on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway starts.

After a stroll round the Dufferin Terrace, and other parts of the city, we bid good bye to our *sleeping partner* who has accompanied us thus far, and wend our way to the railway depot, in time to catch the 5:30 train for St. Raymond, where we have concluded to remain over night. Here we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. R. Sampson, of Quebec, and were by him introduced to the genial and obliging Manager of the Railway, Mr. J. G. Scott.

As we cross the River St. Charles, we have a magnificent view looking down the St. Lawrence. As the train moves along we pass through a most delightful stretch of country, well cultivated and dotted with villages, villas and farm buildings and apparently the garden of the Province of Quebec, and it helps to temper the barren wastes we have to pass through afterwards. The railway is one of the best constructed in the Province, and we glide along so smoothly that the motion is hardly felt. The cars are luxuriously fitted up and we enjoy the beautiful scenery with a "joy and comfort that the world knoweth not of." But soon a change comes over the landscape and we strike the bad lands. Between Val Cartier and St. Gabriel, a caribou would have hard scraping to pick up a living, and as the barren is full of bog holes and miniature lagoons, he might put his foot in it, doing that, unless he could manage to exist until the winter frosts had congealed everything but the mosses and dwarf furze. There are a few patches of arable land alongside of the road, but these are like oases in the desert, and the only extenuating circumstance connected with the outlook is an occasional glimpse of a river or stream suggestive of salmon or trout.

At about 8 o'clock we arrive at the beautiful village of St. Raymond and

what proves to be the jumping off place of cultivation. We engage a Jchu, with a covered buck-board, who takes us down the half mile of street at a pace calculated to show the speed of his *cheval*, and inspire terror in the hearts of the numerous juveniles who have ventured beyond the precincts of the paternal door step. Do not imagine from our reference to a paternal door step, that those children are block-heads, for they aren't, not by a long chalk, and our love of the beautiful has led us to discover that the girls of St. Raymond are about as handsome as they make them. Our buck-board man sets us down at the *maison de pension*—for they have no hotels there,—and introduces us to the proprietor, Pierre Plamondon, and we are soon seated down to a dish of *jambon* and eggs, to which we do ample justice.

We are looked upon as having performed a wonderful feat, or rather as having covered a lot of ground, and during the evening we hear them talking in French about our having left Sherbrooke at eight o'clock the same morning as if it was a remarkable trip.

In the course of conversation we find that our host is 74 years of age, has been the father of 24 children, 12 of whom are still living, and that he is one of the pioneers of St. Raymond having resided there 58 years.

Here we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wm. Power, Jr., of Quebec, who is engaged in the lumber business and from whom we obtained a great deal of interesting information connected with the surrounding country. We ascertain that good trout fishing can be had by driving out seven miles, and conclude to try it on our return.

Next morning we turn out at an early hour and find we are pleasantly situated on the principal street, and directly opposite the church. This church is a very handsome structure of stone, the material of which is variegated in color. Another thing we notice is that where any bunting or a substitute for it is displayed, it is the tri-color. Whether this is in honor of the French war vessels now in Quebec harbor or whether it expresses the natural sentiments of the residents of St. Raymond we cannot say, and do not care to stir up their patriotism by inquiring.

The rain pours down in torrents and we are unable to explore the village so have to possess our soul in patience until the arrival of the train for Lake St. John, due about 10 a. m., at which time our Jehu of the previous evening takes us to the railway station in much about the same time as taken in the down trip notwithstanding that

the mud was flying at such a rate as almost to obscure the view of the buildings along the street.

A very courteous station agent—a Scotchman—with whom we have some conversation, places our valise in charge of the baggageman, and we get aboard the train, which consists of a combination passenger, baggage and post-office car, and a monarch palace, and we are again under way.

On the train we met Mrs. Macpherson, of Quebec, who is engaged in literary work, and from her, and her book entitled "Old Memories," we derived much valuable information connected with points along the route.

From St. Raymond to Lake Edward is continually ascending grade except where we occasionally pitch over one mountain with an impetus which helps us up the next.

At Rivière à Pierre there is a neat station and a considerable business is done here in manufactured lumber. For some distance between here and Lake Edward we run alongside of the Batiscan River, here about 100 to 150 feet in width, a turbulent stream, very suggestive of trout and salmon. Numerous ponds and lakelets dot the little we can see of the landscape on either side for we are now in the Laurentian Range and the railway skirts the base and sides of well wooded hills and mountains and it rather surprises us to know from whence these trees derive their vegetation. We believe nobody pays taxes here for there is no land to tax. Wherever we get a glimpse of the upper crust of this terrestrial sphere, that crust is composed of rock.

At about 2 p. m. we reach Lake Edward—distant from Quebec 113 miles—where we stay 25 minutes for dinner. We choose "fish" from the items on the bill of fare, innocently thinking we should be supplied with some of the trout for which that region is famous, but as we chew the canned salmon and the cud of reflection, we recollect that even in camp we couldn't cook and eat our trout in 25 minutes, and our train is run on limited time principles. The "Laurentides House" is within 50 feet of the railway and the train stops directly in front of it. The house is neat, clean and comfortable, with ample accommodation and offers something better than canned salmon to the sojourner who has more than 25 minutes to spare. Mr. Baker, the proprietor, appears to be an attentive and obliging landlord, and the charges are very reasonable for a hotel where the patronage is limited to 4 or 5 months in the year.

Lake Edward is some 1200 feet higher than Quebec, and as a conse-

quence they have about nine months winter and three months late in the fall, each year, but it is a healthy climate and a good place for the tired, worn out city office man to recuperate in, while the supply of trout is almost inexhaustible. The trout are caught, however, principally by bait fishing.

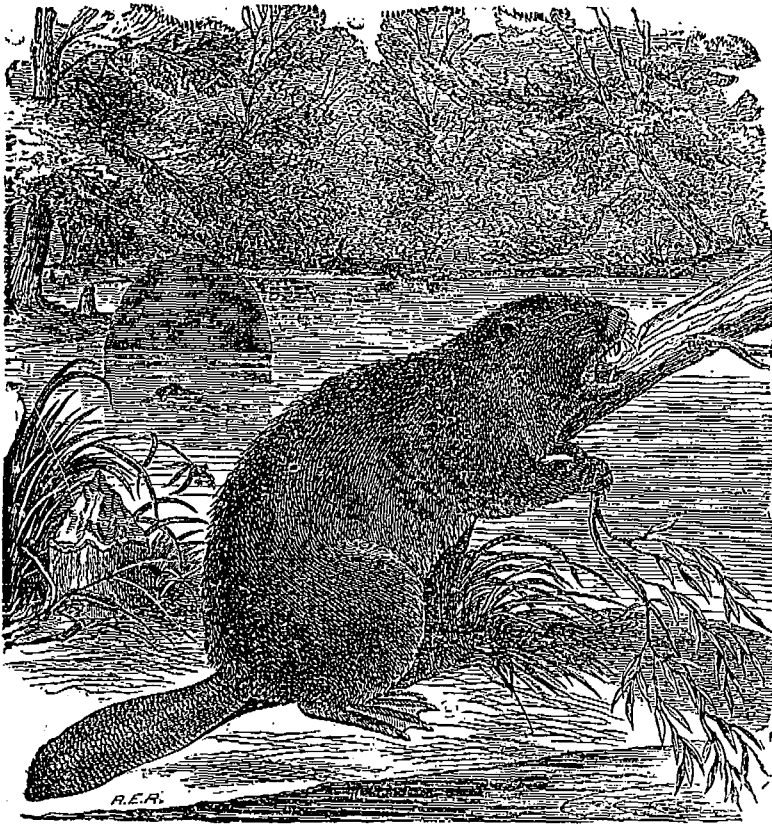
Shortly after leaving Lake Edward we reach the summit of the Divide between the waters of the St. Lawrence and Lake St. John, which is 1504 feet above tide water, and from here to Lake St. John is a generally descending grade, the latter place being only 353 feet above tide water.

At Kiskisink, 22 miles from Lake Edward, the altitude is 1518 feet and here there is a very pretty lake on the shores of which a neat club house has been erected by an American club. This was the last territory along the railway previously unleased, and it seems a pity that some portion of these fishing privileges had not been reserved for the general public, so as to enable those of moderate means to enjoy an outing with piscatorial sport without the expense attendant on club membership. We can remember when our expenses on a trip to Lake Megantic, distant 70 miles, including horse hire and guide, for a party of four, were less than \$25 per man, and no one could have fared better or enjoyed better sport than we did, but the glory of those old days has departed, and some of our companions are doing their fishing "over the river" if they haven't travelled away from the water.

There are numerous lakes along this part of the route, but the prettiest without exception is Lake Bouchette. The numerous promontories jutting out into the lake render it a desirable camping place during the summer months.

About 4:45 we reach Chambord Junction, where we get a good view of Lake St. John, and after skirting along near the shore of the lake through a fertile, well settled farming country, passing the Quiatchouan Falls, which lie to our left, we reach the platform opposite the Hotel Roberval, distant 190 miles from Quebec, at 5:15 p. m.

The Quiatchouan Falls are one of the attractions of this vicinity, being 280 feet in height, but they do not fall perpendicularly as at Niagara. They are distant six miles from the hotel. Roberval is a village of considerable size, and a large convent is one of its attractions. It is needless to say that the church and convent are the most imposing edifices in the village. Extensive saw mills are in operation, a little higher up the lake shore, to which the railway extends.



THE BEAVER.

The hotel is managed by Mr. T. Kenna, and as it is described elsewhere in *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, we will simply say that according to its capacity, it is one of the best managed hotels in Canada.

Here we made the acquaintance of Mr. Otis C. White, of 65 Beacon street, Worcester, Mass., and his brother George E. White, of Geo. E. White & Co., corner Lake and Elizabeth streets, Chicago, Ill. They proved to be enthusiastic sportsmen, while through the former ran a vein of humor and a talent for anecdote that would render him invaluable to a "camping out" party. The guests of the dining room must have thought that the butt end of a laughing-machine had struck our table.

Next morning we started in company with the Messrs. White for the Grand Discharge, or outlet of the lake, distant 25 miles, which distance the steamer covered in about three hours.

Here we put up at the "Island House," which is under the management of Mr. Alfred N. Thompson, and where we at once felt as much at home and at liberty to exercise as much freedom, as if we were in camp. Canoe men were engaged, who at once began putting our rods in order, and we adjourned for dinner. Two canoe men are required for each canoe which

usually carries only one passenger. The canoes are of white birch bark, very strongly ribbed and thwarted, and the passenger takes his seat on a blanket in the bottom. The paddles are made of tough, hard-wood, for everything depends on them and the skill of the canoe-men. The giving way of the paddle in some of the rapids of the Discharge would involve instant destruction.

The first afternoon we contented ourselves with fishing between the first and second falls, when we secured three *Ouananiche*, the first weighing a pound and a half, but from the time we hooked him until he was netted—some seven or eight minutes—it was a constant succession of somersaults, some of them three feet above the water. He showed as much game as a five pond trout, but we were up on the rocks some eight feet above the water, and with our ten ounce split bamboo, we had no difficulty in keeping a constant strain on the line. The fly with which we had the best success was the "Reub Wood," a fly we had never before used. It is a diminutive brown fly with a small gray wing, and was obtained by us from the Enterprise Manufacturing Co. of Akron, Ohio. We believe the best success of the Messrs. White was due to the use of this fly.

Our canoe-men advised the use of the lightest rods and tackle, and the smallest flies, and we happened to be well provided in this respect. We had the "Royal Coachman" and the "Professor," but they preferred the "Reub Wood," and the result proved that they were correct in their choice.

Our second fish—a three pounder—was taken from the canoe in deep water just under the second or heaviest falls, and unlike any other *Ouananiche* we caught, kept well underneath, never showing himself until he was netted.

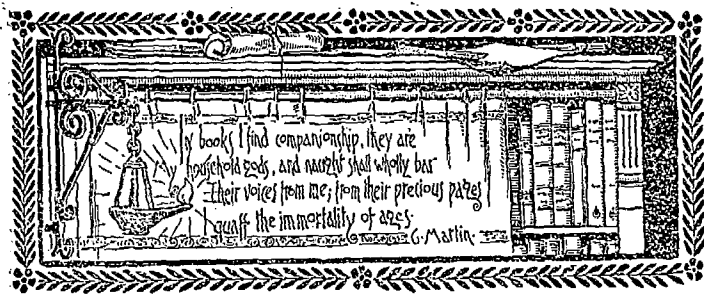
Our second day's fishing was principally between the second falls and Camp Scott, a camp run in connection with the Island House and about three miles further down the Saguenay. There for a couple of days it rained and blew so that the steamboat was unable to run through the lake, and we were unable to go out fishing. This sort of thing becoming monotonous we packed our traps Tuesday afternoon, and engaged our canoe-men to take us to the south shore of the lake, which we reached by taking advantage of sheltering points, and after a rough passage, in which we shipped a good deal of water.

A walk of two or three miles took us to a settlement where we secured a buck-board and succeeded in reaching the American House at Chambord about 10 o'clock, too late for the Quebec train, but as we found comfortable quarters, and a very accommodating host in the person of the proprietor, Mr. Richard Powers, we passed the time very pleasantly until the arrival of the Wednesday evening train, when we got aboard, reaching Quebec at 6:15 next morning, and Sherbrooke, *via* the Quebec Central the same evening.

At the house where we got the buck-board we found an old woman, whom we were told was dying of pneumonia. We happened to have some of Dr. Ordway's plasters in our satchel, and applied one which appeared to give relief before we left. The family were profuse in their thanks, and if we have succeeded in postponing the demise of the old lady, we have established a reputation as a *medecin*, which will make us a welcome guest on future occasions.

In conclusion we would say to those who want to catch the *Ouananiche* in all his glory, go to the Island House at the Grand Discharge, and ingratiate yourself with the manager, Mr. Thompson, who will give you all the necessary "pointers," and should you visit Chambord with the intention of making any stay there, do not fail to visit the American House. By the *Powers* you'll be well treated.

DIDYMUS.



FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Marguerite de Roberval.

A LEGEND OF FRENCH CANADA.

BY MAUD OGILVY.

CHAPTER II.

T was a bright spring afternoon; the tender green leaves were sprouting on the giants oaks of the forests of Picardy, the violets raised their quaint faces up through the moss of the underwood; the birds twittered and chirped as they flew from branch to branch on their annual spring furnishing and all the great wood seemed alive with the voices of nature's awaking forces. Nor was there lack of human life, for under yonder large oak stood two persons hand in hand in eager converse. Their voices were not low for there was little chance of eavesdroppers being about in this lonely spot.

"Alan" the girl was saying wearily, "it is useless. I stole away from the castle at great risk of being discovered for since my aunt died I have scarcely a moment to call my own. This morning my uncle returned from court having got through his mission to the king earlier than he expected."

"And was he successful?" asked the youth called Alan.

"Alas, yes! too successful. The king has made him Commander in Chief of the expedition, Lieutenant General in Canada and many high-sounding titles."

"Ah! these are empty gifts and will not ensure the money for the outfit."

"Nay, Alan, but listen. Not only has Francis conferred these titles, but added a royal grant to furnish five ships for the undertaking."

"Then M. De Roberval will go at once I suppose, but he is no sailor, he does not know this land and it is said the passage up the mighty river is fraught with many dangers."

"True, but the king has ordered the Breton Captain Jacques Cartier to accompany him. He has been there before; he tells wondrous tales of the new world and the savage people. To gain this land for France and for the faith has been my uncle's chief desire."

"I know that Marguerite. Your uncle is ambitious even to a ridiculous extent."

"Yes Alan he is not content with being chief nobleman in Picardy, but must seek wider fields and Alan, I have something else to tell you—bad news."

"What Marguerite?"

"Directly my uncle returned from court last night he sent for me and told me that he was to start immediately on this expedition. He asked for you and demanded whether you had returned from Paris."

"Yes, and what did you say?" said Alan eagerly.

"What could I say? I told him that you had returned to your mother's house, when he grew very angry and said that he supposed I had disobeyed his commands."

"The tyrant," muttered Alan.

"I reminded him that I too was a De Roberval though he seemed to forget it, that I held a promise sacred and that during his absence I had never seen you once."

"And then?"

"Then he said that he hoped that I had consented to give you up and I said that would never be, rather than marry Godfroi de Breton I would shut myself up in the convent. He grew very angry, denounced me and said that he had made arrangements to sail for New France on the 17th of next month and that he did not know what was to become of me unless I would consent to marry Godfroi."

"Yes Marguerite?"

"Then I told him that that I would never do. He stormed and raged and finally told me to go to my room. This morning he sent for me and said that he had thought of another plan. The king had provided him with five ships for this new undertaking and he would take me with him, I should then

be beyond the reach of this adventurer—meaning you Alan."

The young man bit his lips and flushed angrily.

"Marguerite," he said, "he is bound to separate us. You must consent to be married without his knowledge."

"But Alan."

"Listen, it is the only way."

"Alan I am not of age. I think even if I were your wife he would take me from you. He is perfectly determined to divide us."

"Marguerite you have no courage! You are afraid of him. You are tired of me and you wish to give me up, say but the word and I am off to the German wars to-morrow, the king has need of recruits to fight the army of Charles V."

"Alan!" said the girl, her great eyes full of tears, "Alan you are cruel, unkind. After all I have suffered for your sake, Alan do you not know that I love you more than life itself, it is not a maiden's part to reiterate her vows."

"Forgive me, Marguerite, but I am desperate. I know not which way to turn. I cannot lose you my darling, I cannot let you go."

"Hush," said the girl as footsteps were heard creaking through the underwood. "Hush, I hear voices, you must go. Blanche will bear a letter from me to your mother's cottage to-night."

He caught her hurriedly in his arms and imprinting a kiss on her fair brow fled and was soon lost to sight in the depths of the forest.

Not a moment too soon, however, for scarcely had Marguerite bade him farewell than the tall figure of her uncle accompanied by the curé of the parish came in sight.

The two men were in earnest converse and Marguerite could hear the words "Cartier, Canada, Diane de Poitiers" as they appeared.

"Yes, it is a high mission," the curé was saying, "to conquer the powers of darkness in the new world, to gain souls for Christ, to plant the banner of our Holy Mother Church in this great primeval forest."

"And more than that," said M. De Roberval, "it is a great and high mission to be the first of Europeans to take this land for France. Spain has made conquests in the South. She watches jealously our every movement and despatch is necessary. Charles is a wily and powerful rival. What you Marguerite? What are you doing here?"

"Picking violets, my uncle," said the girl demurely and with truth for her hands were full of the fragrant

flowers which grew in rich abundance in the Roberval domain.

The new Viceroy of Canada looked at her sharply and observed traces of tears in her eyes, but in the presence of the priest held back the angry rebuke he was about to make.

With a *bonjour* to the curé Marguerite moved quickly off in the direction of the chateau and, as, her white gown vanished M. De Roberval turned to his companion with a sigh.

"I know not how to manage that girl. She is a great trial to me."

"Why not let her have her way," ventured the curé mildly.

"You mean let her marry Alan de Longpre? Never. Only this morning I told her that unless she consented to my plans for her future she would accompany me to the New World."

"You cannot mean that, M. De Roberval."

"I do mean it," said the count emphatically, "you will see."

M. De Roberval had had an elder brother who had been killed during one of the skirmishes with Spain, which were of such frequent occurrence during that period. He died leaving no heir saving a little daughter a tiny maiden scarce three summers old. His wife did not long survive him and on her death bed confided to De Roberval's care this child, who would inherit her mother's rich domain as well as the property of her father. Jean Francois de la Roque, Lord of Roberval, was an upright man and well fulfilled his trust, having his niece carefully trained by the nuns of a neighbouring convent, where she was taught all accomplishments considered suitable to a lady of her station in those days. She could embroider, she could sew, she could bake and she could sing in a clear sweet voice to the accompaniment of her guitar. When she was sixteen, the young lady left the convent, she had no vocation to, be a nun and returned to her uncle's chateau. Here she found time hang very heavily on her hands. There were no companions of her own age there and the gloomy chateau seemed like a prison to the young girl. Her uncle was kind enough in his stern way, but the old soldier and his young niece had nothing in common. One day in desperation she had begged him to take her to court, but he refused without vouchsafing any reason except that he said that the court of Francis I, was no place for her and she would never go with his consent to the court where the king was ruled by such a woman as Madame de Chateaubriand who he had seen in the days when the fickle Francis loved her child-like face crowned with its

wavy golden hair, her clear blue eyes and her pathetic voice.

Poor Madame de Chateaubriand, the hearts of princes are proverbially fickle and she found so to her cost all too soon. No, this court ruled by the painted favourites of the king was no place for a girl fresh and pure from her convent training. There were perils there from which her uncle's strong arms could not protect her, for Jean de Roberval was not a courtier, only a rough country nobleman zealous for the honour of the crown. His recent visit to Francis had but served to strengthen his prejudices, as some called them. He was horrified at seeing Diane in the council chamber openly advising the king. No his niece should never go to court at any rate while he lived.

In all young lives there comes a time when the glamour of romance is flung over the daily path, the dull routine of each week's doings, and during one of her uncle's absences the dawn of love's dream came into Marguerite's hitherto uneventful existence.

It happened after this manner. One afternoon she strayed far outside of the woods of Roberval and lost her way in the deep forest. She knew not where to turn, evening was coming on and twilight in Picardy was very brief. In vain she looked for human dwelling none was in sight. She wandered on and on and the shadows deepened. At length to her great joy, she came upon a path which she followed up and found it lead to a little cottage almost hidden from view by overhanging branches of giant oak trees. She knocked timidly at the door and it was opened to her by a woman, a lady unmistakably, that she could tell even in the gathering gloom.

"Madame," she said, "can you direct me? I have lost my way. I am Mademoiselle de Roberval."

"Mademoiselle de Roberval? Why Mademoiselle you are at least six miles from the chateau, you have indeed lost your way. But come in you must be weary. I expect my son in presently, he will accompany you back to Roberval I scarcely know how to direct you, for I seldom wander far from my own cottage."

Marguerite entered and sat down while the lady prepared a *tisane* for her and made her drink it off hot and strong. She felt very weary after her wandering and asked permission to rest on the couch, which looked tempting to her tired limbs. Scarce had her head touched the pillow when she was fast asleep. She knew not how long she slept, but when returning consciousness came to her, she could hear the low murmur of voices, one she re-

cognised as her hostess's the other was a masculine voice and a strange one to her. She was not thoroughly awake, she heard her own name mentioned, ah! they were talking about her. Hush, what!

"She is very beautiful mother," said the deep voice.

"Yes my son she is indeed."

"What a shame of that old uncle to keep her cooped up in the chateau as he does, so fair a bird should try her wings."

"Ah! she is an heiress, you see," returned the old lady. "M. le Comte is afraid of needy adventurers."

"He may well be afraid of losing so lovely a niece had she not a sou for her dowry. Were I not a beggar I should try my luck. B'yr lady I have never in all my travels seen such beauty."

"Alan you must not be foolish. You could not aspire to the hand of the heiress of de Roberval,"

"And why not mother?" said the youth hotly. "Am I not as well born as she and better for the blood of Charlemagne runs in our veins. We are beggars, though, oh! I am a fool, forgive me mother. Never fear I shall behave discreetly and the young lady shall never know even of my admiration."

Marguerite was very wide awake by this time and she thought it wise to signify that fact by giving a discreet little cough preliminary to rising from her couch. Madame came hurrying in from the outer room profuse in her hopes that Mademoiselle was rested.

"Alan, my son, has returned," she said, "he will conduct you back to the chateau. Alan come here. Mademoiselle de Roberval, allow me to present to you my son."

Marguerite looked up and bowed. She saw standing before her a tall young man clad in a hunting suit of dark green cloth, who carried in his hand a small cap of green velvet ornamented with a silver buckle on which was a crest Marguerite had never seen before. He was very good to look upon, the maiden thought, his dark hair cropped short about his head, his eyes blue and honest, he was so tall that he made the little sitting room of Madame look quite small, though for those days it was a comfortably sized apartment.

"Mademoiselle I am glad to welcome you to our little cottage," he said. "It is an ill wind which blows good to no-one and your mishap in losing the path has gained us the honour of your acquaintance."

Marguerite blushed deeply, she was not used to compliments and did not know how to answer them.

"I am afraid," she said timidly, "that I have given you a great deal of trouble Madame, and if you will permit me I must go. They will be anxious about me at the castle. Monsieur I regret to take you so far to-night."

"Mademoiselle, believe me it is a pleasure and I know every turn in the forest, you will be safe with me."

"I am convinced of that," said the girl smiling, as Madame helped her to put on her cloak and hat, and with Alan she set out on her homeward way through the forest.

In all the bitterness of after years the memory of that night came back to Marguerite de Roberval as a bright, though all too brief, glimpse of happiness. The moon was shining down through the thick mass of foliage and illuminating with her clear cold light every branch and bough. Through the labyrinth of trees Alan guided her telling her the while of his many adventures in distant lands, of his perils by sea and of his previous career. To the lonely girl this converse with one of her own age was very pleasant and Alan saw, only too plainly, that she was interested and attracted. The six miles seemed too short and, when Marguerite put out her hand to say good-night Alan raised it to his lips with a fervour that the extent of their acquaintance scarcely warranted. But it was moonlight, that bewitching light, the maiden was passing fair, the gallant, young, impulsive, rash perchance but who is wise under such circumstances at three and twenty?

"Mademoiselle, good-night," he said as they approached the draw-bridge. "When may I hope to see you again?"

"I fear,"—faltered Marguerite, the terror of her uncle's displeasure coming over her for the first time that evening.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, you will be gracious to me. You will allow me to see you again? Perchance you will pick some early violets in the wood to-morrow afternoon."

"Perchance," she said hesitatingly. "Monsieur there is Blanche with three of the henchmen, I must go. Adieu Monsieur."

"Au revoir Mademoiselle," said Alan doffing his hat and disappearing quickly into the depths of the wood.

It was the old story, old as the world itself, yet ever new. The next afternoon Marguerite was in the wood and for many weeks the youth and maiden met. Through the summer they met each day and M. De Roberval never knew, for he was deeply immersed in studying plans and charts of the new domains beyond the broad Atlantic. But these halcyon days could not

last for ever. Alan had to go to Paris and before going said that he would go boldly to M. De Roberval and demand his niece's hand in marriage.

"Can you not wait?" Marguerite ventured fearful of the result of this move on the part of her uncle.

"Wait," said Alan, "wait for what? Till someone else comes and carries you off."

So it came to pass that one day M. De Roberval's peace of mind was greatly disturbed by the appearance of a handsome youth who demanded his niece's hand in marriage. To say that the count was startled is but to feebly express his state of mind. He refused once and for all to have anything to say to Alan. It was preposterous that he should dare aspire to the heiress of the De Roberval's. Marguerite was forbidden to see him and the strictest watch was set on her movements, although this was scarcely necessary for Alan had gone at once to Paris, only coming back a few days previous to the count's return from the court. The meeting of which we know was the first they had had since Alan had formally made his declaration to M. De Roberval.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

WE PART TO MEET AGAIN.

We parted by the banks of the river, with the sands of its shore at our feet,

With a prayer to the Great and Good Giver, that over the River we'd meet,

Where flowers forever are blooming, those flowers that never decay,

That there we should meet in the gloaming, and our life should be one endless day.

I watched her recede from my vision, her face I cannot now behold,

But the Master has made a provision, that we meet on those pavements of gold;

Where the voice of the trumpet is sounding, o'er ocean, o'er mountain and plain,

By the side of that clear crystal fountain, we shall meet—no more parting again.

I shall meet there,—my sister and brother, my loved little niece will be there,

And likewise my father and mother, in that city so bright and so fair.

While here it is sorrow and sadness, and our tears like the rain-drops may flow,

When there we'll have pleasure and gladness, and sorrow we'll never more know.

JAMES OWENS,

Johnville, Que., Sept., 1891.

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

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THE KING FISHING CLUB.

MAKE A HIT WHILE CAMPING UP THE MONNONGAHELA RIVER.

FISH, TURTLE, COON AND FROG.

Fishermen's Yarns 1 Cent a Ball.

Yes, the King Fishers catch more fish, turtle, frog and coon, than any other fishing club on the Monnongahela river, says a farmer, and his son leaned over the fence and gave Tommy Mice, his impression of Texas Joe.

"Yes, me and him are pretty well acquainted now; he knows more'n I do, and he's had more experience. Joe says Hickory Bill used to be a robber, and that he has ten million dollars in solid gold buried in their cellar. And he says Bill's a conjurer, and that he makes all the earthquakes that happens anywhere around the camp. Bill he'll come in at night, after there's been an earthquake, covered all over with sweat, with a bunch of fish in one hand and a big coon in the other; and so tired that he tries to get out of washing the dishes. Joe says it's such hard work and he don't blame Bill for getting tired. Wish my father'd learn me to make earthquakes, I'd have a fine time of it. Joe told me that when they first drove stakes here, there was a man came to their camp and wanted to sell them some lightning-rods, Bill got mad and eat him right up, rods and all, and he hasn't been seen since. That's what Joe tells me; that's all I know about it. And he told me the other day that they had four coon dogs, and he was flying his kite, and just for fun he tied the string to one of the dogs tail's, and the wind began to blow, and the dog went a booming down the river shore, with his hind legs up in the air, for about seventeen miles, when the kite all at once began to go up, and in about a minute the dog was fifteen miles high, viewing Mexico and China; I think Joe said. He came down, anyhow, I know, in Brazil, and Joe said the dog is on the road back again, and he expects he'll arrive at Homestead, about the tenth of August. He'll have to swim the Atlantic Ocean, and Joe thinks the dogs legs will be all nibbled off by the sharks, when he reaches shore. I wish my father would buy me a coon dog, so's I could send him up that way. Joe said that the other day he went out on the roof to fly his kite, and sat on top of the chimney to give her plenty of rope, and while he was sitting there, not even thinking about nothing. Bill put a can of powder below on the fire place, to clean the soot out of the chimney, as the fire wasn't drawing very good; and when he touched her off, Joe was blown over against the side of the Cookcoo's tent, and landed on the center-pole with his pants split and they couldn't get him down for three days, so he hung there, going round and round with the wind and he lived by eating fish that came to him, because they thought he was a bate on the end of the pole, and put there on purpose. He's had more fun then enough. He was telling me the other day about a sausagestuffer his brother invented. It was a kind of a machine that works with a treadle; and Joe said the way they did in the fall, was to fix it on the hogs back, and connect the treadle with a wire, and then

the hog'd work the treadle, and keep on running it up and down, until the machine cut the hog all up fine, and shoved all the meat into it's windpipe. Joe said that his brother called it "Every hog it's own stuffer," and it worked fine. Yes, and he told me about an uncle of his who was eat by a big oyster once, and when he got inside he stayed there until he had eat the oyster. Then he split the shells open, and took one for a boat, and sailed away up the Monongahela river until he met a seaserpent, and he killed it and drewed off it's skin, and when he arrived at Homestead, he sold it to the Independent Fire Company for a hose for forty thousand dollars, to put fires out with. Yes, he said it was actually so, because he could show me a man in their camp who belongs to the company. "I do wish father'd allow me to go out to find a seaserpent like that; but somehow or another father don't let me have a chance to distinguish myself." Last night Joe was up at our house and he said that his brother prints a little paper called *The News Boy*, and to prove it he pulled one out of his pocket. Ma asked him to read it, and he began like this: "Last night yesterday morning about two o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast a hungry boy sixty years old called at the King Fishers camp, and asked for a biscuit, he tried to eat it but he didn't, so he threw it through a stone wall about ten feet thick jumping over he broke his ankle off above the hip fell into one of the Cookcoo's frying pans and got drowned. And about forty years after that, on the same day, Bill's dog catched six gander turkeys, a high wind knocked "McGinty," down, and blew "Little Annie Rooney," in the turtle soup; then it pushed the old Dutch churn over, killing a goose and two dead pigs at Becks Mile Ferry, where a deaf and dumb lady was talking French to her Aunt Peter." Whereupon Ma, taking a long breath, exclaimed, "You don't say so." But Joe did say "so," I heard him. He told me they was'nt going to get him to go to church any more. He says Bill has got a brass idal that works like a valve, and he keeps one end of it in a keg so's it don't rust. Joe says he's made up his mind to be an Indian, and start out on the plains as soon as they go back to Homestead. And to prove it to me, he says Bill's got the whole town underlaid with really nitroglycerine, and as soon as he arrives, and gets ready, he's going to blow the old thing out, bust her up—let her go-Galagher, and demolish her. Then Carnegie won't have the chance to use the oil can on the scales in '92. That's what he said last night down at the camp, and told me not to tell anybody, but I thought there would'nt be any harm in telling you. And now I believe I must be going. Listen, I think I hear Joe wistling "come and meet me Annie darling," maybe he's got something else to tell me.—*Tommy Mice in the News Boy.*

FOR SALE.

1 Covered phaeton, made to order from material furnished by the owner, cost \$200, price \$125 00. 1 light buggy nearly new, price \$75.00.

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Summer Travel on the Lower St. Lawrence.

Having not unfrequently been asked by correspondents in and out of Quebec to map out for them, pleasure trips to the most attractive sites on the Lower St. Lawrence, it is pleasant and from many years travel, easy for me to point out the more favored localities and the mode of conveyance to reach them.

Our healthy and fashionable sea-side resorts—all free from malaria, that scourge of many renowned watering places beyond the border:—Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Cacouna, Bic, Metis, etc., are too favorably known to require special mention, and the sixteen flourishing Fish and Game Clubs, who have leased our hundred and one lakes, north of Quebec—to which the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway has rendered access so speedy and so comfortable, testifying daily by their fish scores, that our "Lake Land" is a veritable Eden for the disciples of rod and gun, whilst our salmon pools on the Lower St. Lawrence—especially those of the Grande Cascapedia, the Trinity, Natashquan, Moisie and other rivers—have no peers on the whole continent.

There are, however, other cool retreats, fanned by the breath of old ocean, on the Lower St. Lawrence and in the Maritime Provinces—especially in Cape Breton, of rare beauty—though it may be comparatively unrevealed, and which possess for pleasure-seekers generally and votaries of "Old Isaac" in particular, enduring charms.

One of the summer excursions I have found the most attractive after repeating it for many years, is the trip from Quebec to Gaspe, during the leafy months, either on board the staunch steamer "Miramichi," which leaves our wharves, fortnightly, for the lower ports, or the weekly tour, Wednesdays and Saturdays of that old favorite, the "Admiral," commanded by Captain Dugal, whose purser's name is like that of the steamer "Saguenay," among travellers, a by-word for efficiency and courteous attention to the welfare of all on board.

There are also new routes for summer travel opened out by the enterprising Quebec firm, Fraser & Holiday, along the beautiful *Baie des Chaleurs*, Prince Edward Island, Labrador, and the Magdalen Islands. Their lower port line comprises the steamers "Otter," "Beaver," and a new and splendid Clyde built steamer, the ss. "St. Olaf." The "St. Olaf" is particularly well adapted for this service, being a safe and powerful sea boat, fitted out with all modern improvements in naval architecture, such as required for the route for which she originally was intended; the stormy seas of the Orkney Islands. She is commanded by an experienced, thorough seaman, and well informed master, Captain Le Maistre, who naturally feels proud of his swift Scotch craft, classified and inspected at Lloyds.

Every Monday at noon, on arrival of Quebec and Halifax morning train, the "St. Olaf" leaves Picou for Prince Edward Island with the Royal mail; touching, going and coming back, at Georgetown and Souris, Prince Edward Island, and at Amherst, Grindstone, Entry Island and *Etang du Nord*, on the Magdalen Islands.

These solitary, picturesque isles, sighted by Jacques Cartier, on the 22nd July, 1534, granted to French fishing companies in 1667, and handed over in 1798 by Lord Dorchester to Admiral (Sir) Isaac Coffin to recompense him for the services rendered to the Imperial Government in the war of American Independence in 1775-83, with their quaint, simple, not over progressive population of Acadians, present of themselves quite a study.

The heirs of Sir Isaac Coffin claim from the soil about \$4,000 in ground rents, annually. These Islands, thirteen in number, in the form of a horse shoe, cover an area of about forty-five miles in the broad Atlantic. With the exception of a few Scottish settlers in good circumstances owning general stores, lobster-canning factories and making advances on seal oil, codfish, mackerel, etc., the great bulk of the people are descendants from the exiled Acadians of 1755. Instead of tilling their farms intelligently, a mistaken idea allures them to seek for their livelihood in the teeming, but precarious waters which surround them. Every acre of their land is under a 99 years lease, from the Coffin family, at a rental of one shilling per acre—but life is not always *couleur de rose*, on the Magdalen group. A few practical lessons in forestry and tree planting, some 40 years back, might have saved or restored their forests; the islands are now quite denuded of firewood. Pictou supplies them with coal, for fuel; their isolated position during one half of the year, is another serious disadvantage. From December to May, their sole mode of communicating, with *terra firma*, is through the Cape Breton submarine telegraph, whose cablegrams are too expensive for the poverty-stricken islanders, to be much used. At present, the islanders are taking a lively interest in the money markets of Europe; as they say, they count on a large slice—\$200,000 more or less—of the coming \$10,000,000, for the purchase of the islands from the Coffins, by the Government—the land to be handed them as a gift! ! !

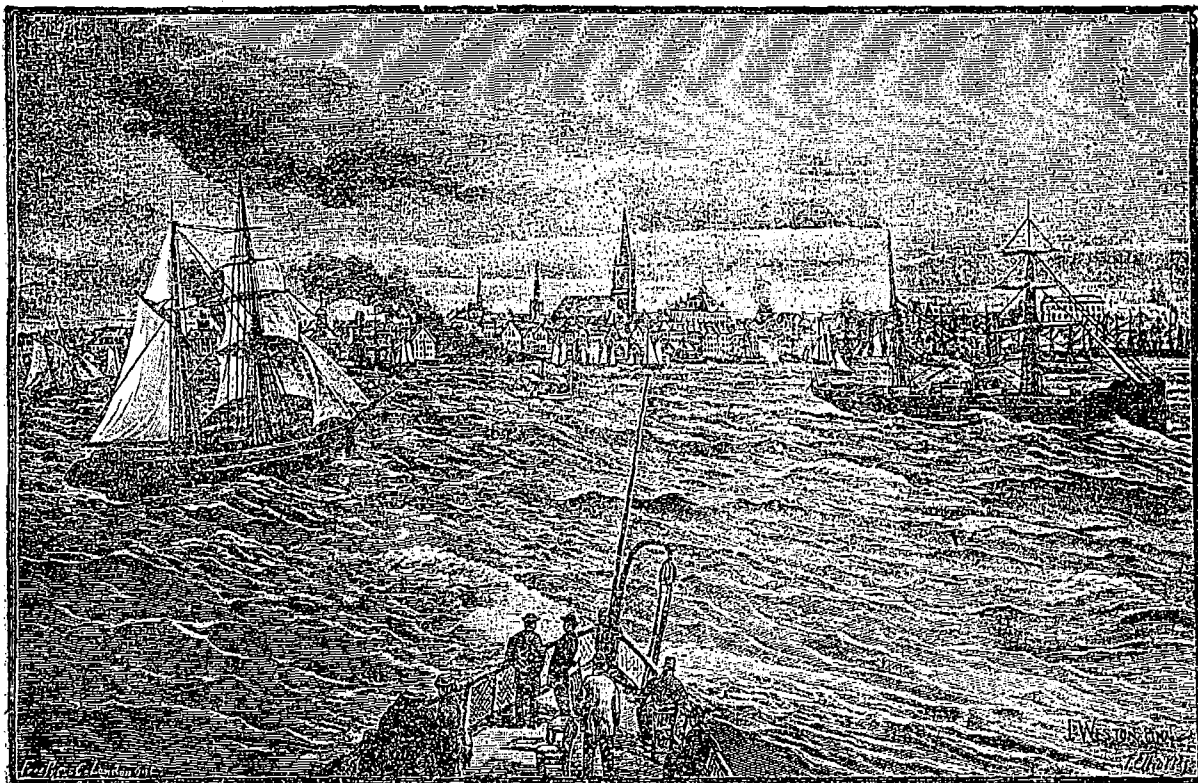
"How can one reach comfortably and speedily this picturesque inheritance of the fellow-countrymen of Evangeline?" I reply: Take the *Intercolonial* or *Short Line* route, and in twenty-six hours, from Levis, you reach Pictou in time to secure passage for Prince Edward Island and the Magdalen group.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, August, 1891.

The Dominion Illustrated.

A fine page group in the last issue of the *Dominion Illustrated* shows the portraits of the officers and executive of the Canadian Press Association, and on the adjoining page is a brief biographical sketch of each. No finer series of landscape views are presented by any journal in America than those reproduced from week to week by the *Dominion Illustrated*. The last issue is especially noteworthy in this respect. It is a gemlike number. The views at Metis, Ste. Rose and Gaspe are simply charming. The old house which was the residence of the author of "Sam Slick" is also shown in this number, as well as the castle of San Angelo, Rome, the French Warship "Bisson," views at the recent Lachine Regatta, humorous cartoons, etc. The number is one of the best that has appeared this season.



CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE

IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

HUNTING IN THE EARLY TIMES.

In my last I promised to relate some of the incidents of my hunting experience. I have never been a professional hunter, but a man who has lived in this country over eighty years, and has any memory at all, must have learned something about such business.

My father was a farmer, but most farmers in this land we live in were under the necessity of occasionally trying their luck in this kind of sport, not only to get meat to help sustain their natural wants, but often to get some of the furred animals and with their pelts obtain money in order to supply their larder with such necessaries as could not be obtained from their farms. This was the case with my father, and the first of my hunting experience was going with him in the fall of the year to set up what was termed a "sable line."

Off east of where he then lived, his house being the last one east of Cookshire and where J. C. Bailey now lives, was our trapping ground. I was only seven years old then, but able to drag the sheep's head—used in scenting the trail—after my father, who with axe in hand was making a "blazed line" amongst the forest trees off in the direction of Megantic Mountains, stopping about once in 40 rods to split out some long spruce or fir chips which he would drive into the ground for a trap. Then cutting a small fir he would use the

butt end for a bed piece and the top as a deadfall, and making a standard and spindle which were baited with a partridge's head or leg, the trap was set, and it was then my duty to trail the sheep's head up to the trap that the sable might be induced to take the bait. The trap was then covered so that the bait could not be reached except by passing under the fall-piece. These traps were called "dead-falls."

In this way we would spot our line and set our traps until night overtook us, when we would make preparations for our night's lodging.

The first thing my father would do was to cut down a small hemlock tree and set me to work picking the boughs for a bed. One time my father was some distance from me cutting camp wood for the fire, and as it commenced to grow dark I got fearfully alarmed by some owls, who, seeing the camp fire, thought they would have a good time chattering to themselves in the trees above where I was working.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you have ever camped out and heard owls chatter and talk to each other you will not wonder that I was frightened.

My father saw my trouble and asked me if it was bears that I was afraid of, but he soon pacified me by telling me what they were.

This fright of mine often reminded me of the Irishman who had only spent one winter in this country. The man he lived with had a sugar place on the south side of Newport river, on the farm now occupied by Joseph Parker. His employer left him alone one night to boil sap, and after dark two of these owls came and perched in the

trees near the boiling place and commenced their nocturnal concert in such hideous language that the Irishman thought they were wolves, and that they were bound to make a supper off him.

His first move was to scream and holler, but this was only fun for the owls, and instead of having a tendency to stop their chattering only served to encourage them and the chattering was redoubled, and additional variations introduced in the music. Feeling confident that they were wolves and that they were jubilant over the prospect of a feast off his bones, he commenced taking the brands from the fire and throwing them towards them until the whole of his fire had disappeared. As a last alternative he took leg bail for the house, which was about a mile distant, where he told a pitiful tale of the fearful time he had in fighting wolves. He was greatly surprised when told what had caused his fright, and ever after to say "wolves" to him would put him in mind of the biggest fright he ever got, avin in ould Ireland."

Well, this has been somewhat of a digression from the subject of my story, but to proceed.

After our first night's lodging in the forest we made traps the next day, and then returned over our spotted line. Our first trip was not a profitable one, but this was my first beginning, and as soon as I was able to carry a gun and axe I commenced for myself.

When I was 13 or 14 years old I went into the woods and set up four dead-falls. I went over them a few times without finding any game but I made up my mind to go over them once more. This time I got

three sable out of the four traps, which was very encouraging. When I was nearly 13 years of age I shot my first partridge, and the season that I was 15 years old I shot between 80 and 90 partridges, in fact I killed so many partridges and other feathered game, that when I was married my mother presented me with a feather bed made from the feathers of such birds as I had killed. Partridges were so plentiful and tame that I have frequently shot six or eight within a distance of 10 rods.

I was once out in the blackberry swamp, and with a little stick three feet long, killed them by rapping them on the head.

When I first began to keep house I had to go down on the South river, in Newport, to cut hay, and going straight to my house at the close of the day, I would, like David, pick some nice smooth stones and put them in my dinner basket, and before reaching home several partridges would occupy the place of stones in the basket. I could then, with the strength of my arm alone, send a stone as straight as David did when he went to fight Goliath with his stone and sling. The stone that David threw, was, I think, directed by the Almighty, that he might slay his foe and to encourage the armies of Israel to trust in the God who always helped them when they trusted in His Almighty power.

I was always very lucky in hunting foxes, mink and muskrat. Foxes are very suspicious, more so than cunning. I once got an old fox baited, but he would always pick the bait from over where the trap was set. I finally got a second trap which I did not bait, but set it back from the other trap, and Reynard in trying to pick the bait off from the first trap backed into the second one, and so I secured him. He was an old rogue, had lost nearly all his teeth, and weighed 13 pounds.

Two of my relatives have caught foxes by setting the trap bottom up. They said that foxes would spring their traps by digging under them and then eat the bait, but by turning the traps they were secured.

One Sunday when I was 18 years old there was Divine service where the village of Cookshire now is, and after supper I went out into the orchard west of my father's place when a man called to me from the Bury road, at the sand hill, near the new cemetery, saying he had a bear up a tree. I went to the house and got my gun, and went to where the man was. It proved to be George Osgood, who lived on the place where Samuel Taylor now lives. As he was passing this place he saw an old bear and two cubs. The cubs seemed to be playing and were running up a large spruce tree. He ran to the tree when one of the cubs jumped down and made off with the old bear. The other had gone up about 45 feet and sat back on a limb. He presented a fine mark and I fired, cutting his backbone just back of the shoulders. The screech that cub made I verily believe could have been heard over a mile, but after that he fell lifeless to the ground. I loaded my gun as quickly as possible, expecting a visit from the old bear, but I waited some time without seeing her and then Osgood took the cub, which would weigh some sixty pounds, and started for his home about two miles distant. The old bear did not fyle an appearance.

The first bear I ever saw dead or alive

was some three or four years prior to the time I have mentioned, when I was living with a man by the name of Aaron Kimball, near where Samuel Taylor now lives. He had constructed a log trap near where the Bury road passes the Hollow, where the log houses were built for the English emigrants in 1836. This man sent me to see if there was anything in the trap, and I found a large bear which had been there several days. It was late in the fall, and the weather so cool that the meat was not injured, and a large quantity of it was sold to an Englishman by the name of Edward Nicholson who pronounced it good, and thought that our country people did not know what good meat was.

Another bear I helped to kill in Newport in 1832. One of my neighbors had lost an ox by disease, so we took part of one quarter, carried it to the woods and hung it in a tree about five feet from the ground; to which we bound it by strong withes.

The first night after a bear came and with his claws tore off some of the meat. We then set a steel trap under the bait and next morning found it gone. Several of us then rallied and commenced a hunt for the keeper of the bear trap. We soon found the trail and shortly came to a tree about as large a stovepipe, up which bruin had climbed. It seemed as though he had gone very near the top of the tree, but attached to the trap was about eight or ten feet of logging chain with a hook on the end of it. This trap and chain the bear had carried as high as he could safely go, and the hook had caught on a limb close to the trunk of the tree, so that in descending he became suspended by one of his hind legs, his head being some four feet from the ground. After punching bruin a little to wake him up we shot him, and suspending him from a pole carried him home.

HIRAM FRENCH.

Eaton, September, 1891.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

A Burial at Sea.

There is probably nothing that leaves such a solemn impression on one's mind, as to witness an ocean burial. I have been present on two such occasions. One was in May 1857, when on board the ship "Kent," on one of her return voyages from Melbourne, Australia, to London. Just before we left Melbourne a young and very sickly looking man, by the name of Fields, engaged as foremast hand for the trip. Capt. Brine told him that he feared he would be unable to stand the exposure to which he would be subjected in rounding Cape Horn, but as he was short handed, concluded to engage him. After leaving Melbourne, we headed directly south until we reached 60° south latitude, and from there we ran east, on the parallels of 59° and 60° until we were well east of the longitude of Cape Horn, before heading northwardly. The cold weather was too much for Fields, who was consumptive, and he was placed on the sick list. As we approached the tropics he became worse and as the forecask was on deck instead of between decks, I frequently went in, and had some conversation with him. He

said he had worked on the deep diggings at Ballarat, and had contracted a severe cold, from working so much in the water, which had settled on his lungs, and he had been obliged to lie by and place himself under medical treatment. All the money he had except a few pounds had gone to pay doctor's bills, and now he was trying to get home to where his mother and sister lived, in the West of England. They were in rather indigent circumstances and it worried him a great deal to think that he would only be an incumbrance to them, as he fully realized that his recovery was impossible. One evening nearly all the passengers were seated on deck when one of those heavy showers peculiar to the trade wind portion of the tropics,—in which the rain descends in sheets instead of drops,—drove us between decks. After the shower, which lasted nearly half an hour, we again went on deck, and there by the ladder leading to the forecask deck lay poor Fields,—dead. He had taken advantage of the main deck being clear, had gone out of the forecask and sharpened his jack knife on the grind stone which stood under the ladder, as shown by the marks upon it, and then and there cut his throat. His dread of being a burden to his mother and sister had been too much for him. During the night his body was sewn up in a hammock—heavily weighted—and shortly after daybreak next morning laid on a plank, the end of which passed through the gang-way, and as Capt. Brine read a portion of the Church of England Burial Service, two sailors lifted the inside end of the plank and all that was left of poor Fields disappeared in the depths, there to remain until the sea gives up its dead.

The other case to which I have referred was that of a young emigrant on board the ship "Plutarch" from Liverpool to New York, and who died of ship fever—or what was generally understood to be ship fever—on the 4th July, 1857. There was no delay over this burial. The body was consigned to the deep as soon as it could be suitably enclosed, and even the formality of a burial service was dispensed with. Strange to say this was the only case of ship fever which occurred during the voyage.

DIYDMS.

For Over Fifty Years

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A Story of Pioneer Life.

In the time of the American Revolution John Bishop, of Monckton, county of Addison, and State of Vermont, was taken as a prisoner to Quebec and when after a captivity of several years, as he was passing through Montreal on his way home, his attention was attracted by an advertisement offering one fourth of a township of land to any person who would start a colony of twelve families as actual settlers; and survey a township of land ten miles square. Having had his house in Monckton burned by the British soldiers, and property destroyed, he decided to try his fortunes in the Canadian wilderness, and chose, or had assigned to him the township of Dudswell, county of Wolfe, and Province of Quebec, as his colony. Before proceeding to the narration of the settlement of the colony, a few words relating to the family history of the founder, may not be out of place. John Bishop was a descendant of James Bishop, the first of the name in America, who, while in England had won the love of a titled lady, but although talented and intellectual as his subsequent career proved him to be, his marriage with her was forbidden by her parents. At a stolen interview it was agreed that he should go to America and she follow as soon as possible. Soon after his departure therefore, she collected her valuables in a large oaken chest, and managed to get on board a ship bound for America, and her ship outsailing his, she was

first to greet him on his arrival at Plymouth. They married and resided there for a time, but upon the settlement of Connecticut removed to New London, in that State, where he became secretary to the Governor of the colony, and after the death of the Governor acted in his stead for a short time. From thence, the family or some members of it, removed to Monckton, Vermont, where the oak chest before referred to, was kept as an heir-loom until the burning of John Bishop's, when it was destroyed.

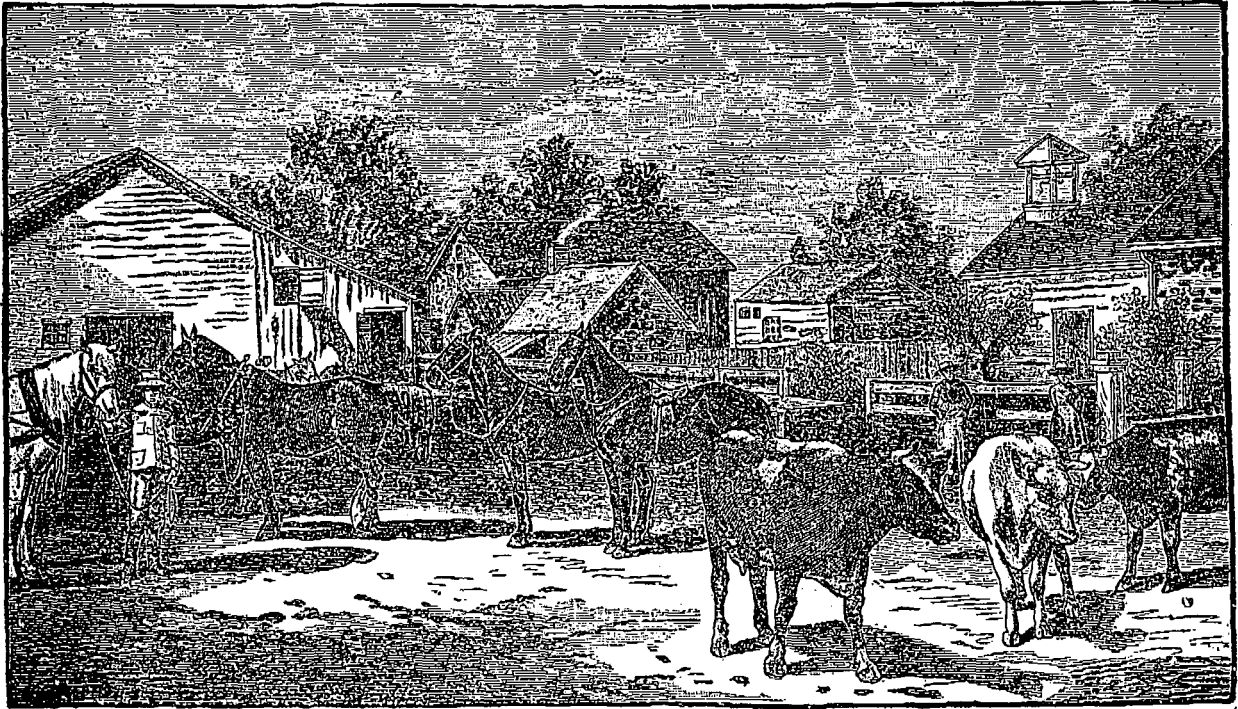
The settlement of the township of Dudswell is best described in the words of John Bishop's eldest son, Amos Bishop, my great grandfather. He says:

"About the 14th of Sept., 1800, my father with his wife and family of seven children, and his widowed sister and her son, started from Monckton, county of Addison, and State of Vermont, for Canada, a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, with a span of horses and wagon and two horses and saddles, driving three cows and carrying suitable provisions and bedding. We travelled four, six and ten miles a day, for three weeks, arriving at our home in Dudswell, October 4th, 1800, my father having previously visited the spot and made a small clearing, erected a log house and planted potatoes, turnips, melons, and corn, which had grown in great abundance so that we had enough to last through the winter, also oats and millet for fodder. We had left our waggon near the line between Stanstead and Hatley, with some of our goods which we afterwards brought on horseback. We had to cut out logs and trees from the road, wade rivers and streams, cut new roads around mud holes, and to hire help to get by bad places in the road, before we left our waggon. There was no settlement North of us for sixty or seventy miles, and to the South small settlements at Lennoxville and Sherbrooke.

We made a mortar mill in which to grind corn for bread and puddings, which answered a very good purpose, and caught fish and partridges and rabbits to be a help to us, and during the winter father journeyed to Vermont bringing back supplies. In the spring he went to get the necessary irons for a mill, but on the way home was stricken down with a fever, which after a

long illness proved fatal. Before his death a Mr. Main had come with his family, and with his assistance a coffin was made out of boards hewn from pine logs. There was no clergyman near, and the only funeral service was my mother's prayer. Some time after Mrs. Main had the misfortune to break her leg, and I was sent on horseback to Eaton for a doctor, but after a time as his visits were attended with great difficulties, it was thought best to take her to Eaton. She was therefore rowed down the St. Francis river to where it is intersected by the Eaton river, thence to her destination in Eaton, where she remained under his treatment for some time, but although her life was spared, the fracture never properly healed. Words fail to describe the hardships through which we passed during the earliest days of our life in Canada, but the Providence that watches over the widow and fatherless never quite forsok-us." In the course of time other colonists came to share the fortunes of my adventurous ancestors. Schools were started, and religious services held, although there was no resident pastor until about the year 1845, when an Episcopal clergyman came and shortly after a church of that denomination was built in the village of Marbleton. One of the chief events of these times was the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway which was celebrated in Sherbrooke with considerable festivity, and witnessed by numbers from the surrounding country. The earliest newspaper printed in Sherbrooke was the "*St. Francis Courier*" of which I have a copy dated August 6, 1833.

During the latter part of Amos Bishop's life he caused the body of his father, the founder of the colony, to be removed from its resting place near his house, to the cemetery at the foot of the beautiful sheet of water, known as Dudswell Lake. When I consider the improvements that have been made in our town, even of recent date as the building of the Quebec Central Ry., and soon after the opening of the immense lime and marble quarries, at what is now known as Lime Ridge; the opening of the flagstone quarries, and the building of the Upper Coos Ry., (now leased to the Maine Central Co.) and consider the facilities we enjoy for receiving news from all parts of the world, and also our educational privileges, it is a matter of wonder to me that the pioneer settlers were as intelligent and well-informed as they were. And that they were intellectual is proved by letters and other memorials of a like nature, in the possession of their descendants. I think the remembrance of those things should be an inducement to the young people of the present day to make the very most of their opportunities, so that when at the close of useful and pleasant lives, we may be able to account satisfactorily for the talents given us. C. A. B.



OUR DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]
AFTER MANY YEARS.

MY LAST CAMP AT MASSAWIPPI LAKE.

BY CALESTIGAN.

IN the early part of last July, I was invited by some friends to become their guest at Camp Olympus on the western shore of Massawippi. They would make me comfortable, they said, and I would again behold my old haunts, breathe the aroma of the balsam and the cedar, listen to the warbling of the forest songsters and as a consequence would emerge refreshed, from a state of hypochondriasm which for the past three years had been depressing my usually placid, contented mind and spirits.

Having accepted the kind invitation, I packed up some fishing-tackle, a change of underclothing, "a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit" and one boiled dickey and collar, and was just starting, as had been my custom, afoot with my pack on my back, when our minister, who is a worthy and considerate brother of "The Ancient Order of Fishermen," suddenly recollected that he had business at North Hatley and offered me a seat in his buggy, which I gladly accepted, not only as a means of reaching my destination without exertion of breath and limb, but also in the expectation of receiving much pleasure and edification from the reverend gentleman's conversation, for during my long life and varied peregrinations, I have become convinced that among the numerous, various, heterogeneous phalanx of "sky-pilots," the brothers of the "Ancient Order of

Fishermen," are, in their teachings and dealings with mankind generally, far ahead of the equally "Ancient Order of Pharisees."

After a pleasant drive of an hour's duration, we arrived at North Hatley, known to me in long past sporting days as "The Outlet," and felt surprised at the change wrought in a few years. From a group of half-a-dozen primitive dwellings the place has increased to the size of an extensive town, sparsely settled, 'tis true, but dotted in all directions with pretty villas, tastefully decorated, and built with a view that the lake and its beautiful scenery shall be ever present to the indwellers in its most entrancing aspect. A railway station, a steamboat, shops, attractive stores, and a large meeting-house, all combined to assure me that modern civilization with its mighty motive power, money, had accomplished this marvellous change, a change which to the old hunter, contrasted favorably with that wrought at the Capelton mines, only six miles distant, for here the face of nature had not been blighted. The hills were still verdant, the water pellucid and its crested waves then brilliant with the scintillating rays of the July sun. Driving over the bridge, I looked in vain, in the cove, for the old *day-out*. Its place was filled by several modern skiffs, while farther down the river rode a flotilla of boats, ranging from the pretentious sailing yacht to the elegant and buoyant Peterborough canoe. Past the corner on the old Wadleigh farm, I see a kiosk, or is it a bathing-house? And yes! there are my old friends, the two sister-oaks, and the familiar school-house, my old-time landmark for the salmon-trout ground. Onward swiftly trots my reverend friend's horse along the margin of the lake through

a beautiful grove of maple, birch, ash and alders through which peep temptingly, but unripe, sugar plums (sarvice berries) enough to fill the baskets of all the youth of the neighborhood, Antwerp raspberries, also unripe, border each side of the road, resembling, as they wave with the breeze through the graceful fronds of tall ferns, a vast tapestry of garnet-broidered green velvet. Up to the gravelly hills of Mr. Cull's rich farm—which is teeming with the treasures of benign Ceres—and we open out the lake in all its serene and radiant glory. Serene in its antiquity, serene in the depth of its waters, serene in the mysterious silence of its woods and rocky recesses, and radiant in the merry leaping of its emerald-color waves and fleecy canopy of moving clouds.

We pass Mr. Cull's beautiful cottage and dash down a steep hill into a gorge so romantic, weird and fairy-like that one could fancy being suddenly launched into fairy land. Crossing a brook on a rustic bridge, we turn sharply to the left and pull up at the residence of Mr. Henry Putney, whose pretty cottage occupies one of the most secluded nooks to be found on the shores of our Dominion *Windermere*. Here I am deposited by my kind pastor and friend, safe in body and fresh in mind, for a short walk through a dry cedar grove to the encampment of my friends.

A ten minutes walk brought me to the camp where I found the inmates which I shall designate as the Abbot and three sisters—an anomaly, I confess, for although they lived and slept in the forest, and their orisons were said under its leafy canopy,

No barefoot anchorites were they,
But more akin to friars grey—for—
"No baron, or squire or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar."



AN ONTARIO YARD.

I was warmly welcomed by the campers who installed me in the seat of honor and vied with each other in showing kindness and attention to the old hunter.

The Abbot showed, in the selection of the site and in the general arrangement of the camp, that he was no novice in such matters. Two tents, a large one capable of sheltering comfortably twenty people, and a small field tent for himself and male friends, were pitched on a dry plateau at the foot of the Keezar hill or mountain. On the one side was a cascade which showed by its rough and jagged sides that at times it became a mountain torrent; on the other side of the camp trickled out of the rock a cool and limpid rill of ice-cold water. Overshadowing the whole encampment grew large birch and basswood trees at such intervals that their dense foliage preserved a delightful freshness throughout the whole day, while the sun's rays had sufficient access to keep the area dry and comfortable. In front lay the lake, at the time, in one of its angry moods, a breeze having sprung up suddenly in the south and the white capped waves were chasing each other in the bay like a flock of sheep playing at leap-frog. Notwithstanding this commotion, however, the conventual yacht rode easily and gracefully in her leafy harbor, a contrivance of the Abbot's, ingeniously made by felling a couple of trees in such a position that the force of the waves was broken.

Having described the camping-ground, we will now enter the "living-tent." Drawing-room, refectory, pantry, ladies' bedroom, all in one, and, oh! I forget, for those looking-glasses and dressing cases full of funny odds-and-ends in yonder cedar bower remind me that a boudoir or dressing room is one of the "many mansions" of Mount Olympus camp.

A long table in the centre, the garniture of which would not have disgraced the Windsor, displayed a most appetizing dish of lake fish, tempting beefsteak, lobster-salad, sauces and condiments galore, and bore testimony to the good taste of the Abbot, and to the skill of the sisters, nor must I forget the display of fruits tropical and boreal, which were surmounted by a lovely bouquet of flowers nestling lovingly in the midst of drooping ferns.

At the head of the table sat in a comfortable camp chair the old hunter who whatever might have been his reminiscences of tin plates, tin cups, johnny cakes and burnt venison, his thoughts were evidently not then of a regretful nature, for he did ample justice to the good things "the gods had provided." After a night's rest on a comfortable couch of buck-boughs I arose refreshed and eager for a pull up the lake, and one of the sisters having signified her willingness to accompany, we embarked, I at the oars and the lady in the stern, armed with a long line to which was attached, as is customary with fair fishers, either on land or water, a *deadly spoon*.

Well and skilfully did my fair shipmate manipulate the gay deceit, two fine maskinnongés being brought struggling to her feet.

We pulled around Black Point which looked as dark and as stern as it did fifty years ago and returning, landed to see once more Jouskeha's (the sorcerer) cave, but alas! for time storms and decay; alas! for the vandals and iconoclasts nature's most sacred temples, the cave in which I had so often taken refuge from the summer shower and autumn blast had crumbled into the fathomless bay whose waters had laved its portal and the cavern which had for centuries been the temple of the

Great Spirit of the Algonquin and his mystic rites was now a blackened mass of crumbling lime-stone.

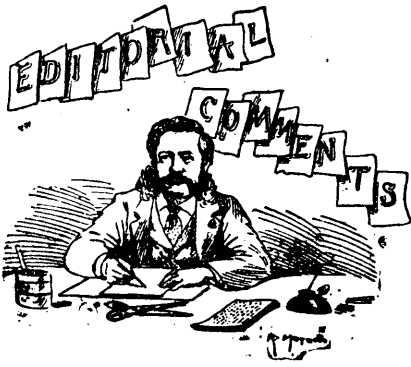
Pensively and hungry, we rowed back to camp where a sumptuous breakfast awaited us. The remainder of the day was passed as is usual with pleasure-seekers, the "douce-far-niente" taking up the greater part of the time. The evening was passed in rowing and visiting the camps of friends, and in watching the numerous tourists and *tourists* in gaudy costumes and flaming colored caps who flitted hither and thither over the waters of the glassy lake.

Three pleasant, happy days were thus passed by the old hunter at the lake he loved so well, even when its echoes had ceased to resound to the scream of the loon, the shrill challenge of the eagle and the reverberating roar of the lonely hunter's gun. Now, the merry laughter of youth rings along its shores, gaily painted skiffs glide upon its surface, but now, the graceful, saucy loon has left, the eagle no longer soars o'er the fish laden waters for the scaly denizens too are gone; the lordly salmon-trout, the bulky sturgeon, the silvery shad, all have disappeared before the march of modern civilization. Money and nets have done the destructive work.

Farewell! Mas-awippi, (*) the placid Tomefobi, (†) the fathomless. To me thou hast ever been the type of things to come—deep, impenetrable yet full of promise. The sparkling of thy waters, the voices of thy songsters, the perfume of thy forests, all of which I have enjoyed to the full in this my mortal life, will be continued to me merged in perpetuity in the delights of the ethereal to which I go—I go! Adieu!

(*) *Massawippi* is Algonquin for still water

(†) *Tomefobi* is Abenakis for deep water.



We are in receipt of a pamphlet entitled "The Experience of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the Spiritual Side of Life, as Related by Himself through the Brain-Impressibility of Mrs. Julia C. Franklin." She says that "to every man, woman and child who desires to come into a knowledge of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," this little volume is respectfully and lovingly dedicated by the humble scribe, amanensis or medium. It contains four communications from Mr. Beecher, in which he finds that his life work has been productive of more evil than good, because he swayed the minds of his hearers not by logic or reason, but by his psychological power born of personal power as a psychist or magnetizer, building up around himself a protective panoply, that no amount of wrong doing on his part could remove, and thinks that is why he is not in the midst of his admiring friends to-day. He says that every possible effort was put forth by Spirit Power in Combination to make him see the necessity for a change of base and to work in harmony with his best light. He admits that he was desirous of securing popular favor, and blames himself for striving to keep himself unspotted before the eye of the world, by living with one woman, *interiorly*, when he far more truly loved several others, because their life forces blended more harmoniously with his own, and to be in their society gave him more happiness. He says that he makes this statement in the face of a frowning world and is constrained to do so that man-made law not founded in harmony with the claims of truth may no longer curse this world with its sour, crabbed fruit—so sour and crabbed that the world is full of dis-

ease, early decay and death. The influence brought to bear on Mr. Beecher (and which has induced to him to see the error of his ways) by the Spirit Power in Combination as well as the extraordinary capacity of Mrs. Franklin as a medium for these revelations is demonstrated by communications from the spirits of Stephen Pearl Andrews, Alexander Von Humboldt, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, Marquis de Lafayette, Lucretia Mott, Frances Wright, Madame Roland, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and others. There are also some supplementary communications from Apollonius of Tyana, Confucius and the Spiritual Congress of Nations. Now we can hardly think that Mr. Beecher would make the revelations he has done, or is credited with, during the life time of any of those who participated in, or were connected with the scandal in which he was the principal actor, and although believing in Brain-Impressibility to a certain extent, we have attributed a good deal of it to the volatile nature of certain terrestrial *spirits*. That there is a means of communication between the spirits of those departed and people now on earth, is not only possible, but probable, but we believe that such communication is direct and not through any so called medium. Our faith in spiritualism is somewhat shaken by the fact that we haven't heard a word from our *quondam* friend George Barnard, notwithstanding his several promises to communicate with us immediately on reaching his destination. Perhaps he hasn't got there yet but is sojourning in the intermediate state. To speak plainly, Mrs. Franklin our humble impression is that somebody, or something, has been practising on your credulity, and that it wasn't Henry Ward Beecher who was operating the spiritual end of the telephone when you received the communications referred to.

"A Commercial Man" desires to express the hope that what he saw and heard the other day on the bank of the river below the Burton Brewery, will not prevent the same lady and gentleman from landing there on future

occasions. He is not in the habit of visiting the place, and it was only a desire to have his pipe and *siesta* in some secluded spot, "far from the madding crowd" that induced him to do so on the occasion referred to. In future they can "run the bank" to suit themselves so far as he is concerned and he wishes them a *boat temps.*

The Canadian Queen, Toronto, has our thanks for a handsome silver plated biscuit jar, valued at \$12, as a special prize on the Poetical Quotations contest. The final distribution of prizes will take place this month, and we expect to be able, in next month's issue, to acknowledge the receipt of a more valuable prize. In these newspaper and magazine contests, so far, we have received two \$30 silver tea sets, two silver plated biscuit jars and a silver plated pickle stand, and are now waiting to draw a house and lot, with a lawn attachment, before issuing invitations to a garden party.

September is pretty early in the season for the "*Winter* of our discontent" to show itself, but it did the other day at our Eastern Townships Agricultural Exhibition, and all because smoking wasn't allowed in the Main Building. We are pleased to know in the interests of the lady visitors, that this rule is strictly enforced and hope that the Association will lose nothing by the withdrawal of the exhibitor, and the *threatened withdrawal* of his exhibits.

One feature connected with the attractions of the Exhibition was the performance of three trained seals, who showed a degree of intelligence and capacity for training almost human. It would puzzle some of our Infantry Corps to obey and carry out orders as quickly and methodically as these seals, although we will admit that they might do it more gracefully. When we consider the apparently unwieldy proportions of the seal and know "they're not built that way" it is wonderful that they could be taught to go through such manoeuvres as ringing a bell, firing a gun, beating a drum, or

strumming a banjo, but they did them all, while one was educated to retrieve articles from the water tank as readily as the best trained dog. Perhaps the most cunning part of the performance was that of one of these seals, who would persist in beating the drum when the trainer turned his back, but was apparently asleep when he turned towards her. That the seal can be trained, or has a capacity for training equal to that of the most intelligent dog, is established by the performance of this "Seal-Skin Band."

Society.

His Excellency the Governor General of Canada. Lord Stanley, was presented with a civic address in the Art Hall, on Tuesday 1st inst., on the occasion of his visit to this city for the purpose of formally opening the Sherbrooke exhibition. A number of the elite of the city were present and were formally introduced to His Excellency who during his stay in Sherbrooke was the guest of W. B. Ives, M.P. He opened the exhibition Tuesday afternoon, in a happy, congratulatory speech and returned to Quebec on Wednesday night. The opening was baptized by a heavy rain shower immediately after the close of His Excellency's speech.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ives gave an "At Home," on Wednesday evening, which was generally understood to be a sort of "Home-Warming," of their near residence, the interior arrangement of which are said to be unsurpassed by any in the Eastern Townships. Some 300 guests were present on the occasion.

R. N. Hall, Esq., ex-M.P., has returned from England, and was present on the occasion of the reception of His Excellency the Governor General. Mr. Hall looks well after his trip.

Our reporter informs us that a very attractive looking southern lady is sojourning with her family at that beautiful sheet of water known as Massa-

wippi Lake, and that a young man of this city is one of her favored visitors. Now the youth of Hatley are gifted with a good deal of curiosity or a desire to see and know what is going on about them, and they established a system of *espionage* on the fair sojourner. The original settlers of Hatley were largely composed of U. E. Loyalists, whose principal characteristics were a determination to see, hear and think for themselves, and by a sort of Darwinian process, applicable to mind as well as matter, these characteristics have been developed in their descendants to such a degree as to induce them occasionally to pry into other people's business. The result of the *espionage* has been that on at least two occasions, the fair sojourner and the young man referred to, have been discovered in very compromising positions. Now the young man—if we know him, and we think we do—isn't possessed of the proportions of an Apollo Belvedere, but the fair sojourner may have discovered a manly form and beauty about him, to which the rest of the world is blind. As "distance lends enchantment to the view," our advice to her is to work in as much of that distance as she possibly can. Visions of an irate husband are opened up by every southern breeze and it is not difficult to picture the probable results.

Some other incidents which have transpired in this city if more particularly referred to, would be recognized as second hand matter, and interfere with the originality claimed for this journal.

Mr. Charles Hallock, of the *American Angler*, and the original promoter, proprietor and editor of *Forest and Stream*, so well known to the sporting fraternity (together with Mrs. Hallock) is on a visit to Sherbrooke and Magog, and will spend two or three weeks in this vicinity. For many years Mr. Hallock has made the habits and *habitat* of the fishes of our American waters his particular study, and he is one of the best authorities on this continent in connection with these subjects. Mr. Hallock is the author of

several works invaluable to the amateur sportsman, amongst which are "The Sportsman's Gazetteer," "Camp Life in Florida," "The Fishing Tourist" and "The Salmon Fisher." He will devote the greater part of his stay here towards collecting notes for future publication. We trust our brethren of the rod and gun will assist Mr. Hallock in entering a good many red letter days in his September calendar.

BOOK REVIEW.

"*Haliburton, The Man and the Writer*," is the title of a very interesting book, for a copy of which we are indebted to the author F. Blake Crofton, Esq., B. A. (Trin. Coll. Dublin,) Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia. It is No. 1, of the Haliburton Series, and is published under the auspices of "The Haliburton," a society established in connection with King's College, Windsor, N. S., with a view of collecting Canadian Books and Manuscripts and works bearing on Canadian History and Literature, of which Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, is the president. The subject of the Sketch, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, better known as Judge Haliburton, is generally recognized as the most prominent man that Canada has produced, and the author dealing gently with the Judge's faults and foibles, has happily illustrated from some of his writings, such as "Sam Slick" and "The Attache," his brilliancy as a humorist and another of his principal characteristics, a keen observance of human nature and his aptitude for drawing humorous comparisons in this respect. Even when on the Bench, the Judge had a strong sense of the ludicrous and could not help "working off" a pun or *double entendre*, when opportunity offered. Mr. Crofton's book is filled with extracts from Judge Haliburton's writings, showing the most prominent features in his character, and contains the author's interesting and instructive comments thereon. We congratulate "The Haliburton," on having secured the valuable assistance of Mr. Crofton in the "opening chorus" of the Haliburton series. He will be remembered by many of our readers, as having been connected with Bishop's College, Len-

noxville, some 25 or 30 years since. The following extract from Mr. Crofton's book will show his appreciation of Judge Haliburton's literary ability.

"That so young a country as Nova Scotia should have reared so great a writer as Haliburton is somewhat surprising. To what additional eminence he might have attained, had his earlier efforts been addressed to a more critical circle must remain a matter of conjecture. But it is not unlikely that he might have taken rank among the very greatest literary names of the century. had he had higher educational advantages and a more stimulating literary environment at the outset of his career.' Nova Scotia is noted for the marked ability of its literary men, but it seems that Judge Haliburton has held as a writer, the highest position yet attained, and that his work will continue to live after him. Within the last few years three of his works have been published by Geo. Routledge & Sons, London, and no less than six by another London house that of Hurst & Blackett. Mr. Crofton's book contains the most forcible passages from Haliburton's writings, giving the pages on which the same may be found, and is very valuable as a reference book. The price of the book is 50 cents, and we believe it can be obtained by addressing the Haliburton, King's College Windsor, N. S.

OBITUARY.

We are extremely sorry to be obliged to chronicle the decease of the Rev. Alfred E. Dufresne, Vicar General of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Sherbrooke, and who for over thirty years past has been identified with the growth and progress of this city. Mr. Dufresne was much esteemed and respected by his numerous friends and acquaintances, irrespective of creed or nationality. He took a very great interest in municipal improvements and will be much missed in connection with civic affairs—his counsel and advice being eagerly sought after and generally acted upon. Amongst the poor of his congregation will his loss be most seriously felt, as he gave liberally to those in want and distress, out of his own private means. *Requiescat in pace.*

EXCHANGES.

In none of our numerous exchanges have we noticed such marked improvement as in "Canada," a monthly magazine published by Rev. Mathew Richey Knight at Benton, New Brunswick. In a literary point of view the contents of this magazine have always been first class, but since its enlargement it contains a diversity of choice literature contributed by the leading *litterateurs* of the Dominion. The August number contains "Head or Heart," by Maude L. Radford; "At Last," by Rev. A. J. Lockhart (Pastor Felix); "Some American Ideas about Nova Scotia," by Sidonie Zella; "My Own Canadian Home," by Isaac Howie; "Montcalm and French Canada," a translation from the French of Charles de Bonnechose; "The White Cottage, or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada," by Mrs. S. A. Curzon; "The Salt Marshes," by Prof. Chas. D. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N. S. "The Lives of Men of Letters," by Chas. F. Newcombe, Toronto; "A Forager of the Floating Fields," by Edmund Collins; with a variety of humorous and editorial paragraphs. *Canada* is devoted to religion, patriotism, science and literature, and is published at the low price of \$1 per year. To extend its circulation—as well as our own—we will supply it and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* one year to *new subscribers only* for \$1, or to present advance paying subscriber for \$1.50. Both magazines will furnish valuable reference books in future years.

Mixed Pickles, published for Fun and \$1 a year, at David City, Nebraska, continues to supply the fun and the worth of the dollar. It will drive the \$ us appearance from the countenance of an ascetic or misanthrope, and cause them to "slop over" with goodwill towards men—and women too. With *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, one year, \$1.50. Direct as above for sample copy.

The New Moon, a people's magazine, published at Lowell, Mass., at \$1 a year, never wanes but is always full of interesting matter that exalteth its horns and entertaineth those on whom its light shineth. The August rising contains "My Dead Wife," "Bain and Company," "An Andante of Beethoven," "A Great Painter and his Model," and other stories, Editors Desk, Children's Chit-chat, House and Household, Literary Leisure, Mirthful Mention, Wisdom's Weavings, Answers to Correspondents, &c. We can supply it with *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, one year, for \$1.50. Direct as above for sample copy.

The American Indian is a monthly magazine published at Owen Sound, Ont., under the auspices of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, the membership in which is \$2 per annum. The magazine is free to members. Those desirous of becoming

members should send their subscription to J. F. Dumble, Sault Ste Marie, Ont. By the September issue we observe that the Rev. J. G. Brick, who was in trade in Sherbrooke a few years since, is a Missionary to the Indians on the Upper Peace River. His mission is situated on the river just 420 miles above Edmonton, which is his nearest post office. He considers himself lucky in getting two or three mails a year. He was once without a mail from the 14th June, until the following January.

The Household, formerly of Brattleboro, Vt., is now published at 50 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. It is now in its twenty-fourth year and has been greatly enlarged and improved. The September number is a particularly interesting one. The subscription price is only \$1 and at that price no housewife can afford to be without it. Those who do not know all they can get for so little money should address as above for a sample copy.

"The Keeper of Bic Light House" by Miss Maud Ogilvy, Montreal, free to new subscribers only, if five cents to pay postage is sent with the subscription, \$1.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

THE DEATH OF THE LEAVES.

They are fading fast, those beautiful leaves,
Still beautiful in their decay;
To see them departing, my spirit grieves,
But stern nature must have her sway.

Just five short months since they came into
birth,
Their advent with rapture we hailed.
Their color so verdant made lovely our earth
And the bare limbs of trees were thus
veiled.

They have sheltered us well from scorching
heat,
And have kept off the pelting storm;
They made for our flocks a pleasant retreat
When the weather was sultry and warm.

Behold them now changing from natural
green,
To yellow, brown, scarlet and red;
Some are so covered with spots that they
seem
As if o'er 'hem a life's blood was shed.

Now their missions fulfilled, their place
they resign
And gracefully fall to the ground;
With a gentle flutter and blushing face,
While the breeze blows them idly around.

Soon by the snow they'll be hid from our
sight,
No more their bright colors we'll see,
In spring they'll be crushed and covered
with blight
And new leaves will deck every tree.

Thus changes take place every day, every
hour,
In the kingdom of nature so grand;
Ruled, as it is, with such wisdom and power—
By Our Maker's omnipotent hand.



[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

A BEAR STORY.

Besides the other hardships to which the early settlers of the Eastern Townships were subjected they were put to great inconvenience and in those primitive days to very serious loss by nightly incursions of deer and moose amongst their growing crops, and the depredations of other wild animals, such as bears and wolves. I will try and relate something about a bear that made terrible havoc in the destruction of our domestic animals, sometime between the years 1823 and 1825. A large black bear at that time was the terror of our township of Eaton and the south part of Newport. This bear was a very large one, and baffled all our hunters, for he was always fond of his meals from fresh caught flesh; he would kill a sheep in the north part of Eaton one night, and the next that would be heard of him he would be in the south part of Newport; consequently it was of no use to set traps for him, and if traps were set, he always avoided getting in to them. When he killed any of the farmers stock, he would only take one meal and trust himself to get the next meal some where else. Cows, yearlings, calfs and sheep were taken by him always when hungry many a time he would be seen prowling round the skirts of our pastures looking for a supply to satiate his appetite. Your correspondent well remembers seeing him in the pastures for his game. He once killed a sheep on the place now owned by J. C. Bailey in Cookshire; it was just west of the buildings—in an orchard in the early spring; after killing a sheep, he took it up in his forearms or paws, carried it to a high rail fence and threw it over, then jumped over himself. I saw the prints of his claws on the top, I followed his tracks as he walked off with his sheep to the woods (then) now cleared land. After getting into the woods he walked on his hind legs and carried his game just as a man would carry a burden in his arms. I, then a boy some 15 years old, tracked him for one half or three fourths of a mile. He would, or did walk the whole length of trees that were fallen down, across hollows where the trees lay up some five or six feet from the ground. You may think it strange that I could follow him so easily, but in going through the thick bush I could see

the wool that would naturally be pulled out. How far he carried his sheep I am not able to tell, but when he came to a piece of burnt land where there was no bush, and the land hard and grown over with small bushes, I lost his track and had to give up the hunt.

My father once sent me after his sheep near night. I had gone, or was about 60 or 70 rods from the house, very near the woods when I found a sheep with some young lambs, but before I could get away with the sheep and lambs a large bear came out of the woods, and the first I saw of him he was within about 20 or 30 feet of me. Near to me was a large hemlock stump, I ran and got up the stump, and you may depend that if ever a boy made a noise, I did, for I screamed and bellowed at the top of my voice. The bear, when I began to scream and hallo, just walked back and hid himself in the woods. My voice soon brought some of my father's family to my assistance and relieved me of my fright, and I never left my stump tower till they did come. The bear was not seen again, but he came back on the farm and killed three lambs before morning. This bear that I have been speaking of, after creating such terror in and among our people, for several years, had been shot at, but never mortally wounded, but his end came at last. Soon after this a young girl had been to meeting on a Sunday, at what is now Sawyerville, and on going home in the p.m., she had to pass through a piece of woods for about half a mile. She did not know that she was in any danger, but when she came out of the woods, her father, Asaph Williams, and a young man name Ansel Mitchell were at Mr. Williams' house, and on looking down the road they saw the girl, Sophrania Williams come out of the woods and immediately after saw this bear following her; but as she had got so near home, she did not see the bear. Williams had an old flint lock gun which they loaded, and he and Mitchell, with the gun and an axe, started off with the bear; they very easily could follow him. The bear soon left the road and went down towards the river near the meadow (now the pond of the steam sawmill) where they came up with bruin. He did not seem anxious to get far away. Mitchell discharged his gun at the bear, but it did not disable him. He again loaded his gun and when ready to fire he could not get it off, as, being a flint lock, the flint had dropped out. Mitchell then took the axe and pursued the bear, and leaving Mr. Williams behind. Coming up behind him as he was stepping over a log he raised his axe and struck the bear on his back a most powerful blow. The bear turned round and faced Mitchell, when he again raised his axe for another blow at his game, but before the blow reached him the bear caught his axe and threw it far beyond the reach of Mitchell and as he undertook a retreat, the bear caught Mitchell by one arm and kept pulling up nearer to him and with his teeth was chewing up his arm and getting near his body. A little dog that Mitchell had was biting the bear so hard behind that he let go Mitchell to fight off this dog. Mitchell found himself at liberty, but before he could get out of reach of the bear, who had got rid of the dog, he turned, and with one of his fore paws struck at Mitchell who was trying

with all his might to get away, but one of the claws on the bear's foot struck the waist band of Mitchell's pants and rent one of the legs of his pants from waist to bottom. Mitchell began to despair of getting away, but just at this time Williams came up to see what Mitchell had been about. The bear now seeing that he had got two to encounter and the dog, gave up the chase. It had got to be so late in the day that they could not do any more without more help, they went home, and in the evening sent round and got as many of their neighbours as they could together, and in the morning of the next day they started out, well armed to finish what had been begun the night before. Bruin had made no effort to get away, but was found near where he was left. After firing a number of lead balls into him, they carried him out of the woods and exhibited him at Sawyerville, also brought him down to Eaton Corner, and after this the people had a time of rejoicing. Mitchell was so badly bitten by the bear that it was a long time before he entirely recovered. This bear was very large, and would, if it had been fat, have weighed 500 or 600 lbs.

H. FRENCH.

Eaton, Aug. 1891.

DON'T KISS TOO MUCH.

Telephore Goes to a Soiree and Tells What Happened to "Rosina" After the Party.—High Life in Montreal.

Not long time pass bye I was receive one invitation from mon bon frere for pass de soiree at her place on de Faubourg St. Louis. Dat's occasion on de feast of St. Katrine for veillez little, dance a little, make lateere a little and take something on de sly spot. (I 'spose you know what is it, no remarque necessaire.) My brudder'n-law also give to my girl, Miss Rosina Malo, one invitation for de same place. I hax it Rosina if dat she'll give me her company, but she make inform me dat she was engage for to make dis pleasure wit nodder monsieur, one Felix Lapiere, six-dollar-a-week's shoemaker from Ste. Cuneconde.

I must make you explain dat Rosina she was de thirteenth girl of one large family. Dat family, Malo, is make de apply for one hundred acre from de government, because she got twelve children and one for spare, dat's Rosina. Thirtheen, dat's had luck's number, and when I tell to you what she was happen Rosina bombye, you say dat's de trot for surely.

She was dere principlly Cleophas Tetreault—dat's avocot; Deodas Segouin, policeman; Cordelia Bourgouin, dressmaker; Ovila Cadorette—dat's profiser musique; Miss Albina Beauchamp, dat's mill'ner store; Miss Rosalie Pompom, foreman cotton factree; Miss Virginie Touchette, sell-de-glove-lady on Hamilton; Narcisse Asselin, Francis Cadeau, Baptiste Cadioux, Pierre Bouregard, Toussaint Trudeau (All Saints Waterhole), Napoleon Lussier, Marie Louise Tricotte, Georgiana Lasnoote, Elizabeth Tambour, Boss Latouche and de rest, about thirty peep.

After to make de salutation on hev'ry-body I haz de pleasure Lizabett Tambour for de quadrille. De musique was furnish by de play-fiddle-man from Marche Bonsecours. Dere was in de same quadrille

wit me Cadeau wit Albina; Lussier wit Marie Louise and Bouregard wit Virgimie. Miss Pompoom was hax for sing a song and she sing one call

"KISS ME QUICKLY, MODDER'S COME IN."

All de boy was laugh, and I can assure you dat she will be kiss quickly in de future, you let. De next was Recitation by Segouin. She recite "A Bird in de han' she can't gadder no moss." After dat nodder song, "C'est la douzaineque j'aime," by Cleophas le Avocat. Mon beau frere den call on Lamouche de proffser musique for song and chorus and she sing "Slap Bang, here it is again, some jolly pup is me." Cadorette wae request for make de Recitation and he gave it one he was compose about Rosina:

Dat's Rosina Malo, she was a pretty girl,
His face was full of freckle, his hair was full
of curli;
She have a dood also, she's name it was
Lapierre,
His face was full of freckle, also de curly
hair.

I'll forgot de rest, but dat's plenty fun
wit Rosina.

I notice dat Boss Latouche was make many trip on de sly spot and as I see he was feel pretty gay-tip-top, I propose one reel-a-quatre wit Narcisse, Francis, Baptiste and Boss Latouche. To be course Latouche was not know de trick of dat reel-a-quatre, so when dat's come for his turn for jump on de ring dat's much kick on behind by de odder tree. To be course hev'rybody was laugh and Latouche was mad like bull, but it was no use. She got for learn dat trisk some time. Dat's be tree or four day before she can't sit on his chair some proper way. De party was break up by de sing of de chorus,

"CLIME ON DE GOLDEN STAIR."

I was see that home Miss Georgiana Lasnoot dat's live to Ste. Cunnegonde. On de street she speak me, "I 'spose you'll taken sleigh," and I tell her, "Not dis evening, my blueberry pot. You'll walken' dat's make you fresh."

Dis is v. hat happen on Rosina that evening after the party.

De weather was soft and de lateere dat we eat at de party was stick on de moustache of de boys and de lips of de girls. Well, to be course, Lapierre make de escortment on Rosina who live on de Rue St. Denis. Rosina was domestique off dat place. Before to say good-night dey make embracement. De weather was come freeze at dis hour and Lapierre make so much kiss wit Rosina dat his moustache was stick so hard on de lip of Rosina dat she can't take it away. De policemen see dat and she say, "Hello! what you do here?" Nobody can make de explanation so she approached himself for see what it was de matter. When she see dat, it became necessaire for cut him. He take de two on de light electricque and she begin for cut. What you tink was happen? Well, I tell you dat for one facts de moustache of Felix was remain on de face of Rosina and now she has got de hengagement for go on Joe Forget for make it shave. Moral—Don't kiss too much some foolish girl.

TELEPHONE.

CARDS Name on 55 Floral and Hidden **10 CENTS**
Name Cards, and Agents Samples.
Address O. R. OLIVER,
cm. Eustis, Prov. Quebec, Canada.

The Manchester (England) *Guardian* refers to the "Description of Peel Park," by J. Cowin, as "A Literary Curiosity." As it will be interesting as well as instructive to many of our readers, we shall give occasional extracts from it. The pamphlet will be presented free to our advance paying subscribers who desire it, as with that view we have made suitable arrangements with the author, Mr. J. Cowin. The information contained in the foot notes will be found valuable when taken in connection with the entire work.

A DESCRIPTION OF PEEL PARK.

SALFORD, MANCHESTER.

With Copious Explanations.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Salford Corporation 1
Holds Peel Park's occupation,
At the Crescent's termination,
By the river's stream curvation,
With foot-bridge communication
Near the Broughton inundation,²
For re-invigoration,
During business relaxation,
By pure air inhalation
(With water-filtration),
On strong recommendation
Of medical persuasion,
For public recreation,
And their accommodation,
In every rank and station,
Of each denomination,
For 'holy contemplation,'
Or nature's admiration,
Or lad and lass flirtation
(With 'Forget-me-not' assignation),
Or babe's perambulation;
But, with this reservation,
That no Sabbath desecration,
Nor profane conversation,
Neither intoxication,
Nor tobacco exhalation,³
Nor canine innovation,⁴
Nor traffic negotiation,⁵
Nor fowl (fowl) mutilation,
Nor Gambling speculation,
Nor plant violation,
Nor flower pecculation,
Nor any spollation,
Nor any deprecation,
On no consideration,
Be allowed in th' plantation.

PLANTS.

With its floral ornamentation,
By judicious transplantation,⁷
And seed germination,
In shrub propagation,
With petal conformation,
And pollen's maturation,
And flowers of red carnation,
With its copious augmentation,
In botanic decoration,
And gorgeous vegetation,
In luxuriant variegation,
In gentle undulation,
And PLANT conversation,
Held in great reputation
(Without adulation),
And mammal preservation,
With fossil ossification.

GYMNASTICS.

The schoolboy's congregation,
In their playful exultation,
By petit 'see-saw' sensation,
And *slightly* exuberation,

And 'hey-day' gratification,
In romping prolongation,
Causing no consternation,
Nor the least trepidation,
In 'trapeze trick' vibration,
Of monkey imitation,
And 'swinging rope' gyration.
Of BLONDIN emulation,
And what's not in Euclid's mensuration,
Viz., youthful inclination;
And what *exceeds* BOLD'S notion,⁸
Self-acting 'parallel motion'! ¹⁰


CRICKET.

And Cricket exhilaration,
(During school vacation),
In gleesome exclamation,
By the 'eleven' confederation,
Versus 'all England's' determination!
By 'match' contestation,
And 'out' and 'in' (inn) alternation,
And Tom 'Bowling's' perturbation,
And 'stump' declamation,
With a little irritation,
And *wicket*(d) provocation,
(Showing symptoms of vexation),
By the 'bye' (boy) play aggravation,
With pantomimic gesticulation,
And also loud vociferation
Come bat and ball (combat and bawl),
'tarnation,'
Dick, 'stop your botheration'
For th' 'Inning's' computation.

- 1.—The Corporation of Salford hold a Trust for the supervision and management of Peel Park.
- 2.—A great flood in the river Irwell, causing considerable damage in Lower Broughton, on which occasion several families were rescued by the police and others, by being actually taken out of their dwellings in boats! An obelisk has been erected in the park showing the flood mark, an inscription thereon noting date of event, viz.: November 16, 1886. A most remarkable co-incidence being a similar great flood, also causing great damage, on the *corresponding day and month* several years previously! Mr WILLIAM MARTIN, of Manchester, has patented a self-raising sluiceway for facilitating the passage of flood-water.
- 3.—Smoking prohibited in Reading Room and Museum only.
- 4.—No dogs allowed in the Park.
- 5.—Offering goods for sale in the Park strictly prohibited.
- 6.—Injuring or defacing Specimens, Birds, &c., in Museum strictly prohibited.
- 7.—The flower-beds being beautifully and artistically re-arranged recently, and tastefully laid out (surrounding a magnificent fountain throwing up jets of water.)
- 8.—Mr. PLANT, F. G. S., being the name of the esteemed Superintendent of the Library and Museum, he being also the talented curator of the latter, and an eminent Geologist, having read an interesting Paper at the Annual Meeting of the British Association (Geological Section), held at Liverpool in 1870, on the 'Formation of the Rocks bordering the Rivers in Lancashire'; also being the Hon. Sec. of the Working Men's College, Salford, and widely known as an active member of many Scientific Societies in London and Manchester. He also holds her Majesty's Commission as an Officer in the Salford Volunteer Rifles.
- 9.—A Manchester Watchmaker of that name, who introduced an improvement in watch mechanism known as the 'parallel motion.'
- 10.—Exercising on the parallel bars.

FREE PREMIUMS.

To every new or renewal subscriber, to this Journal who pays the \$1.00 subscription price in advance, we will give as a free premium a year's subscription to any one of the following publications:
Canada, monthly, Benton, New Brunswick
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Vade Mecum, monthly, Salina, Kansas.
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 PARTIES answering any advertisement contained herein, will greatly oblige by mentioning this Journal.



AN ONTARIO VINEYARD.

The Lake St. John Country

SCENES AND SCENERY.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

[From the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, July 9, 1891.]



OME of the most striking pen and ink sketches of the scenery of the Lake St. John country that have yet come under my notice were shown a few weeks ago in the office of a Montreal publisher, but unfortunately, the process of reproduction did them very scant justice. The artist, who seems to have before him a very promising career, is a Quebec boy,—a son of Dr. Racey, formerly of this city. Arthur Racey was a High School boy until about four or five years ago, and his school-mates will readily remember the skill and facility with which he drew their portraits and produced caricatures of the masters. He is turning his peculiar talent to good account, and ought to make his mark as an artist.

If I was an artist, I would produce such engravings of Lake St. John and its surroundings for the *Chronicle*, as would send the whole of Quebec up there sight-seeing. I want it to be distinctly understood that no exaggeration would be indulged in, either. Ask anybody who has ever been there if this is not so? But unfortunately I am not an artist and never will be. Even had I been detected when at school drawing a caricature of the dom-

inie, I should probably have escaped punishment, for it would have been too much of a caricature to have permitted identification.

If Mr. Racey, or the late lamented Mr. Cruikshank, or his friend Mr. Leech could have delineated some recent scenes at Lake St. John, there ought to have been millions in it. The blank astonishment upon the faces of the Montagnais Indians of Pointe Bleue, for instance, upon the appearance of a handsome Montreal victoria and pair of horses, in gold plated harness, driving through their village, was a picture in itself. There are times when even the Red man is thrown off his guard and looks surprised without knowing it. It must have been well worth while to have watched the expression that played upon the faces of the Indians when the first railway train made its appearance at Lake St. John. It is always interesting to note the surprised appearance of American visitors upon their first arrival at the Roberval hotel. After travelling for nearly 200 miles northward from Quebec through woods and mountains, it is decidedly startling to come upon such evidences of advanced civilization and genuine nineteenth century American enterprise as this hotel affords. I watched a group of them in the hotel rotunda a night or two ago, and their look of wonderment, as the electric light was suddenly turned on in all its brilliancy, in the heart of this wild northern country, just as if it was some metropolitan hotel, was a significant tribute to the enterprise and energy of its proprietor.

The *Chronicle* has already printed a good engraving of this splendid hotel. The

city of Quebec would be fortunate if it had a summer hostelry anything like so good as the Hotel Roberval, or anything half so well furnished. Some time in the far distant future, Quebec may have a new hotel. Meanwhile, the Hotel Roberval has been already built and furnished and has become an accomplished fact, without any stock subscriptions or formation of joint and stock companies or meetings of shareholders or any of the thousand and one devices that would appear to have been conceived for the express purpose of resolving how best not to do it. While the questions of the site, of the stock, of the plans, of the tenders and subscriptions have occupied the attention of the supposed promoters of the Quebec Hotel scheme, Mr. H. J. Beemer has undertaken, single-handed, and conducted to a successful conclusion, his plans for the new Hotel Roberval. Why should he not do for Quebec what he has done for Lake St. John? It would surely pay him.

So far, most of the guests at the Hotel Roberval have been American anglers and others on their way to the fishing grounds of the Grand Discharge. The train from Quebec stops alongside the main entrance of the hotel, and the fishermen and others who are guests of the house, amuse themselves by watching from the piazza the disembarkation of newly arrived anglers with their thick rolls of rods and other paraphernalia for imposing upon the credulity of the finny inhabitants of the waters in these parts. The fishing tackle and rods that some individual fishermen bring with them from the United States into this country, are worth considerably in excess of \$500. A New York lawyer who has gone on a fortnight's trip up the Peribonca



AN ONTARIO ORCHARD.

river, has six to eight fishing rods with him, one of which cost \$90 and another \$50. He has four or five reels, one of which cost \$32, and flies, artificial baits and other tackle innumerable. The principal topic of discussion between the new arrivals and anglers just returned from the fishing grounds is naturally the nature of the sport and the description and names of the most killing flies. The relative merits of the "Jock Scot" and "Silver Doctor,"—both favorite flies for ouananiche,—are perhaps eagerly compared, while one angler enthusiastically dilates upon his success with the "Lord Baltimore" or the "Montreal," and another votes his favorite to be what was originally a "Coachman," but the white wings of which were cut entirely away by his guide,—Johnny Morel. The clipped "Coachman" is undoubtedly a good killer, its bronze-fuzzy body shining with splendid effect through its brown hackle covering. The picturesque character of these groups of anglers, lounging at night about the entrance of the hotel, is usually heightened by the presence of a number of Indian and half-breed guides,—some of them, perhaps, perfecting an engagement for a trip of a fortnight, or perhaps of a month, by canoe or portage, through the country lying between Mistassini and Lake St. John, giving information respecting the relative attractions of the routes up the Ashuapmouchouan, the Peribonca or the Mistassini respectively, and relating a variety of bear stories, never forgetting that of the English gentleman who presented his guide with a hundred dollars as soon as he had killed his first bear. The complete outfits for these camping parties, including tents, provisions and

guides, are furnished by the management of the hotel.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Hotel Roberval is monopolized entirely by fishermen. Far from it. Fishermen are not the only people in the world who are fond of luxury. As a matter of fact they would rather dispense with luxury than with sport. No necessity, however, in this part of the country to dispense with either. The Hotel Roberval is probably one of the most luxuriously furnished houses of its kind in America. The bed-room furniture is all either of birds-eye maple or of highly polished oak, and the beds themselves cannot be surpassed anywhere. The dining room is 80 feet long by 40 wide, profusely decorated with tropical plants, and lighted by electricity. In fact the whole house is supplied with the electric light. You press a button in your room and you have the light in it. You press another at the head of your bed and you ring an electric bell in the office. The cuisine, the menu, the service, is all of the best, and the Superintendent, Mr. Kenna, is unsparing of self in his efforts to promote the comfort of guests. A concert hall, billiard room and bowling alley are now in course of erection, and there is a bathing house on the beach and pleasure boats and canoes upon the lake. Amongst recent guests registered at the hotel are Mr. C. R. Miller, editor *New York Times*, and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Beemer and Miss Dufresne, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fry and the Misses Fry and Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Richardson, Quebec, Mr. J. F. Vesey Fitzgerald, England, R. G. Mitchell and George Newbold, N. Y., J. L. Chamberlain, Rochester, New York, J. H. Osborne, Auburn, N. Y.,

J. H. Botterell, Quebec, E. H. Botterell, Montreal, F. Fairman and John Nicholls, Montreal, W. Lake Marler, Ottawa, Revd. C. Bancroft, Sutton, E. McCarthy and Geo. B. Greenway of Syracuse, and C. M. Lea and A. H. Lea of Philadelphia. The Hotel Roberval is bound to become a popular summer resort for families. In addition to the electric light throughout the building, the grounds in front of it are brilliantly illuminated with no less than six arc electric lights.

Having recently returned from Lake St. John, we can cordially endorse everything contained in the foregoing with reference to the Hotel Roberval and the urbanity and courtesy of its manager. Mr. Kenna isn't ubiquitous—as you often find him absent from his office desk—but he has a happy medium of making his presence felt, and having his orders obeyed in every part of the establishment. We didn't hear the bear stories referred to, but a story of that region would be a bare one without them. —Ed.

There is plenty of church accommodation at Roberval. Outside of the Roman Catholic Parish Church, there is the Catholic Church for the Indians at Pointe Blue and the new Protestant Church at the same place. Service is now held in this latter, although it has not yet been consecrated. On Sunday last, Divine Service was conducted in it by Rev. C. Bancroft, Rector of Sutton, who was a guest at the hotel. Not only the Protestant Indians but several guests from the hotel were present, and Mr. Wilson, the factor or agent of the Hudson Bay Company at this post, presided most efficiently at the organ. Most of the Indian worshippers in this church were

baptized many years ago at Moose Fort, James Bay, by Bishop Horden, of Moosonee, and some are to be confirmed to-day by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. They are now ministered to by Rev. Mr. Stuart, of Three Rivers, who visits them about once a month, but for many years they were without either church or missionary, except such simple though earnest and much appreciated service as was regularly conducted for them at her own home by Mrs. Cummins, wife of the former agent of the Hudson Bay Company at Pointe Bleue. Mr. Cummins is now in business for himself.

Some of the catches of ouananiche this season at the Grande Decharge have been exceedingly plentiful. Mr. J. H. Botterell, of Quebec, returned on Monday from his sixth annual visit to the Discharge. He was accompanied this year by Mr. E. H. Botterell, of Montreal, and by Messrs. F. Fairman and John Nicholls, of the same city, and the party took over a hundred fish. The largest fish taken out of the Discharge last week was killed by one of the Montrealers and weighed 5½ lbs. A New York gentleman who was fishing there on Saturday last hooked a good fish, when to his dismay and that of his guide, they found that they had forgotten the landing net ashore. The fish in question relieved them of their embarrassment by jumping, in the course of his contortions, right into the canoe of his captors. Mr. W. Lake Marler, formerly of Quebec, now manager of the Merchants Bank at Ottawa was at the Discharge with Rev. C. Bancroft of Sutton, while Mr. Botterell and party were there and also enjoyed excellent sport. So did Messrs. R. G. Mitchell and Geo. Newbold of New York. Amongst others who have had good success this season so far with the ouananiche, may be mentioned Messrs. J. L. Chamberlain, of Rochester, N. Y., and J. H. Osborne, of Auburn, N. Y., members of the Alma Club; Mr. Coates and party of the Springfield Club; Mr. John Mackay and Mr. L. S. Odell of Quebec, and Messrs. Flanders and Nowell, of the Boston & Maine Railway. Mr. C. R. Miller, editor of the New York Times, and Mrs. Miller went to the Discharge on Sunday last for the third consecutive season. Mrs. Miller is an ardent and successful angler and last season killed a ouananiche weighing nearly 6 pounds. Other fishermen and ladies now at the Discharge are E. McCarthy, son of Senator McCarthy and Geo. B. Greenway, of Syracuse, C. M. Lea and A. H. Lea of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lawrence jr., and Miss Lawrence of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kimmont and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Choate of Detroit, and W. E. Geger and B. L. Fox of Oneonta, N. Y.

It has become quite the popular thing this season for anglers at the Discharge not to re-cross Lake St. John, but to shoot all the passable rapids of the Saguenay to Chicoutimi and return to Quebec by steamer. No less than nine canoes made this trip to Chicoutimi last week. There is another canoe route to Chicoutimi that ought to become exceedingly popular by reason of the excellent fishing to be had en route. This is through Lake Kenogami, which abounds in splendid trout. The trip would occupy two days. It was by

this route that Father De Quen, the discoverer of Lake St. John, reached the great inland sea that the Indians then called Pigonakama. There are innumerable trips for camping parties in this great northern country. Messrs. E. J. Myers, barrister, of 237 Broadway, N. Y., and A. W. Kochler, of 40 E. 64th Street, left on the 5th inst., with four Indians in two canoes for a hunting, fishing and camping expedition up the Peribonca river to last fifteen or twenty days. Others have gone back from Roberval, a journey of a day and a half up the Onatchonanche river, where, in the lake whence it flows, are to be found trout in profusion, of four and five pounds in weight.

One of Roberval's advantages as a summer resort is the facility and comfort with which it is reached. The end of the railway is wonderfully smooth and good, having been of late considerably improved, and the rolling stock is all of a superior class. The Monarch parlor and sleeping cars "Bertha" and "Margaret" are the very acme of perfection so far as comfort is concerned, and are run upon all through trains. Under the energetic management of Mr. Henry Harris they are doing a large and lucrative trade. In day time they make splendid observation cars, from which can be viewed to the best possible advantage the charming scenery of the Batiscan, and the bold mountain sides whence are quarried the elegant blocks of granite now being brought to town for building operations, which take a polish that would render them worthy of a place in the quarters of a Count.

But, as I said when I first dipped my pen into the inkstand, I never was an artist and never expect to be. Mr. Livernois is, however, and those who are fond of beautiful pictures should call at his studio and examine his new collection of photographs of the Lake St. John country; or, better still, buy a ticket for Roberval and take the train to Lake St. John to see the originals for themselves.

O
[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]
SONG.

O do ye think o' the auld hame,
 Brither, dear?
O do ye think o' the auld hame,
 When th' e'enin' hour is near?
When the sun frae the lift is sinkin'
 Do ye drop a fear
For the auld time an' the auld hame,
 Brither, dear?

O do ye dream o' the auld hame,
 Brither dear?
O do ye dream o' the auld hame,
 When the gloamin' time is near?
When the eye o' the west is burnin'
 An' the fear seems near,
O do ye dream o' the auld hame,
 Brither, dear.

O do ye find i' the auld hame,
 Brither dear—
O do ye find i' the auld hame,
 When the e'enin' hour is near,
The auld father an' the mither?
 Ah! for mony a year
They've been gane awa' frae the auld hame,
 Brither dear!

O do ye sigh for the auld hame,
 Brither dear?
O do ye sigh for the auld hame,
 When the musin' time is near?
When the star o' twilicht glistens
 Does it seem to speer
If there's ae time like the auld time,
 Brither, dear?

PASTOR FELIX.

AMONG THE CANADIAN WILDS

The Home of the Amabellish Club.



OUR friend, Kit Clarke, in his usual roisterous, yet picturesque and graphic manner, describes his journey to, and sojourn at, Lake Amabellish as a guest of the club of like name. The members of this association hail from Springfield, Mass., and, as in duty bound, Clarke sends to their home paper, the *Republican*, his descriptive notes, a copy of which, however, he kindly furnishes us for publication, and here it is:

To reach the preserve of the Amabellish Club the first requisite is a parlor, sleeping and baggage car, and a special train from Springfield to St. Louis de Chambord, P. Q. Canada. After this the rest is easy. It merely requires the aid of two strong Montagnais Indians, a birch canoe and a stroll of twenty-five miles by woodland trail and watery path—and there you are, if you manage to hold out. The front end of the journey from Chambord is by way of the tough buck-board and an equally tough and rocky highway playfully called a road. Who instigated the allegory, or why it was called a road, is "one of those things no fellow can find out." It is crazy and villainous to a degree, with patches of reckless corduroy, bottomless mud holes and mountainous sand heaps, logs, balky stumps, and various other quaint inventions well calculated to shake up a man and breed an unlimited array of democratic language. You ought to be there a few moments and hear it. You'd have lots of fun.

But, like all long lanes, this shocking road has an end, and it is reached at the saw mill, with its surrounding settlement of a dozen houses. Curious to relate, people live here. Why they do is a deep mystery, but that they do is undeniable, because they have actually been seen. Perhaps upon the ground that they must live somewhere this ground has been selected. The only visible vegetation seems to be rocks—cultivated to a degree of perfection rarely attained elsewhere. The Metabetchonan River, below the saw mill, is simply a flood of wild and foaming rapids; above, for a distance of two miles, it is smooth and unrippled. At the foot of this stretch of quiet water stands the canoe shed of the club. Here snugly nestle some two dozen birch bark canoes; and here they rest in peaceful seclusion during the nine-months of winter with which the country is blessed. The canoes richly merit their long rest, for when the June days are born the poor canoes begin to lead a wearing career. They are tossed about upon the volatile waters, dragged through the forests bumped against stumps, rushed through rocky rapids, carted upon buckboards and dead-axe wagons, and upon the whole lead a miserable existence. No boat save the balky yet ever-friendly birch canoe could possibly exist under such treatment. The ignoble and scurvy buckboard is left at the canoe shed, amid deep-rooted joy, and with the paddle in the hands of a muscular, healthy and ugly-looking Indian, we start up the two-mile stretch of smooth water toward the first portage.

The scenery along the river is wild, romantic and pretty, and the canoe glides along softly and peacefully. Nature this morning is decked in her loveliest dress. You lie back in the canoe, forget that awful road, and finally conclude that this is a pretty good sort of an old world anyhow. Then you ask how far we are from the landing. The guide gives no reply. Presently you ask again and get the same answer. You turn around—look out! this is a canoe and needs watching. There, that's it. "How far is the landing?" The man shakes his head. He understands no word of English, and as you are unacquainted with Indian talk, there is nothing left but to again lie back in the canoe and deliberately shut up. You admire the beautiful surroundings, and pretty soon you sing "Annie Rooney"—if you know how. The Indian will stand it, and you are safe. When the voice gives out you whistle—he will stand that too; then load and light a pipe of tobacco. There's a dream in that cloud of white smoke—a marvelous reverie. Home, parents, wife, babies—all rise up in a blessed vision. Suddenly the canoe runs ashore and you step down upon the earth again. You know it is the same earth you have met before, because there is a tidy little four mile "carry" right before you. Yes, it's four miles, I'm sure of it. The taciturn Indian pulls the canoe ashore, packs the traps beneath the braces, lifts it to his head bottom up, gets an even balance and trots off. You follow slowly at first, then you hurry along in order to keep your property in sight, and incidentally to have aid at hand when you meet a bear. The procession is unique. The grotesque reversed canoe piloted through the heavy forest by the agile guide presents an eccentric appearance, and would create a profound sensation upon Main Street. You—which in this instance means myself—follow in the path with the obedient Kodak slung from the shoulder, ready and anxious to fasten and immortalize any stray scenes of beauty that may come into view. None comes. Brush, stumps and trees alone meet the eye, and the woods are full of them. Not even the twitter of a bird is heard in this lonely wilderness. The solitude is stately, wonderful, impressive. And so the silent and sequestered parade continues for an hour, when the canoe is gently laid upon a bank of moss beside a purling little brook, whose waters, tasted from a birchen cup, are pure, sweet and cold as ice. We sit upon a log, light a pipe puff away and watch each other in a profusion of silence. The Indian raises two fingers, and that begins and ends the conversation. It means that we have two more miles of "carry" to cover, which is surmounted without incident.

The canoe is launched and away we go over little and pretty Lake Le Carpe, something like a mile in length. Another portage of ten minutes' duration brings us to Lake Amabellish. It is a boisterous sheet of water to-day, and the north wind is vigorously chasing white caps over its six miles of surface. The Indian utters not a single grumble as I place myself down deep in the canoe, for he observes that I have arranged myself properly to ride a heavy sea. He imagines that I have been there before, and he is right. Yes, many a time and oft has such friendly craft car-

ried me in safety over turbulent waters. The canoe dances from wave to wave, and the white caps crowd together and disport gayly as we glide along in the trough, and anon upon the crest of the troubled waters. It is a weird and wild sight, made more exciting by the knowledge that but a film of refractory bark separates us from some very deep and very damp water. We dance along giddily but safely until we reach the landing. Not a soul is in view as I step ashore and walk to the house, but when the threshold is crossed—well, they were all there! "Here," said Brewer, "take this; you need it." I took it meekly, and it was good. Then I surveyed the tableaux. It was picturesque in the extreme. Some of the boys were stretched at full length upon the beds smoking; others were tucked away in big easy chairs reading and swapping reminiscences, while a valiant few were deeply involved in the mysteries of a bout at "penny ante." On the whole the world seemed to have gone very well with them. Indeed, how could it have been otherwise in this peaceful log camp in the olden forest? Then followed a tour of the "lay-out." I visited the dormitories, dining hall, store room, ice house, guardians' home, guides' house, smoke and crow house, and the bath house, for, be it remembered, here, with a lake full of pure water—Nature's ideal bath tub—these aristocrats of the woods must forsooth build unto themselves an artificial place of ablution. Don't touch it, boys; the lake is good enough for anybody. Its water is delicious to the palate and refreshing to perfection as a bath tub. I tried it and can freely recommend it. The water fit to drink is the water to bathe in under all circumstances.

Some four years ago Damon Coats paid me the honor of a visit, and plied me with a series of questions about the wilderness and waters about Lake St. John. I had but just returned from that country, and the information in my possession was at his service. He went home to Springfield, and with Edward S. Brewer started northward on a tour of inspection. The result of that journey was the organization of the Amabellish Fish and Game Club of Springfield, and the work they have since done in completing their woodland home has been monumental. The nearest railroad point is at Chambord, fully twenty-five miles distant, and from which everything is transported. This has necessitated many winter journeys, and winter in this high latitude means winter "for keeps." Yet few camps are better supplied with requisites, while luxuries and "tossil grease," even unto "silver top," and the famous and successful vintage of 1850 grace the rough-hewn side board. The *bonhomie* and good-fellowship bred among such surroundings is measureless, while the merriment, the recreation of angling, the plain but solid food and the delicious repose at night are sturdy foundations for a long lease of good health. The days are spent upon the water coaxing big and boisterous trout from the depths, and the nights are devoted to the most refreshing slumber, enhanced by an atmosphere laden with the fragrance of balsam—the best air to breathe that floats about this world. On Friday, June 19, came a telegram saying: "Ten of us will reach Chambord Saturday morning by special train: Henry S. Dickinson." This

message was read upon the piazza, and three stout cheers went up for "Hank." Ten of us, with guides, were already in camp, including a cornetist from the quiet lanes of Brooklyn, and at his instigation it was then and there decided to give the newcomers a cordial reception. They got it, and they will never forget it. The party were due to reach camp in the afternoon, but, in order to head off a surprise, a man was stationed in a canoe with instructions to keep a sharp lookout and report anything suspicious. "They're a-coming," reached our ears at 3 o'clock. Instantly every canoe in camp was manned, and with flags flying (handkerchiefs, towels, shirts and any colored garment served as well) we sallied and sailed forth to greet the boys. The cornet tooted—it was awful, but it tooted anyway—tin pans were beaten and loud huzzas filled the air as we rushed down upon the invaders. It seemed as if the lake had been overrun by wild men, for the tumult and uproar were simply indescribable. I doubt if a similar celebration can be found upon record, and when another occurs I want to be there waving a flag. Salutations, hand-shakings and short stories were exchanged as our flotilla of birchies dodged around and between each other to the sad tooting of Lody's B flat cornet, when the order came to paddle for home. It was a stately procession of canoes that paddled down that lovely lake—the strangest, the rarest ever seen. When we reached camp a sight met the eyes of the boys that rather surprised them, and indeed would be difficult to equal, for nailed to an array of boards were nine spotted trout weighing in the aggregate over forty pounds—the catch of the previous day. Not the entire catch either, as many small fish were returned uninjured to the water. I have dropped the deceitful artificial fly on a multitude of waters in various parts of the world, and have gloated over many rare displays of big *fontinalis*, but never have I seen so many massive, even monstrous trout at one time as were taken from Lake Amabellish on this memorable occasion. My Kodak got in its work, and the picture of those wonderful fish will fill many eyes with admiration.

The canoes were lifted ashore, the various boxes, bundles, rod cases and other weapons were conveyed to the piazza, some little scrubbing and brushing followed, the soda water went its invigorating round, and all proceeded to surround a merited and needed supper. "Any mosquitoes around here?" asked Senator Goodrich—we called him Senator for short. "No; nothing but trout." "Then what's all that netting for?" "Oh! that's for the ballet." "Ballet! what ballet?" "Never mind; it's all right." He confessed during the next day that the tarlatan was really a big thing, and that the ballet, under special conditions, was a bewildering success. Patterson's guitar, Goodrich's banjo and Smith's cornet composed the orchestra, the harmony of which, being joined by sundry and various examples of alleged voices, produced a melancholy effect. Frank Wetmore volunteered to sing "The Song That Broke My Heart." We listened with exemplary patience, but he succeeded. It was his only ballad. Then Patterson sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold." It was an exquisite production, but alas!

the man was permitted to live. However, when Ed. Coats, Nightingale, Bryan and Parkhurst undertook to sing "Sweet Violets" in unison, the audience felt it deeply and began to manifest evidences of insubordination. Still the vocalism continued, while flying boots, hair brushes and other quaint offerings produced no quieting effect. The quartette had been through many fierce affrays before, and such little things did not seem worthy of notice. They sang right on, and the boys, observing the way matters stood, stole away to bed. Yes, to bed, but not to sleep—at least not to any alarming extent. Is it possible to suppose that any man would be allowed to sleep on such a momentous occasion? Looking backward upon the cheerful events of that notable night, I confess it is a matter of difficulty to recall the most interesting of its many unique incidents, but perhaps the Carmencita ballet won the most profound admiration. It was an inspiration and a howling success. To describe the gyrations of this woodland masterpiece and its concomitant laughter is utterly beyond the limits of ordinary English. It occurred upon the verge of daybreak, the hour when all good boys should be asleep, and all of us at once went to bed.

After that illustrious night we fell to fishing and worried many noble trout, and devoted the evenings to reading, writing, smoking, listening to Parkhurst's fairy legends—which were tidy and thrilling—and to playing "seven oad" for apples "agin" lemons. With Sunday came the spirit of dear old New England, and all games were suppressed. Nailed to the wall of the club's principal room is a plainly printed legend reading, "Remember the Sabbath day." It was remembered, and was a day of peace and absolute rest. The next day, Monday, the boys were up with the loons ready for business, and it came like a cyclone. A tremendous sensation was produced by a remarkable discovery. Some of the boys had been fly casting, and *mirabile dictu!* they had actually caught a caribou. Nobody had ever dreamed that the caribou would rise to the fly, and nobody believed the story until convincing evidence was produced in the shape of a tuft of hair from the beast's hide. It seems the animal was swimming across the lake when discovered, and some half dozen canoes speedily formed a circle around it. Upon closing in one of the boys cast a red hackle which factened upon the tail of the caribou. "And," said he, in relating the incident, "you just ought to have seen that tail wiggle. The fly loosened but brought with it a tuft of gray hair, while the animal, after joining the boys in the excitement, was set on its way rejoicing. It quickly disappeared into the forest, and it's dollars to doughnuts that it will not "monkey" around there in a good while.

A week at the Amabellish passes away quickly and pleasantly, time never lagging for the want of an exciting or interesting incident, and perhaps some of the joys of the past June may find relation and illustration in a volume suggested by one of the merry crew to be called "The Heart of the Sucker." It would prove a memorable work. The writer has elected himself an honorary life member of the club, as will be found in the records, principally because it is less expensive than being an ac-

tive member, which requires "putting up," and also because, from a long and varied experience, he knows a good thing when he grasps it.—*American Angler.*



"Deed then, Mr. Didymus, I'm glad to see you. It's a long time that I didn't see you. Wherever have ye been mo' dear?" "Oh! how d'ye do Mr. Fitzpatrick, I'm glad to see you. I've been off at Lake St. John, *Ouaniche* fishing." "That I may niver sin, but that's a quare fish intirely if I may judge from the name. What is it at all, at all? Is it an alligator, I don't know?" "No! I'm the *allegator* in this case, and if you'll believe my allegation it's as fine a specimen of a game fish as you ever saw in the Liffey. It's a regular fresh water salmon only there's twice as much game to it." "Faith! I don't doubt you, but it's the name that bates me. Who iver christened it wininish? That's a haythenish name for a fish." "Well, I think the Indians that christened it were heathen at the time, but the name has stuck to it ever since." "Upon me soul the man that invented the name deserves to win-a-niche in the temple of fame so he does." "He has, for the name will live as long as the fish. No other name seems to fit him, and he isn't found anywhere except in the lake St. John region." "D'ye tell me so? Well, that's quare intirely! How do you account for that?" "I hardly know how to account for it, still I think they were originally the *salmo salar*, and that they passed up the rapid waters of the Saguenay and remained there until their habits became changed." "But sure wouldn't they want to get back to the salt water like any other salmon?" "I don't know. That is the general impression, but a party who owns a pond in Barnston, tells me that he has salmon in his pond grown from fry which he obtained from Mr. Wilnot, the fish hatchery man in Ontario, and that they appear to have become accustomed to it and show no disposition to jump the netting at the outlet." "Well, that bates all! Faith I'd like to get a fry out of him. I mane out of the salmon. They're a nate ating fish anyway. It'd do you good to ate the salmon that comes out of the Shannon. Sure they haven't anything in their country to come up to it for taste. But I see you're in a hurry. I've got three brace of partridges here that you may have for a dollar and a quarter." "Well they're nice looking ones and they're not filled with shot like a good many that's brought on the market. Where did you get them?" "Between my place and the Magog. There's quite a few of them in there an' now's a good time to get them before the boys finish harvestin'. There won't be many left after that. Thank you! There's seventy-five cents change. Come out! You'll find a bite an' a sup waiting you."

"Fo' su' dat M'sieu Feets-pat' she'll shoot

beaucoup de perdrix, mos' hevery day she'll got some patrix, wot you call? Oui! patrix! Mos' all-a-sam en Francais, perdrix, patrix. Oui! Don't mek pooty mooch difference, aint it? M'sieu Feets-Pat, she'll bee one goot shoot fo' sure, avec le fusil, le gun-shoot. Mese one tam, she'll shoot one perdrix, w'en she'll don't see heem. La perdrix he'll be l'autre bord one beeg spruce tree on Jack Parks' camp. M'sieu Feets-pat she'll shoot an' she'll sweeng le fusil all-a-sam tam, an' sweeng de shot roun' de tree, an' fo' su' she'll mek keel dat perdrix, toute a suite. Toutes les hommes she'll say she don't nevare see somting lek dat befo'. C'est vrai! Oui M'sieu! Mo see dat masef. Mo tole ma femme. He'll tole you all-a-same comme moi. Anoder tam me see M'sieu Feets-Pat, she'll shoot one beeg black crow a la maison de M'sieu Park' Nagle. Dat crow he'll don't be pooty close I tole you. He'll be pooty long way closeby. M'sieu Nagle she'll say don't can heet that crow. M'sieu Feets-Pat she'll tole me she'll peeck dat crow one semaine after dat, mo' den tree mile—trois mille, oui, near dat sam' place, an' dat crow she'll become dead lek nothing." "I don't believe it, bon homme!" "Oui! M'sieu Prospy, c'est vrai, fo' su' na femme he'll tole you all-a-sam. You want some h'eel, M'sieu Prospy? Bien bon pour le manger! Cotch heem hon Brompton. Belle place pour le h'ell anguille, en Francais. You cook heem avec du lard. He'll mek pooty bully someting fo' h'eat fo' su'. You'll don't want fo' not heat heem nex' tam. He'll come tendre all-a-sam' comme rosée, one cheecken en Anglais s'pose, don't it? Oui! Un ecu, feety cent for two, un couple pour un demi dollare." "All right leave a couple at my house and if they aint good I'll shoot you the next time I catch you out at Brompton Lake."

"Hello! Bill! Who was that woman you were giving your official protection to a while ago?" "Oh! that was a woman I arrested on the suspicion of murdering her husband down on Long's Block on Wellington street." "Somebody murdered there?" "Yes, a man by the name of Buehard. But excuse me, I'm in a hurry. I have to hunt up a young fellow that was there last night, and who probably knows something about the matter. I'll see you later."

"How do you find yourself to-day Mrs. Shea?" "I'm pretty well thank you for an old woman like me." "How's Mr. Shea?" "Faith thin he's as well as a man can be that's us owid as him." "Let's see he's ninety-six isn't he?" "Ninety-eight, sure, ninety-eight! Why sure it's seventy-six years since he was in the Battle of Waterloo." "Oh, he'll be a hundred first thing you know. Take good care of him." "Faith thin, he takes good care of himself. He doesn't go out except a bit round about the yard an' he ates well only d'ye see, he's lost his teeth, an' he does be likin' soup an' shtews that he can swallow any. I'm just down now to buy a bit of soup mate. He'll be pleased to see you if you'll come he. He likes to talk about Waterloo whin he can get a good lishener but he's gettin' hard o' hearin', an' you'll find it asier lishenin' than talkin' to him. Goodby an' God bless ye."

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PEN OR PENCIL—WHICH ?

When the reporter writes with a pencil, he should obtain one of medium hardness only, keep it sharpened, and use it with soft or uncalendered paper. For general purposes, it is better to use a pen; the pencil in exceptional cases only. In every respect it will be observed that the pen and pencil differ from each other. The question as to the merits of each for reporting purposes has been discussed to a considerable extent by members of the profession. Those reporters who employed a pencil while learning, never afterwards giving the pen a fair trial, of course regard the pencil with the greater favor. Of those who have fairly tested both, the majority prefer the pen. The advantages of each may be seen from the following comparison:

1. Pen work is permanent; pencil writing fades out in a few years.
2. Notes taken with a pen are black and easy to read; pencil writing is hard on the eyes, and for this one important reason a pencil should be used as little as possible.
3. Writing with a gold pen, which is a yielding, sensitive instrument, is much less fatiguing than manipulating a pencil, which is stiff and inflexible.

Short-hand reporters must be able to write many thousands of different words, but nine-tenths of all the writing they do consists in taking down over and over again only a few hundred very common words. Evidently the first requisite to skill in stenography is a very high degree of familiarity with just this class of words and phrases. The reporter writes "is, may, will-be, I-can, do-not," hundreds of times to "ocean, extracting, callben, indigo, delve," etc., once.

He may take time, occasionally, to write a hard word in long-hand, but he will fall almost certainly if he is obliged to hesitate for an instant before writing one of these frequent words or phrases. Hence the teacher will drill his class daily, and require the pupil's practice to be devoted mainly to this class of words.

EXPLANATION.

In line 1 the first letter has the force of *th* in *three*, and is called *th*; the second, the force of *th* in *those*, and is called *th*. When *s* has the sound of *z*, as in *was* or *goes*, it is called *z*, and expressed by a thickened stem. *S* is most commonly expressed by the circle; but the curve is needed when an initial vowel precedes, as in *ace*, line 7, or a final vowel follows, as in *sew*, line 8. In line 8, the first letter called *sh*, has the force of *sh* in *bishop*, or *ti* in *motion*. When struck upwards it is called *shay*. The second, called *sh*, is equivalent to *s* in *pleasure*. The curves in line 4 are called *way* and *yay*, and are the same as the consonants *w* and *y*. *H*, always written upwards, is called *hay*, and *ng*, *ing*. Shaded *m*, called *emp*, is equivalent to *mp* or *mb*, as in *temple*, or *tumble*. Upward *r*, called *ray*, is used more than the down-stroke. It is quicker, of-ten scoures a good angle, and prevents word-forms from extending too far below the line. When the circle *s* occurs between two straight stems, it is placed outside the angle, as in *geyser*; at all other times it is if possible placed inside the curve. The circle is put in the left of up-strokes *hay* and *ray*.

Scarce—Moore hide rate heap road ride

going reap saw case reach rake rose.

Sentences. 1. This boy's name is Jake, and he has a rake by his side. 2. He will take the rope and go and tie the cow. 3. This boy's name is James, and he has a spike and a nail. 4. Milo will take them and file them for two hours.

KEY TO PLATE 5.

- 7 Ace eyes thief loathe shave shire weak yoke.
 - 8 Sew wrote rise row rout Reno rising roar.
 - 9 Hoebng shaking heath shoal house hoax height yore.
 - 10 Reccedo geyser Kaiser miser spacer chosen pacing fueling.
 - 11 This week I take my fifth lesson in stenography.
 - Word-Signs. 12—Them [or they] think was your way he are stenographically advantage a and [or an] period.
- Translate lines 13, 14 and 15.

Plate 5.

1 TH ((((((((((((((((((
 2 s-z))))))))))))))))
 3 SH-ZH))))))))))))))))
 4 W-Y))))))))))))))))
 5 H-NG))))))))))))))))
 6 RAY-HP))))))))))))))))
 7))))))))))))))))
 8))))))))))))))))
 9))))))))))))))))
 10))))))))))))))))
 11))))))))))))))))
 12 ((((((((((((((((((
 13))))))))))))))))
 14))))))))))))))))
 15))))))))))))))))

WORD-SIGNS.
 WORD-FORMS.

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chance was present. The marks produced by "Aleck," it so happened, read as follows: "I am a dunce!" The smart young man, in this case, though he told a lie, had at least written the truth!

OUR SPECIAL CLASS.—We wish to add a few words to what Prof. Moran has written. The young folks who join our class will find there are many interesting "points" about Short-hand. It is a fascinating study, and so "handy" when learned, that of all the many short-hand writers we have met, not one expressed the slightest regret on account of the time and expense required in mastering it. We are glad to say our Special Class promises to be a success in every way. When the course is completed, our students can not only "tell fortunes," but also make them, by means of Short-hand.

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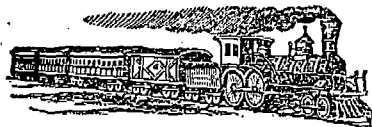
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Fortune-Telling by Short-hand.

This interesting article was sent us recently by Prof. Moran, of St. Louis, who has been engaged to conduct our Special Class:

Some reporters use Short-hand for "telling fortunes." Make a mark never so simple and it will be sure to mean something in short-hand! This is true and has been tried hundreds of times. It is supposed your pencil is guided by fate, and the words written are indicative of what you will do, have or become. A school teacher once wrote "million." A candidate for office wrote "Salt Creek," and was sent up it soon afterwards! A lazy fellow wrote "shirk;" a student, "knowledge." A school girl wrote "tall fellow," and seemed satisfied! This sort of "fortune-telling," which may be indulged in at social gatherings, is often quite amusing.

We knew a "smart Aleck" who, as soon as Short-hand became popular, made pretense that he knew all about it. He managed to get possession of a letter written in characters, claiming that he received it from one of his short-hand correspondents. He would often astonish people who knew no better, by taking his pencil and jerking off a few crooked marks which he would make believe meant "Kingdom of Heaven," "Policy of the Administration," "General George Washington," etc. Once pretending to write the Scriptural passage, "Wisdom is justified of her children," a reporter be-



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

Trains Arrive at Sherbrooke.

EXPRESS.

Leave Quebec (ferry) 1.50 p.m., Levis 2.00 p.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 3. p.m., arrive Sherbrooke 8.00 p.m.

PASSENGER.

Leave Quebec (ferry) 8.30 p.m., Levis 9.15 p.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 11.30 p.m., arrive Sherbrooke 1.30 a.m.

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

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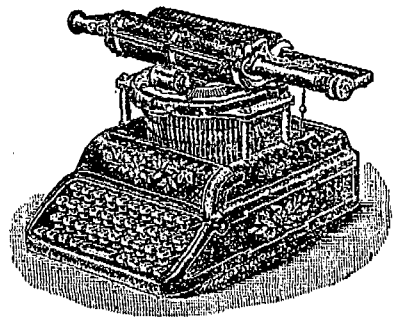
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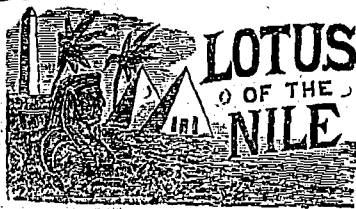
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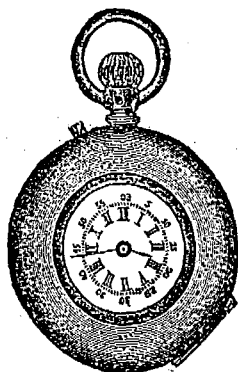
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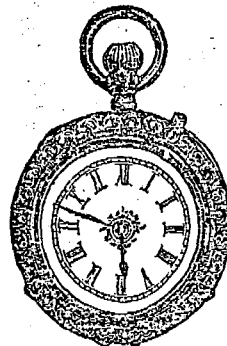
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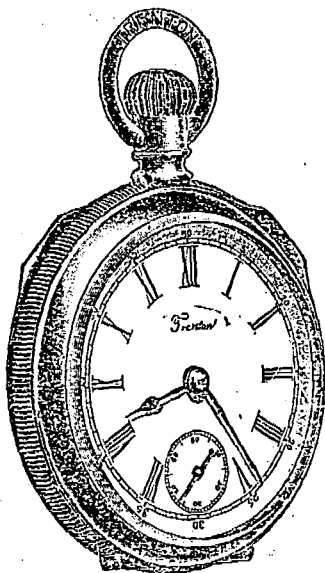
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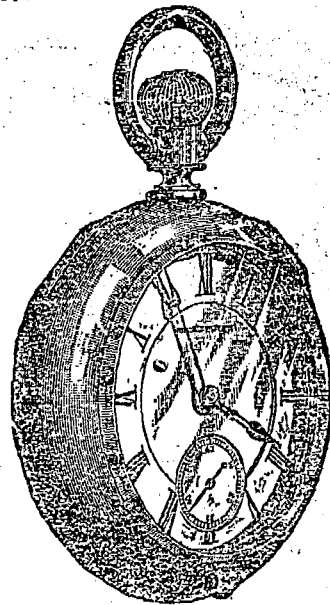
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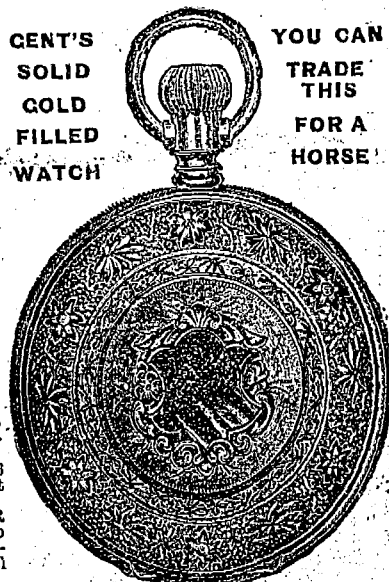
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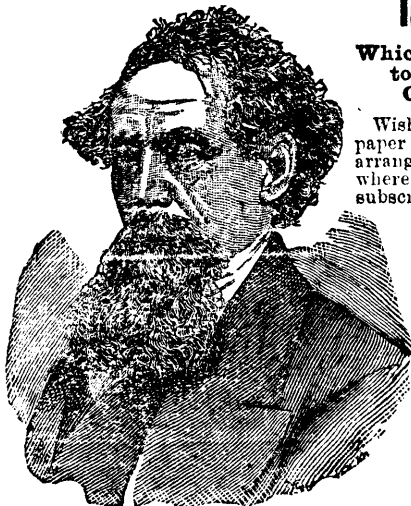
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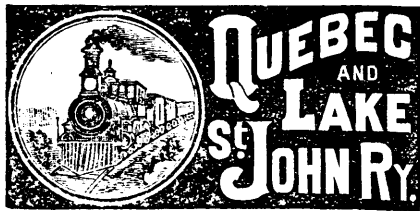
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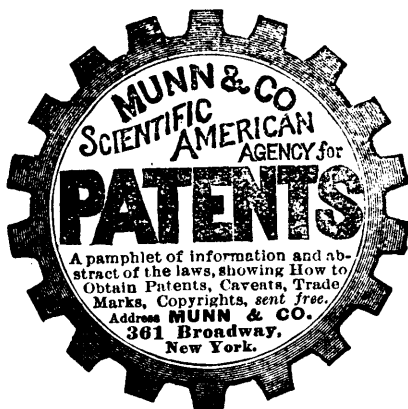
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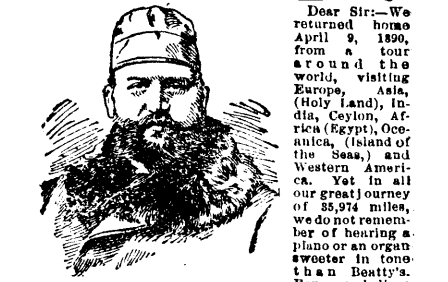
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