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Vol. IV, No. 12.



July, 1892.



THE LAND AND WILDS

Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

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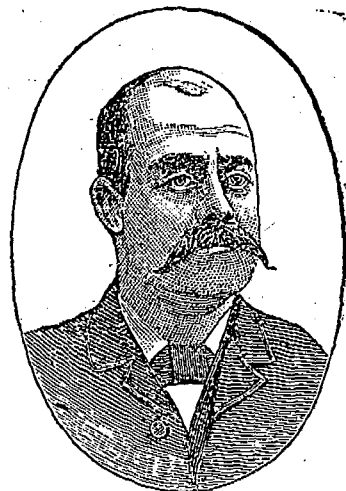
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DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. IV., No 12.

SHERBROOKE, Q., JULY, 1892.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Guarding the Treasure.

IT was the early part of March, 1857 and the setting sun, was shining into the open tent in which Albert Thorne sat on the edge of his stretcher bedstead, reading a late copy of the Melbourne *Argus*. Amongst the shipping intelligence, he has noticed that the ship "Kent" will leave Melbourne for London on the 16th March, instant. The "Kent", is one of the favorite vessels of the Blackwall Line and in her he had come to Australia some three years before.

He has been very successful on the diggings and has accumulated ample means to support him comfortably during the remainder of his life, and for some time has been thinking of returning to England, now he makes up his mind to take his passage in the "Kent," Capt. Brine, and some of the other officers of the ship, being those who were with her when he came to the colony, and that is an additional inducement, so he concludes to take the trip rather sooner than he had intended.

Some of his former chums and mates had gone to the McIntyre Creek Diggings, some forty miles further up the country, and their accounts of some of the big nuggets found there—amongst them one of over 160 pounds weight, had almost persuaded him to try his luck there, for he had a sort of presentiment that some day he would strike a big nugget, and for this reason he had always preferred to work in localities where large nuggets had been found, rather, than where the nuggets were the exception, although

the leads containing the finer gold were more easily traced and followed. Nuggets might exist in quantities of one or two to the acre with nothing to show the source from which they came, or the direction in which the nugget stream was drifting, while as a rule the smaller or finer gold could be traced as readily as the line of seed dropped from a turnip seeder.

At the Maryborough diggings he had been very lucky, and while during the dry season most of the other miners had been drawing their wash dirt to Carisbrook, the nearest water supply, he had occupied his time in knocking out the boundary, or defin-

He had a handsome sum deposited to his credit in the Bank at Maryborough, and had sent several pounds weight of gold by the Government Escort, to Melbourne.

When the rush to Chinaman's Flat, a few miles distant, took place, Thorne went with the rest, and as the sinking in the main lead was some fifty feet, in depth, he joined in with three other miners whom he had known at Maryborough and they were fortunate enough to secure one of the best paying claims ever struck on these diggings.

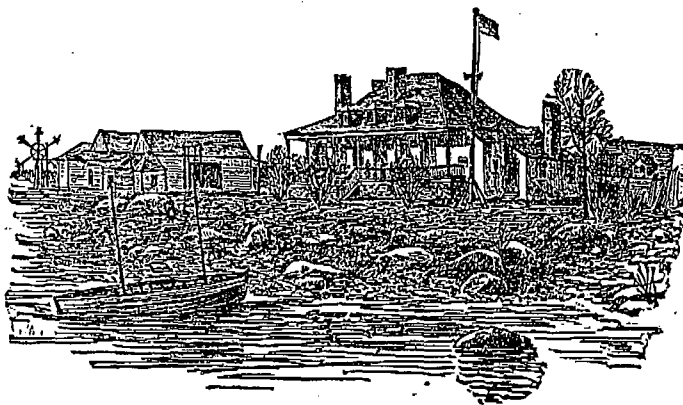
Their wash dirt was hauled, to the Bet Bet Creek, a tributary of the Loddon River, and there washed, as there was insufficient water for that purpose to be had on the Flat. This cost them one pound or \$5, for every load of fifty buckets, but the dirt was rich and it paid them better than to pile it, and wait for the rainy season.

So rich was the gutter or principal auriferous vein running through this claim, that one of Thorne's partners bet £50, with one of the owners of a neighbouring claim that he could wash

fifty pounds weight of gold out of one load of wash dirt, if he could have the privilege of selecting the wash dirt. He lost his bet as it only realized forty-eight pounds or rather more than \$11,000.

Thorne's party spent some time at Chinaman's Flat, but never got another claim that yielded anything like the first.

Then came the rush to Dunnolly, still further on, and Thorne's party followed the rush, and pitched their tent at the side of the road which afterwards constituted the street



DESCHAMBAULT MANOR.—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

ing walls, which had been left between claims, in shallow gullies, too shallow for tunneling or drifting, and where nuggets had been discovered during the time of their first working. He had taken several valuable nuggets out of these walls by simply using his pick, without the trouble and expense of hauling his wash dirt, and had at one time been so near the big nugget he had been expecting to find, that another fellow took it out of the next wall, only twelve feet distant, and it weighed eighty-four pounds, worth about \$20,000.

With Pflueger's Luminous Bait you catch fish with others. Try it.

A String of Fish and a good Time secured with Luminous Bait. Try it.

known as Broadway. The main lead had been traced from the foot hills across the large expanse of flat, and they secured a claim a short distance above the street, not far from where the "Golden Age" hotel afterwards stood. The sinking at this part of the lead was about 40 feet, and after striking the "bottom" and drifting a few feet they struck a good paying portion of the pay dirt streak, which they worked to advantage for three or four weeks.

Here and at Mt. Moliagul four or five miles distant they worked together until the McIntyre Wet Diggings were discovered, when after vainly endeavoring to get Thorne to accompany them, the others took their way to the new diggings and Thorne concluded to work alone, as he had done at Maryborough. With this object he moved his tent to a point near the foot hills, at the place where the main-lead turned to the right, at right angles with its first course, and followed the meandering river like course laid down for it, at the time when these alluvial deposits took place.

Here at the elbow the ground had been rich, and several large nuggets had been taken out. The sinking was from 20 to 25 feet and in many of the richest claims, blocks and pillars of unworked ground had been left, and were still standing, which the former occupants had thought it better and safer to leave, than to incur the expense of wooden props and cap pieces.

Thorne's tent was pitched in a pleasant grassy spot a few rods distant from the lead, and where a few gnarled, cross-gained specimens of the blue gum and stringy bark trees, too tough for the ordinary miner to convert into fuel, formed a partial shade from the rays of the noon day sun, and enabled him to partake of his damper and mutton, with greater comfort than usually falls to the lot of the gold digger.

Some water holes half a mile distant in the direction of Jones' Creek enabled him to enjoy a Saturday afternoon bath, and while doing so the shirt, trousers and stockings which he had just taken off and washed, were drying in the sun, and would be ready for him when he had finished bathing.

Taken altogether, Thorne, for a gold digger, was very comfortably situated and hoped to be more so on his return to the land of his birth. He had been thinking of the shady walks with the flint walled grounds and gardens that lie back from the river in the vicinity of Gravesend and Greenhithe, and at the particular time

when our story opens the notice of the Kent's intended sailing, had made him again long for a sight of his boyhood's home.

As there were several days to pass before the vessel sailed he concluded he might as well spend them in looking for his big nugget, and the place where he was, offered as good a show as any, for that purpose.

Next morning he finished his breakfast in better spirits and with a better appetite than he had enjoyed since his mates had left, and commenced searching for a suitable place to continue his mining operations.

He had heard that under that claim a "skip" had occurred in the lead, and paying dirt had not been found until they had struck the lead again some forty feet lower down. That was his chance. Between those points the golden stream had run, and he would try to obtain some ocular demonstration of the fact.

He was soon at the bottom of the shaft, which had been sunk on the claim where the "skip" had commenced, and crawling into the tunnel, he lighted his stump of candle, and began to inspect. He found that the tunnel ended against a rising bottom of slate or reef, which had evidently been the point at which the original water course or stream had turned at right angles.

He commenced picking away at the end of the tunnel and after working in a foot or more, the bottom of the drift gradually rising, he struck a part of the reef, which rose nearly perpendicular, and was soft, sticky and partially shaly like clayslate and pipe-clay mixed.

Examining this closely by the light of the sperm candle he discovers a nugget of gold partially imbedded in the reef, and with his fossicking knife and light driving pick, he commences to develop it. Larger and larger grows the nugget, and he then begins to pick into the gravel lying to the right of the tunnel.

After a few strokes he breaks into a tunnel running from an adjacent claim. He knows that it is dangerous to take out any more of the wall without propping or timbering, but there is the nugget, a few more strokes of the pick and he can get it out. He will risk it. A few sharp strokes and a boulder the size of his head drops from the roof of the tunnel. Before he can throw himself back, a crash like the roar of an avalanche, and poor Thorne is buried beneath tons of falling earth.

He has dug his own grave, and there his body will remain to guard the gold, the discovery of which has

cost him his life. Those who will notice that his tent is unoccupied, will think that he has gone to one of the new rushes constantly occurring, and to some of which they will go before the week is over.

As a sequel to the above we copy the following from the Melbourne Age of recent date.

GUARDING THE TREASURE.

"Last week as some workmen were sinking a well near what used to be considered the head of the Main Lead, Dunnolly, they discovered the skeleton of a man, and beside it a pick, a rusty fossicking knife and a solid nugget of gold weighing seventy two pounds. Near it were some other nuggets weighing about ten ounces, which seemed to be imbedded in the original gravel. In the early days of the Dunnolly Diggings, several large nuggets were unearthed at this point in the old lead, and it is conjectured that the skeleton is that of a miner who had been familiar with the gold discoveries made there, and who had been knocking out the solid support pillars usually left in mining claims, in search of nuggets. How nearly he succeeded, the immense nugget referred to, shows. At the inquest an old man employed as hostler at the Golden Age Hotel, said that some 35 years ago, he was acquainted with a young man by the name of Thorne, who had been working as a "hatter," that is working alone, on the old lead. Thorne disappeared about this time and it was supposed that he had gone off to some new rush. He is strongly of the opinion that the skeleton found is that of Thorne, and that he belonged somewhere in the vicinity of Greenhithe, England."

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INCIDENTS

Relating to the History of the First Settlers in the Township of Hatley.

The Township of Hatley, as originally established, is bounded north by Ascot, east by Compton, south by Barnston and Stanstead, and west by Magog lake and river, and Little Magog. Some time about forty years ago, the newer township of Magog was formed, by taking a slice off the west side of Hatley and east side of Bolton. I do not know the exact date of the first settlement in Hatley, but suppose it to have been, some time in the last half of the last decade, of the 18th century. The first settlement was effected, chiefly, through the instrumentality of Capt. Ebenezer Hovey, who, conjointly, with Col. A. H. Cull received from the Crown, a grant of one fourth of the Township, in return for the fulfilment of certain conditions, in the way of bringing in, each, a certain number of settlers. Captain Hovey first settled near the eastern shore of Magog lake, a little more than half way, from the outlet to the present site of the village of Georgeville. But after a few years, he moved to the eastern part of Hatley, and settled on the "West Road," about two and a half miles north, from the present site of the Massawipi village; where he lived, until the time of his death, sometime, about fifty odd years since, at the advanced age of eighty odd years. Whether or no, any of Captain Hovey's children died in infancy or youth, I do not know. He raised a family of ten, four boys and six girls, who lived to be men and women, and most, if not all lived to be old people. One son, when a young man, settled somewhere in the far West, and how long he lived, or what he did, I do not know. One daughter settled in Kingsey, county of Drummond, Quebec. She was the wife of the late John Wadleigh, Sen., of Kingsey. The others all settled in Hatley. Not counting any for the son who went West, the grand children of Captain Hovey, who lived to be men and women numbered sixty-one,—Twenty-nine men and thirty-two women, most of them have lived to a good old age.

At the present time, from twenty to twenty-five of them are living. Of course, they are all pretty well along in years.

The youngest of them are near or quite fifty, and some of them are past eighty. The descendants of Captain Hovey, in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth generations, living at the present time, would, probably, count up well

in the hundreds.

They are scattered in Canada and the United States from Quebec to California, Oregon and Washington.
HORATIO WADLEIGH.

He was in the *hay-day* of his youth, and he heaved a long *sythe* productive of a *swathy* expression on the face of *Timothy Hay*, as he found himself unable to stand up against the impulsive movements of the sturdy Hibernian.

"You appear to be doing that by way of recreation," said a passer by.

"The divil a mooch, I am," said Pat "the rakeation 'll come aither I've had a game of pitchand toss wid Misther Timothy, beyant, and spread him out to d'hry, so it will," and he played a scythe stone accompaniment, as he whistled "The Green Fields of America."

INFORMATION WANTED.

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

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING SMALL GAME.

BY MARION WILKERSON.

WID you ever hunt and trap small animals, as well as the large ones? By the small ones I mean the fox, raccoon, skunk, opossum, mink, ground hog, wild cat, catamount, weasel, and others. In and among the epurs of the Cumberland Mts, they abound. Many a race does the mountaineer enjoy in pursuit of the same, while our English-cousin can chase the fox over the unbroken moor, on horseback, only to be in at the death.

Here the mountaineer, with his gun and horn, on foot, follows his "pups" over the hills, fields and woods. You can see them almost any day during the winter season, trudging across the country, manifesting the most undignifiable pleasure in the occupation. If it has just rained and the hop weeds are wet, he will represent a forlorn looking specimen of manhood. But he is a jolly fellow and will not think the day a bad one, if night finds him without his having "skelpt" his game.

Then again when you have worked hard all day, having eaten your supper and sought your couch for a good night's repose. You gently doze in slumber, when "Bow," "How," "Yow," "Yow," you are awake in a moment. The house hog gets on the front door steps and his "Bow, wow!" is frequent. Next from some high hill close at hand, a horn sounds, you put your fingers in your ears and conclude that if the miller will only sound his whistle as loud on mill day, it will be heard. The bad part of the circus reaches the sensational point not mentioned on the bills, when the baby as clown, wakes up the family with one of Barnum's greatest lion's roars. You wish the botheration of a fox-hunter in bed, or some other warm place not mentioned on the list of hotel accommodations in an ambiguity of expression.

But this is all forgotten when the fox has made free use of poultry, or caught your best gang of young pigs. You then from a peculiar stand point bless the hunter.

While four different kinds of foxes are found here, two only at all times are found. First, the red fox, as he is known to the mountaineer, being of a pale red, or yellow. And second, the gray with the exception of the under part of his body which is colored like the red fox.

The red fox is the best runner, frequently running in circles for hours at a time. Then again he will take a straight course for a far away den, some twenty miles off. The gray one will soon seek a den if closely pursued.

While some run them for the sport, others trap them for their fur, which is sold to the fur-buyer. While Reynard is sly and hard to decoy, the trapper, who knows how, can easily obtain possession of his fur. A large steel trap covered in dirt and baited with rabbit, or bird, will usually succeed, especially if placed on his trail.

They have certain routes which they go.

Pflueger's Luminous Bait, once tried, always used. Try it.

Ex-Pres. Grover Cleveland recommends Pflueger's Luminous Bait. Try it.

every forty eight hours, as a general thing. If you catch one at a place, you are almost certain to catch more; I have known as high as fifteen caught at one stand. I have at the same stand caught them two nights in succession, but as a usual thing they are caught only every alternate night.

The following story was given me by an old hunter. He had run foxes from boyhood, and when I asked him concerning his best races he said: "You have never run 'em like I've done. I've chased 'em o'er every one ov these hills. I tell y'u thar's fun in it. But the most fun I've ever had was one race the night I went with parson Barney. The parson had never been on a hunt before, so when the dogs started on the race the parson started to keep up with 'em, the hop weeds were in bloom. So away went the parson and the dogs through the weeds an' bushes, for half an hour they kept together pretty wal. Down Allen's Hollow up through Jones' woods, I verily b'lieve he beat my best "pup." I waited knowing he would run in a circle. Soon I heard 'em coming up the hill. In run-in' the parson had sucked the weed blossoms down his throat and was yelling same as my young "pup" that could not stay up. I heard the fox go by, then on came the dogs with the parson in the rear. "A fine night, parson, for a race?" "Ah! I so—ha—han—it is. But—I'll be darn' if I did not al—most broke my shin! I fell over in the grass and weeds and—haw, haw." But that was years ago the parson—God Bless him,—for he was good man, has gone. But many is the laugh that we 'uns have had over his trying,—ha! ha! trying to keep up with my dog. "God Bless the parson," said the old man rising to go. "He could catch sinners better than foxes."

New Middleton, Tenn., June 1892.

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THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

THE EARLY SETTLERS

—OF—

Brompton Township.

1792--1892.

[Continued.]



WILL now refer to the two Brothers Merritts, one settled on lot 17-3 range, the other lot 20, 4 range. As with some of the others I have no date as to the exact time they first came to Brompton, but when my father in the spring of 1810 bought lot 17, Merritt had twenty acres cleared and in hay and grain, six more cut down and burned ready for cropping; he also had a log house and barn and quite a large apple orchard; in my younger days I have picked apples from trees of Merritt's planting. To give some idea how some of the first settlers fared, I have often heard my mother say that in conversation with Mrs. Merritt she heard her say that their family had nothing for breakfast but milk, leeks and roasted ground nuts, and then she had to walk a mile to her brother-in-law's do a day's weaving and on her return at night, pull leeks and dig ground nuts for their tea, and breakfast next morning. I have often heard myself, an old settler say that in the month of August for a week he had piled and burned log heaps with no other food than red clover heads and milk.

I have also heard Mrs. Ephraim Knapp say time and again, that all that kept them from starvation was to dig up the seed potatoes and boil them and eat them with milk; and that after they had been planted long enough to sprout, I fancy with all the hard times we think we have to day, we have but a very poor idea of the hardships some of our forefathers underwent. The Merritt's, in 1816, returned to the United States and settled in Ohio; one of the brothers was back in Brompton and stayed with us for a week in the summer of 1850, his brother was then living.

I will now refer to William Wakefield, John Harrington and Gardner Stevens; with these I can give a pretty correct idea when they first went to Wakefield Hill. Mrs. Greenly, now living in Brompton, informs me that her father cleared forty acres and built a house before he was married in 1804, so that it must have been she thinks, before 1800 that the three entered upon Wakefield Hill. Her eldest sister was born in 1805 and Mrs. Greenly, now living, was born in 1809, making her now in her 83rd year. Of a family of ten there are now living besides Mrs. Greenly, the Hon. G. G. Stevens (since deceased, Ed.) Mrs. Rankin, at St. Peter, Minnesota, Col. John H. Stevens of Minneapolis, and Simon Stevens of Still Water, Minnesota. Wakefield and Harrington before the war of 1812 returned to the States and settled in Ohio. Gardner Stevens in 1834, moved

to Lennoxville, where resided until 1845, when he passed to the great majority beloved by all his acquaintances.

I will now give you the reason why one family left the United States and came to the wilds of the then Eastern Townships, and to do this, I will have to go back a little. Samuel Stevens, (the father of Artemas, Simon, Gardner, and Thomas Stevens) was an able Tory and was unfortunate enough (in the eyes of the then Republicans) to marry Miss Mary Green, an English lady, whose brother, Caliph Green, was a lieutenant in His Majesty's Royal Navy; also a brother an officer in the army, who afterwards fell as I have been informed at Corunna with Sir John Moore. Samuel Stevens was three times drafted during the 1775 war, and paid forty pounds sterling for substitution.

He was not molested until the year 1783, long after the war and peace had been declared. When Lieutenant Green's ship arrived at Boston, he ran down to Connecticut to see his sister, in uniform, which so raised the ire of the Americans that a mob gathered with Judge Lynch at their head to seek summary vengeance on an English officer who dared to tread their soil even in peaceable times. Timely notice having been given by friends how this audacious officer was to be dealt with, he was safely hidden for three days, when he was piloted safely back to his ship. For thus saving his brother-in-law, what would be the consequence? "The state of New York in 1776 resolved that "any person being an adherent to the King of Great Britain should be guilty of treason and suffer death." "Dr. Ramsay's History of the United States, vol. 11, chap. XI." The Loyalist experienced similar treatment in other provinces. In Connecticut it was confiscation and imprisonment or banishment. Lemuel Stevens was forced to leave and went to Dunbarton, Vt. from there to New Fane, Vt., where he buried his wife, and leaving Thomas the youngest, with the rest of his family in a cold Vermont winter, made his way to Dunham, where he had three sisters and one daughter married; the three sisters were Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Kemp and Mrs. Major Barnes; his eldest daughter was Mrs. Simeon Sykes. Finally Lemuel Stevens, his son Gardner and Thomas, settled in Brompton, Artemas in Stukely, Simon in Dunham in the year 1813. Thomas Stevens enlisted under Col. de Salaberry in the war of 1812, and was stationed for a while at St. Johns, Que. His company officers were Captain Savage and Lieut. Whitney, his two eldest sons, Cyprian and Joseph, with John H. Stevens, second son of Gardner Stevens, served in the Q.M.R. during the rebellion of 1837 and 1838. Another son commanded the Sherbrooke troops, and served in both Fenian raids in '66 and '70.

This ill-feeling between the Americans and the U. E. L. was in full force until the war of 1812, (which I am happy to state is now forever buried, and nothing but the kindest feelings exist). I will quote a few lines from General Hull's proclamation, head quarters, Sandwich, 12th July, 1812.

INHABITANTS OF CANADA.

"In the name of my country and the

Pflueger's Luminous Bait, once tried, always used. Try it.

A string of Fish and a good time secured with Luminous Bait. Try it.

authority of Government I promise you protection to your person, property and rights. Remain at your homes; I come prepared for every contingency. I have a force which will break down all opposition. If contrary to your own interest and the just expectation of my country, you should take part in the approaching contest, you will be considered and treated as enemies and the horrors and calamities of war will stalk before you. The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping knife will be the signal of one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian, will be taken prisoner. Instant death will be his lot."

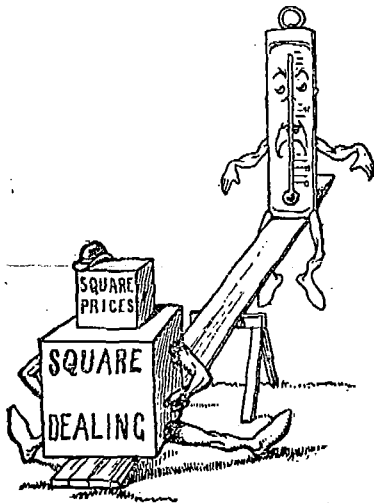
It is a curious commentary on the above proclamation, that within six weeks of its being so pompously put forth, Gen. Hull himself with all of his army was a prisoner in the hands of the Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada, to whom was surrendered nearly 3,000 prisoners, Fort Detroit, an immense quantity of arms and munitions of war, together with the whole territory of Michigan, and the secured alliance of the numerous Indian tribes to the west and north. If I have given your numerous readers as much pleasure in reading my poor production as it has given me to write it, I will be amply paid.

Finis for the present.

NORMAN.

May 1892.

IN HOT WEATHER



A man feels like sitting down and letting his business run on the reputation he has acquired for square, honest dealing. This won't do in itself. He must let his friends and the public know that he is still holding down his end of the plank and can hold Hard Times higher than Gilderoy's kite. He can do so without feeling the fatigue and depression incidental to the Heated Term by adopting our

LETTER-HEAD SYSTEM

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D. THOMAS & CO.,
SEEBROOKE, QUE.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.
THE BOAT WITH THE
RED SPOT.

A TRUE STORY.



WAS on the 1st Sept. 18—, a select party of Quebec sportsmen was quietly seated round the old oak table of the *Repos des Voyageurs*, a famous resort of snipe shooters, at Chateau Richer, enjoying their pipe and social glass; the long wished for snipe season had at last opened. Our Nimrods had had that day a barren tramp over the boundless swamp and had dispatched with more than ordinary zest, the standing dish for voyagers, in rural Canada, ham and eggs, their appetite sharpened by their prolonged and wearing trudge through miles of adhesive mud, mantled with meadow grass. The shades of evening had come down thick from the hills, with a bright, warm harvest moon, lighting up the silvery ripples, brought in by the rising tide, over the surrounding flats, up to the *auberge* steps. "What a change has overtaken the place!" sentimentally remarked the spokesman of the party—grim old Portugais, the veteran snipe shooter of Quebec. "For fifty years that I have shot over the Chateau-Richer swamp in September, I have never seen so few birds on it."

"You might add," retorted Mr. Delisle, a promising young sportsman, "that you have flushed for fifty years also the first woodcock in spring and no one could challenge your word."

These *battures* (beaches) have long since ceased yielding their 4,000 snipes in a season; the days of Frank Forester on the Chateau-Richer swamp, in 1842, are now a memory of the past. Where are now those crack shots of fifty years ago? Judge Bedard, Dr. Chas. Fremont, Frank Austin, Wm. J. Jeffery? What blight has then fallen on these once famous grounds? Are the Ste. Famille (*) sorcerers responsible?—who, weary of their monotonous home opposite, have crossed over and scared or bewitched the game?

'Tis certain the birds have become fewer and fewer each year, and if the sportsmen were not attracted by the big game—the *outardes* (wild geese) of *Les Roches Plattes* further down—the *Côte de Beaupré* shore would be quite deserted by sportsmen.

Old Portugais looked round anxiously and then lowered his voice, as if he dreaded being overheard by the inmates of the next room, he said, "I could assign a cause for the trouble that has overtaken this favored land, but the chief actor's name I must withhold, as it is a true story. 'Tis now fifty years since I first drew trigger on the Chateau-Richer marsh when I first learned of the incident I am going to relate.

"Have any of you ever heard of Gros Louison and of his red spotted skiff?"

"No," was the unanimous reply.

"Well," added the veteran, "a terrible

tale (!) of shame and guilt was connected with the boat with the red spot. Several attempts indeed had been made to obliterate the hated blood-red spot; some how or other, it invariably returned deeper in hue, more mysterious, more menacing.

Gros Louison was then a little, active, rather handsome youth, but unscrupulous as to his acts and seemingly devoured by the thirst for wealth. He had, one fall, wandered away from home and got employment across the border, where, added old Portugais, in his figurative French, "one learns many things, not to be found in *Le Petit Catchisme*. A wild youth, when he left his native parish, he returned in the spring, a depraved, a bad man. Death had in his absence removed his father and mother, and of a once united family a young sister alone remained. Josephine had the beauty of an angel and could have secured lovers by the score, had nature in lavishing on her the fatal gift of beauty bestowed intellect as well; she was at times quite silly. Such as she was, she had inspired a deep attachment to a young peasant of the name of Joson Gagné, who used to sooth himself with the fallacious hope that with years her mind would get stronger, when he would make her Madame Joson Gagné. Josephine had no other protector but her had, unscrupulous brother. Matters went on smoothly enough that summer.

Gros Louison established *Le Repos des Voyageurs* for Quebec sportsmen, and kept a boat to cross them over to beat the marsh of Ste. Famille, opposite, with their pointers and setters, when they had exhausted the game at Chateau-Richer.

In those palmy days for foreign shipping, the Quebec port was generally studded in September with ships, returning for timber, on their second voyage; the vessels were handed over to the stevedores for loading, leaving a considerable leisure to the masters. A love of sport or of social intercourse occasionally showed itself among the same—English captains of sailing ships—fifty years ago, be it said without any desire of disparaging their successors, were rated higher, socially.

Some of the masters of our regular traders sought amusement in various ways.

One day, a dashing young captain, with his cabin boy only, sailed down to shoot at Chateau-Richer in a trim, light gig. It was painted green, had a bright red, round spot on the stern and the ship's name, *The Hope, Bristol*, painted under it; it was quite luxuriously got up—splendid row-locks, soft, silk cushions, neat, white sails.

The gig was much admired on its arrival, especially by Gros Louison, with whom the spruce, young ship master had taken up his quarters, at the *Repos des Voyageurs*, spending his time snipe shooting, each tide.

Blooming Josephine soon attracted the attention of the youthful sportsman. Capt. — was dazzled by her graceful form, laughing eyes and youthful freshness. He even thought of marriage, but alas! was he not in her eyes a rank heretic! The balmy, pensive September week was hurrying over like a rosy dream and the snipe,—why he bagged them by the score.

One starry night—such goes the report—two small boats were noticed leaving Chateau-Richer shore with the rising tide;

Ex. Pres. Grover Cleveland recommends Pflueger's Luminous Bait. Try it. * * *
* * * With Pflueger's Luminous Bait you catch fish with others. Try it.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

THE REPTILES OF CANADA.

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BY DR. GARNIER.

Rana Palustris. (Le Conte) — The
Pickerel Frog.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.



HIS species is an eastern variety, and is reported to be abundant on the shores of the Atlantic. How far it extends south has not been told me, as no specimens have reached me from Florida. Through the courtesy of my friend, Nicolas Pike, Esq., I have secured them from Long Island, very fine specimens. It is common in this section of Ontario along the shores of Lake Huron. When gathering specimens around St. Clair Flats, and in the vicinity of Baptist Creek, at the south eastern corner of the lake, only two were secured. A specimen was sent me by the late Wm. Shaw, Esq., of Montreal, a most promising young naturalist, whose lamented death leaves a sad gloom behind. Had he lived, Canada in all probability would have had a scientist who would have been an honor to this his country, and an honor to the scientific world. *Requiescat in pace.*

The Pickerel frog is more slender in shape than the Leopard frog. Length of adult about eight to nine inches, and measurements same as the Leopard frog. Snout acute, with a spot on it, and one on each eyelid. The epaulette shows vividly in this species. It may be considered useless to give measurements of those as they vary greatly even in the adult or four year old stage, and are of all dimensions in the young, even with the same treatment in the aquarium. How much farther north of Montreal it may extend, I do not know. Its age is computed at ten to twelve years. It is a remarkably beautiful frog, of a general coppery brown tint, with bright green reflections. The eyes of all frogs have a soft, tender, innocent expression, which seems to plead as one gazes at them "You know I have done you no harm, please do not harm me."

The history of this frog is similar to that of the one last recorded, so far as food and habits are concerned. It spawns at the same period, and their spawns cannot be distinguished, save that that of *Rana Palustris* is rather smaller at the moment of emission. It is very silent, and seems to have no love song during the period of the rut. If so I have never been able as yet to detect and distinguish it, as all others of our Canada do make one. Towards the middle of April, I have seen the embrace on two occasions, and both times they were perfectly still at the bottom of clear pools, close to the edges, formed by the overflow of brooks. Here, the spawn was deposited near the bank of the stream. It was always attached in a bunch to twigs, or stems of water plants, above the bottom a few inches. This

seemed a precaution instilled into the frog by nature, to prevent the spawn being carried away, and torn and disintegrated by the force of the rushing stream. In three or four days or perhaps more according to the solar heat, the tadpoles come to life. They remain a short time about the debris of the spawn, seemingly using it as food, and then scatter about, and enter the stream. Decaying and decayed vegetables and animals, seem alike palatable to all these tadpoles, and they act as useful scavengers in their small way, helping to keep the waters pure. These tadpoles are completed about the end of July as a rule.

NOTE OF THE FEMALE.

This is merely a croak, and both male and female appear to utter the same sound. It is a hoarse note, simply a guttural one. It may be something like "carrup, carrup, carrup," with a quaver or shake thrown into the words by the palate, and the lips closed at the end of each word. This is also the cry of distress. To this I can give a full testimony, as I heard it not many hours since, when I captured one. Frequently the same notes have been heard by me, and I am sure they are correct. These notes were repeated rapidly, and at short intervals, as in the case with all the notes of distress of the *Genus Rana*, in Canada. It may be as well here to remark, that, in

THE EMBRACE

of all the *Rana* family, the male clasps the whole thorax of the female, and the hands are placed with their backs next the breast, with the palms outwardly, and the fingers free, not clasped together. The thumb has a great thickening at this period, which of itself is quite enough to demonstrate the two sexes, as the female has all the fingers about of equal thickness, at all seasons. The arms also of the male are much more developed in their muscles, and once the embrace takes place, it seems to be sustained by a spasmodic, and involuntary force. So much is this a fact that if the couple are seized during this epoch, and plunged into alcohol, the embrace remains perfect, and unaltered during the death struggle. I have specimens, or rather had them lately, which had been preserved in this form for several years. The male is, as a rule, very much smaller than the female, in all our Canadian frogs. In the toads or Bufonidae, the embrace is made by seizing in the axilla, and does not cover the breast.

The Pickerel frog is found more abundantly along the shores of the Atlantic, and does not seem to extend itself west of the Mississippi, at least no specimens have reached me from those regions. As already stated, very beautiful ones have been very kindly forwarded to me by my friend and collaborator, Mr. N. Pike, of Brooklyn, to whom I am greatly indebted for many very fine samples, in many forms of the reptiles, from various parts of the world. I have received some from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Vermont. When collecting on the southern shores of Lake St. Clair, it was seen that although the *R. Halcioa* was in countless millions, only two specimens of the *R. Palustris* were secured. Does it not seem strange

the green gig, her owner and the cabin boy in one, in the other Gros Louison and the matchless Canadian belle, *la perle de la cote de Beauport*, as she was styled.

Poor Josephine was last seen on the deck of the bark *Hope*, whilst her cruel brother, it was said—for no one saw him—retired below to receive the price of his foul deed—twenty gold guineas and the green gig with the red spot. From that day to this, no tidings ever came of the ill-fated Josephine, sold as a bride to a rank heretic. On the following morning, a sail boat with a green gig in tow left the port for Chateau-Richer. They were both subsequently used by Gros Louison to ferry sportsmen to the island of Orleans opposite. His own boat was noticed to have a red spot in the stern. Disparaging remarks having been passed on the red-spotted boat in connection with the disappearance of his sister, the spot was painted over, but a few days later on there it was again. Could it have been restored by Jason Gagné, out of revenge for the loss of his *fiancée*? Was it to recall the price of blood? There it was and there it remained, mysteriously restored as soon as it was obliterated.

Gros Louison never prospered after that, had a narrow escape from drowning and died poor."

"For my part," added old Portugais, "I always associated the falling off of game here with the terrible tragedy, though my neighbor Pierre Jean, an authority on such matters, ascribes the trouble to the unwelcome nocturnal visits of the Ste. Famille sorcerers to the grassy beaches of Chateau-Richer, to steal the meadow hay."

J. M. LEMOINE.

* An ancient popular superstition has ascribed to the worthy, peaceable islanders, witchcraft and sorcery.

† I am indebted for this gruesome tale to Mr. P. C. Daulte, of Pointe aux Trembles, late of Quebec, who heard the particulars during one of his shooting excursions at Chateau-Richer.

\$10 TO \$20 PER DAY.

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++ ++ ++ A string of Fish and a good Time secured with Luminous Bait. Try it.
Pflueger's Luminous Bait, once tried, always used. Try it. ++ ++ ++ ++ ++

That these two species, so similar in their instincts, and their food, should differ so much in their geographical distribution. The Pickerel frog is found only in the northern temperate portions of North America, east of the Mississippi, whereas, the Leopard frog extends from the Hudson's Bay to Texas. In size, the Pickerel frog exactly equals the Leopard frog. As soon as the rut is over, this species betakes itself to the meadows, and wanders miles away from the place where its spawn was deposited. Yet nature compels them, in the first approach of winter, to seek the borders of streams, in some quiet pool of which, it may pass the months of hibernation. I am certain such is the case in my vicinity, and I have been informed that in the vicinity of the sea, it hibernates in salt marshes.

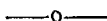
GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

This species has a peculiar odor, which exactly resembles that of Jerusalem artichoke, a bulb well known to everybody, and much in demand as an article of food. This scent is far from disagreeable, and yet if it came from a frog alone, some persons would call it "horrible." Rana Palustris is more slender than the Leopard species. As the tadpole advances, the markings on the back become very pronounced, and before the tail is absorbed, the species to which it belongs could not be mistaken for any other. In giving the measurements of frogs of any sort, as in snakes, no regular and positive statements can be given with precision, as they all vary immensely according to age, the manner the particular specimen has secured food, &c., &c. As a rule then it is from eight to nine inches in length in the adult. It is more slender at all times than R. Halcina, and the general measurements agree. There is a dark spot on each eyelid, one on the snout, and there may be even two between, or these may be altogether absent. On each shoulder is a black oblong rectangular spot, the epaulette, or shoulder strap. The throat and belly are of a beautiful ivory white. The under surface of the thighs and legs, a fine king's yellow, or orange. This color is pretty well pronounced during the second year's growth. It fades away in alcohol. It ceases on the tarsus and three internal toes. A small line of dark brown extends forwards from the nostril leaving the extremity of the snout of a paper grey. A silvery or yellowish fold extends from eye to vent—the lateral fold of a glandular character. Edges of nostrils black. The eye is of a beautiful soft golden shade, and the expression of the countenance is mild, and innocent in the extreme. Between the lateral folds are two rows of rectangular spots, of a blackish brown tint. The skin on the back and external portions of neck, head, and limbs, is a light coppery brown, with silvery or golden reflections, which are vivid in the sun's rays. Immediately outside the lateral fold, is another line of rectangular spots, occasionally two irregular rows, with spottings on the sides. A white line runs from the snout, at its center, beneath the nostril, along the entire length of the upper lip. The thighs, legs, tarsus, and two external toes are crossed by dark brown bars, varying in number in different specimens. As will

be seen, the legs of R. Halcina have spots similar to those of the rest of the body surrounded with a grey or green margin. The rump is also variously mottled with blackish spottings. The soles of the feet and hands are of a dirty paper grey, or brown.

This frog leaps with astonishing agility. On one occasion four feet two inches were duly measured, and it made a number of like springs, till it leaped into a stream. It then dived into the centre, and got beneath some stones. An observer is very often deceived regarding the distance a frog may leap, considering it much more than it really is. If the exact spots of the leap, and where it alighted are measured, they frequently are found much less than what they appear, measured by the eye. The snout of this frog is much more acute than that of its near neighbor, the Leopard species.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Cheap Advertising.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN DIRECTORY System is explained in a few words. It consists of a series of Letter-Heads.

1st. Each Letter-Head has 25 advertising spaces on the back thereof.

2nd. Each holder of one advertising space has his advertisement inserted therein, and receives 1,000 Letter-Heads, superior paper, with his name, business and address on the front, and the advts. of all the advertisers in that series, printed on the back.

3rd. Each advertiser circulates 1,000 letters in his ordinary correspondence, containing these ads. on the back, and the proprietors of the Directory circulate 1,000 as samples, and print and circulate 2,000 more of each series through THE LAND WE LIVE IN, thus giving a direct circulation of 27,000 copies.

4th. Any advertiser can secure space in future series, and so increase the circulation of his advertisement indefinitely.

5th. The cost of an inch adv. in either of these series, with 1,000 Letter-Heads will be \$5.50, which is only a fraction more than the Letter-Heads alone would cost.

6th. The advertiser only does one twenty-seventh part of his own advertising; the other advertisers do the rest.

7th. Nearly all these Letter-Heads will contain business correspondence, and will be preserved for reference.

8th. As each copy of THE LAND WE LIVE IN magazine will be read by three or four persons in a family, the circulation of an ad. in the Directory will extend to at least 30,000, so that no system ever devised gives so much advertising for so little money.

D. THOMAS & Co., PROPRIETORS,
Sherbrooke, Que.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

IN MEMORIAM.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

Prince Victor heir to England's throne,
From earth has passed away;
Left Royal parents sad and lone,
With mourning hearts to-day.

And his young bride is stricken low,
Our honored Queen likewise,
He whom they loved and cherished so,
In death's embrace now lies.

His loss the nation, deeply feels.
And it is loss indeed,
But He—who ever wisely deals,
To be thus—hath decreed.

Though sad to give up one so young,
Who England would have led,
And lay him in life's morn among
England's illustrious dead.

All nations of the wide-spread earth
In our loss sympathize,
That England's rightful heir by birth,
In fair young manhood dies.

We understand not why God should
See fit so soon to call
A prince so amiable, and good;
He was endeared to all.

'Neath it his wisdom under lies,
And may we be resigned;
'Tis well to err *He is too wise,*
'Tis good to be unkind.

Our Queen loved Albert Victor best,
Loved him as her own son,
Oh! may she feel though she's distressed
The victory he's won.

And laid his earthly armor down,
Before the throne to bow,
For Christ to place a brighter crown
Than England's, on his brow.

May God the Royal family bless,
Soothe, comfort, and sustain
In those sad hours, when grief oppress,
And guard Victoria's reign!

May they upon his arm repose,
While mourning England's heir!
Feeling the tomb doth but inclose
The form that's sleeping there!

And he—in yonder Heavenly land,
Where naught his joys can mar,
Dwells in a palace, far more grand
Than kingly castles are.

And there has joined the blood washed
through
Around the throne above
To sing anew the sweet old song
Of God's redeeming love.

ELIZABETH A. EARLY.

Johnville, Que., February 1892.

We apologize to our contributor for the delay in publication of the above, her M.S. S. having been mislaid.—Ed.

ALUMINUM \diamond NICKEL
ALLOY \diamond

Makes soft, sound, semi-steel castings—(one per cent. used in ladle or cupola.) It is the foundrymen's pride. Chemically prepared from Oregon Nickel Ore and Bauxite for iron and brass foundry. Book of rare information, and reports from Government officials with indisputable testimonials, mailed free. Price, \$5.00 per 25 pounds, box 'd, 50 lbs. \$9.00, 100 lbs. \$15.00, 500 lbs. \$60, 1,000 lbs. \$100. Exclusive rights to Agents.

HARTSFELD REFINING CO.,
12ft NEWPORT, KY.

FOR SALE.

A valuable Collection of Standard Books, Art Works, Encyclopaedia Britannica, and other valuable works. Cost over \$1300. Will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, at a great sacrifice, cash, or approved notes. A catalogue can be seen at our office and the books at the residence of the owner in this city.
D. THOMAS & CO., Agents.

Ex. Pres. Grover Cleveland recommends Pflueger's Luminous Bait. Try it. * * *

With Pflueger's Luminous Bait you catch fish with others. Try it.



SPORTING SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE SHORES OF LAKE HURON.

By "Gaspereau."

[Registered in accordance with the Copyright act.]

A FALL'S HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

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OW deeply are the scenes of bygone years impressed on the memory. How often do we wish that we could return to our earlier days, and lead life o'er again, at the same time we forget that matters would remain the same, did we not possess the experience we now have to guide us from blunders into which we fell? Oh yes, it's all natural enough for old people to wish they were once in their youthful days; but that's all the consolation they get. Don't despair, but smile on, hope on, do a kindly act when it lies in your power, and you will have an easy conscience and a quiet mind. You think that if you had a chance for making money that has slipped through your hands, you would be all right and prosperous.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, my friend, for it is more than one chance in a hundred, aye, one in a thousand, you would have done as you did. Yes, perchance blundered most emphatically, and come to grief. But why reflect in this sombre mood. You can't help doing so, many and many a time, as it is the feeling of natural regret. You blame that scoundrel, be he Tom, Dick, or Harry, that has marred your prospects, and now let me ask you, What do you intend to do about it? I don't know what you intend to do, nor does it signify to me, or any one else, but I advise you to forget all about it. And remember, that there is more truth than poetry in these same remarks. It is many a year gone by since the scenes about to be described occurred, but occur they did; and more than one now living can remember some of the incidents. Trapping beavers and otters was common in those departed eras, and many and many a time have I passed a buck, or a doe with her fawns, in the month of October, yes in every month of the year, with my rifle loaded, and slung on my shoulder, yet would not shoot him or her, as it might be. The reason was simple. Enough venison was hanging up in my barn. Perchance I was a long way from home and did not care to bother carrying it so far, or rather, haul it by hard work over an uneven bush track, rough with roots and

branches, or mayhap a fallen log in the way. If a settler's shanty was close at hand, whether I was personally acquainted or not with the occupants, the deer would catch it. It was a mighty help to many a poor family, and they were grateful as a rule, except those miserable, degraded, off scourings of civilization that had been expelled from the shores of Ross, and Sutherlandshires, and Lewis, Harris, and the Isles of the Sea. My experience of them as a body is, that they are ungrateful and thankless, no matter what the kindness extended, and if a dirty trick can be played, they think it mighty smart.

It was the beginning of October. The trees were in all their glories of shade from purple to soft yellow, and the mingling of these colors renders the autumnal glories of North America in her forest scenery, to stand unrivalled, the queen of the fall of the leaf, over all the world. But musings must cease. A man must live by his energy and exertions in all and every sphere of life, and the trapper must take time by the forelock.

The ground had been carefully looked over beforehand, and places here and there baited to draw the game. Moreover a little shanty had been built near a fountain or spring, and the huge fireplace made, and stoned, and plastered with mud for a month's residence. I had formed the acquaintance of two Indians, John James and his nephew Unyas, and a white man named Martin. There was a cedar swamp nearly twenty miles from my residence, and it was this locality we had selected. It was little frequented, in fact no one disturbed it, so far as game of any sort was concerned. I had seen a deal of bear signs, especially also had I seen tracks in a marshy spot, of a very large paw, and smaller ones of cubs along with it, and this informs a trapper that an old, full grown she bear and her cubs were inhabitants of the locality. Smaller game were there pretty numerous and deer were quite abundant.

There were several creeks that ran into Lake Huron, and one especially that emptied into the Maitland River, on all of which were various beaver dams. We were within a mile of this clear stream, and I had baited several places along its banks, so that fur could be more easily procured. The ground had been gone over a week or ten days before. A doe had been killed by me, and large pieces had been left in such places as were most convenient for setting a trap, and this was especially done respecting martins, which at that period were tolerably numerous.

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This was away back in the fifties, and years before most of the readers of these pages had seen the light of the sun. There were lots of muskrats, of beavers, and minks all over, and partridges in plenty wherever one might wander.

Myself and John James had gone down, to get things arranged, about the middle of the preceding month, and made a couple of deadfalls for bears in two distant points of the swamp.

It may as well be stated here that Indians are extremely superstitious in some regards. This locality was one they had seldom visited, as they said it was the home of a dead warrior, that the evil spirits of the forest had carried away. He had come down to hunt along with another some years before, in this particular swamp, and left his companion in the morning to get a deer, and was never seen more. His comrade searched for him for two days, and becoming melancholy and afraid of the spirits that are always in the bush, returned and notified his friends. A band came down from Saugeen, and after spending some time for a search—which was in vain, they returned disconsolately, and were confirmed in the belief that some evil "Manitou" of the forest had killed him, eaten him, and then hid his bones, that his red brothers should never find him.

It was after some persistent enquiry on my part that this tale was told me, told too by John with very much reluctance. He seemed afraid to tell anything about the matter, and it was useless to get him to mention the name of his lost friend. "He is dead," John would say, "and his name died with him, and no one can say it." Nor was it John alone, as not one could I get to tell me, and all inducements in that direction were useless.

However, it was a satisfaction in a manner to ascertain the fact, so far as they believed, that a spirit haunted this particular vicinity, and thus from their own superstitious ideas, the game had not been disturbed by them for some years. Moreover, it was such an out of the way spot that there were no white settlers who, ere that time, hunted over it.

Myself and this Indian had made a trip and had brought down a couple of blankets each with a dozen double sprung traps, a few pounds of bacon, our rifles, some tea, sugar, a double tinned strong pot that held about three gallons, tin dishes, mugs, &c., and an old iron tea pot that had seen considerable service in the bush, and our axes.

The weather was glorious. I had a

very favorite dog named Jack along with me, who for cuteness and utility certainly equally any hunting dog I ever possessed. Deer, bear, coon, and partridges were quite at his "*finger ends*." He once seized a porcupine and got his mouth full of quills, but this happened only once in his life, as he avoided them ever after, and although he would bark viciously and wickedly when he found one, nothing could induce him to do more.

His genealogy might be termed promiscuous, as it evidently showed some of his ancestors to be spaniel, terrier, and hound curiously mixed. In fact he was a throughbred mongrel, and from long experience I must say, that such a class of dogs is far more useful in this Canada of ours, for bush shooting than any variety of thoroughbreds. Jack was a first-class retriever; splendid to challenge partridges; if put on the track of a wounded deer, he would bring it to a stand in a very short time. His nose was good, and although he had other deer crossing the track, he was never led astray when blood had once been drawn. Once he got up to a deer, he sprang ahead like a flash and seized it by the throat, held a grim hold, and never let go as long as there was the least struggle. It was simply a kill. He was very wise, and we understood each other perfectly.

When he killed a deer, he came back in a quick canter, with the tongue always hanging out of one side of the mouth, and the moment he came to me, he would turn round and go before, at a slow trot if I walked, or ran if I did, frequently turning his head to see if he were followed. When he came to the deer he gave a few sharp barks, and either stood wagging his tail, or lay down and rolled, as every body has seen dogs do. He never tore any animal that can be remembered by me, except once that he destroyed a muskrat, which had bitten him severely on the nose. In fact for a trapper in the bush he was, at the period in which these incidents occurred, beyond all price.

If left in charge of the camp, not a beast or man dare lay his hand on him or anything else, for if he did, Jack would bite, and it was not a trifle of a bite either. He was the best dog to heel and tree a bear, I ever saw, and it seemed natural for him to do so. This digression is given that his merits may be known, especially as he will figure prominently hereafter on several important occasions.

As may be supposed, both of us were pretty tired after a long tramp of sixteen or eighteen miles through the bush. A fire was soon blazing on the

hearth, and that most refreshing of all beverages, a cup of strong tea, and a rasher was a mighty enjoyment. We had two loaves of bread with us, and a pillow slip filled with hard tack. This was a necessity. A lot of beaver hay had been cut by us some time before, and this was carried in and beds made, on which we threw ourselves, each with his briar root as a solace.

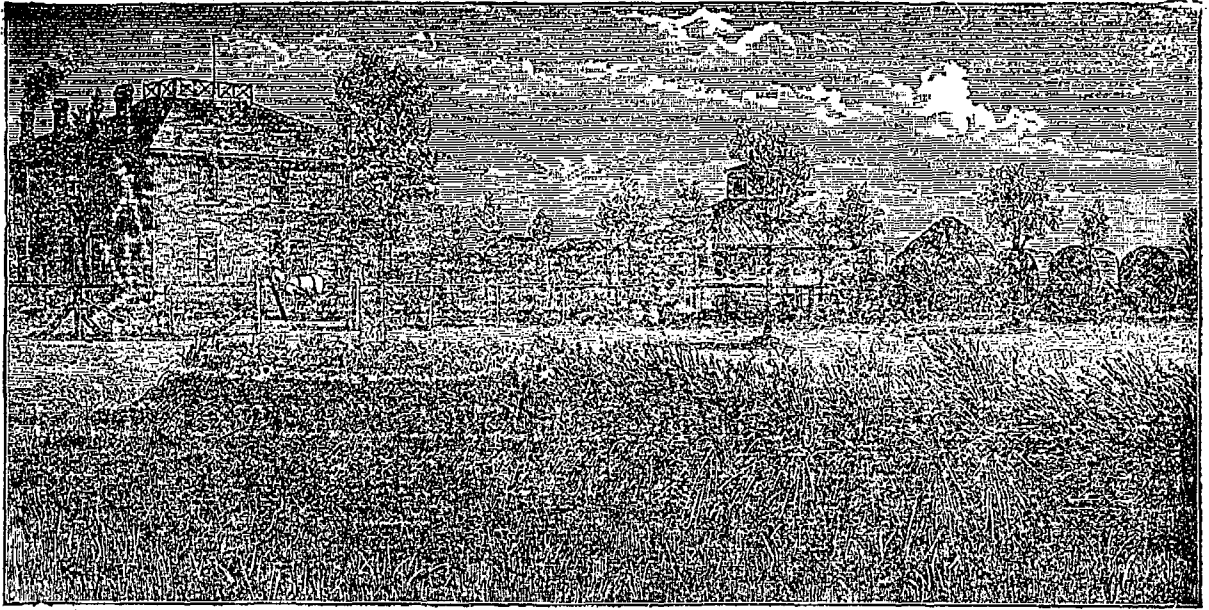
How sweetly did the thoroughly dried beaver hay smell. We chatted of all sorts of things in our own line of business. Dead falls, steel traps on leaning logs, on the run way, and in all conceivable ways, and laid our plans for the morrow. How soundly we slept till the morrow dawned. How refreshing a wash with the cold spring water, and, oh ye Gods, what splendid appetites we possessed.

The next day was spent making dead falls for martins or setting traps on inclined logs, which answered alike for fisher, martin, mink or raccoon, all of which, as well as wild cats, (*lynx rufus*), were taken alike. This plan of trapping is little known, and as it may be of use to some of the readers of these pages it shall forthwith be described.

First of all select a judicious locality, which is really far more than half the battle of success. You get a tree, say two feet through, or less, not less however than eighteen inches; the larger the tree the better. You next get a log, say twelve or more feet in length, in which you cut a notch deep enough to hold a trap. This notch should be cut at an angle, so that when the log is leaned against the tree, it may be flat, the trap may be as much as five feet from the ground and set on the notch in the log. The chain should be short not more than eighteen inches, and I find that a Newhouse trap, largest size, single spring, is by far the most convenient as it will hold almost anything that is likely to get into it. The chain is securely fastened with a common little cleet of a reasonable size \cap driven in to any link of the chain that may be reasonably used. I made it a rule to put some bits of dry moss of which plenty can be got on any tree around, below the trap, and cover it with the same rubbed small, or what is better, with cedar leaves rubbed small between the hands, so as to cover the trap evenly and lightly, at the same time care must be taken that the trap at the hinges be free of twigs, to allow the jaws to come together closely. If a branch by chance overhang the trap about eighteen inches or two feet above it, the bait can be attached to it, otherwise a pole, with an over hanging

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THE BELL FARM.—INDIAN HEAD, N. W. T.

imb, can be got handily all about. The larger the bait used the better, so as to make a scent and draw the game. The carcass of a musk rat, guts and all, tied with some fine bits of moose wood bark firmly to the over hanging limb, is admirable. By all means place a small bait of half an ounce or so above and below the trap on the log and if a martin, a coon, or mink get one good and agreeable mouthful, they must have more. As the large bait is only a short distance from the nose of the game, as a matter of course it rises on its hind legs to reach it, and as it comes down the forefoot drops into the trap, and the pan, having been finely adjusted, the jaws come together with a snap, and the animal, as a natural consequence, makes a frantic leap and topples the trap from its bed, consequently, it hangs suspended, without the least chance of escape. If a musk rat, or squirrel or the intestines of a partridge be drawn along the leaning log it is a very great help, and no doubt assists much to draw.

The scent of the martin is very acute, indeed, in my opinion exceeded by no animal in the bush. It is astonishing how soon they discover freshly killed deer, and they attack it most fearlessly, and satisfy their ravenous little appetites to repletion.

This is a simple plan seemingly, yet when I showed it to John, he fairly danced with delight. He said this was a hundred fold better than setting deadfalls in trees, as nothing in the winter could catch the game when it

hung so securely, and moreover it was impossible for it to eat its foot off as the martins and fishers often did, and thus escape when the trap was on the ground. To him it was not only something new, but serviceable for his winter hunt, and traps could never be snowed under. Any animal, so suspended during the night when frost was sharp, would be frozen solid in a very short time.

But let us return after this necessary digression. In the morning John took a number of traps in his bag and his axe in his belt, myself carrying my rifle and trapper's axe in my belt, and in the game bag a substantial luncheon. Not far from camp, less than a quarter of a mile, I killed a couple of partridges, and we quickly set the first trap on this range as just described. It was set against a large beech stub, and the intestines of the two birds was the bait. And so we proceeded for about a mile, till we were far into this wild and thick dry swamp, and had set a couple more traps like the first, and hung the birds at the distance of about eighteen or twenty inches above what John facetiously termed "the boots."

It is by no means easy work setting a range of traps judiciously, and to do so requires a deal of caution and observation. It is folly to enter further into the minutia of the day's work; we made a few dead falls where convenient and set them. I clipped the heads-off several partridges, and Jack worried a ground hog which was very fat, and about the latest I ever remem-

ber seeing out of its hole. This we used bodily to bait the first bear trap. It was a very large ground hog the intestines being loaded with fat.

We had no time to bother with deer, and all the partridges were remorselessly used for the traps. We had long ago eaten lunch, and sat down to have a smoke when the last trap was set, then quietly and silently made a bee line for line for home, John leading. We secured four or five partridges out of a large brood that the dog raised, with which we were mightily content.

About a quarter of a mile from home I killed a very large porcupine, high up on a pine tree, at John's solicitation. He twisted a withe and fastened it in the under jaw, and thus snaked it home. He quickly made a fire, threw a lot of dry brush on it and pitched the porcupine into it. This was something new in bush life for me, and knowing the peculiarity of my companion, I said nothing, but lit my pipe and watched his queer procedure. This effectually burnt off the quills, hair and every thing, and the fire expanding the air in the lungs and intestines, swelled the carcass to a large size, the legs sticking out, and every part of the body exposed to the flames, as he turned it with a stick for that purpose. As soon as he considered this sufficiently done, he poked it out of the embers, stuck a sharpened stick through the lower jaw and carried it to the little rill already mentioned. The body was scraped carefully and washed, and the skin, which is very thin in this animal, was scraped

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AN ONTARIO FARM HOUSE.

ff it entirely, leaving it white and clean. It was gutted and washed, the head feet and long tail cut off, and he then said we should have it for supper, and the partridges for breakfast.

It should have been stated that ere we started for the bush in the morning, some hard tack had been put to soak and soften. This was put in the pot, pepper and salt added, and the porcupine cut up and thrown in. In about an hour and a half it was ready, and it was with some misgiving it was tasted by me.

John got hold of a hind leg on his platter, and composedly set to work, paying no more attention to me than he did to Jack. However, once tasted my squeamishness vanished and I made a hearty meal, and ever since I can eat porcupine meat with a relish. It seems as natural to eat a porcupine as it does to eat hare soup and enjoy the jugged meat, and certainly, far more natural in a general way than eating frog "beef," or raw oysters.

The repugnance is altogether ideal. Hunger at all times is a most admirable sauce, and if any one wishes to acquire a peculiarly wolfish variety of it, he had best try a trapper's life for one fall. A free untrammelled life in the forest w'lds for a month, is an oasis in one's life, giving vigor to the mind and body, and leaving not a trace of regretfulness behind. Nature here deprives you of your appetite altogether,

and furnishes you with that of the wolf, to make the "*amende honorable*." On no occasion when trapping did we allow whiskey nor any variety of liquor around the camp; not by any means that we were tee-totallers, far from that; but in the first place as a useless expense, and secondly, we found that although it gave a momentary energy, this was invariably followed by a degree of lassitude that meant loss of time.

A trapper's life is a busy life, a hard working industrious life, that compels a close observation of the habits of the various denizens of the wilds. The more closely these are noted, and studied, and then acted upon, so will success attend the hunt. Each animal has its own peculiarities and modes of existence.

We spent the next day as the first. Up at earliest dawn or before it, was the rule; breakfast finished long ere sun rise, and with our accoutrements we start on our rounds, with the excitement of finding something in each trap, one after the other, expectation was continually on tip-toe. Time thus passed merrily and quickly, and better far, happily, and inoffensively alike to God and man.

John James was able to read and write fluently, and spoke as good English as I did myself. He had been educated as a Roman Catholic, and was very strict in his own ideas. He

told me that he might eat meat on Friday all the year round as he desired, except on Good Friday, which was strictly a fast day.

Nevertheless, one could see the peculiarities of the Indian were ingrained in his nature. He was as honest and true to me as my trusty rifle, which now hangs up in my study as I write this retrospect, and he relied implicitly on anything I told him. We took only a couple of single mink traps and started at a lively pace on the first round, of course with Jack at our heels.

We passed several traps which were blanks and this was to be expected as the game had not yet taken up the trail of the range. We came at last to a steel trap hanging down, and it held the forefoot and entire leg of a martin. "Hang that devil," vociferated John, "he'll pay for this to-night."

"Yes, confound him," I replied. "He's stolen our martin. These fishers are a complete nuisance."

A fisher had followed the range and torn the martin bodily out of the trap. The fisher, it may be as well to state, chases and eats the martin if he can catch him, and is a terrible nuisance to a range of dead falls. He follows it for miles, as I can aver to my cost, and tears down the little house containing the bait on the trigger of the fall, and it is no light job to be compelled to spend time remaking the

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house, and hunting up bait.

A bad beginning makes a lucky ending, and so this day's hunt proved. We had seen several deer in the distance with the white tail erect, and were not anxious to hunt them, the finishing of this range being of more importance at the present.

The bear's deadfall was undisturbed and we passed rapidly on. We got a martin in one of the traps, a young wild cat or kitten in another, and a mink in a deadfall.

This was reasonable pay for the day's work, as a martin was worth \$2.00 and a mink the same at that time, and mink were daily getting dearer. The lynx was worth about 75 cts.

In the last steel trap we found hanging a very large raccoon. John caught it by a hind leg and brought its head along the slanting log, then deftly killed it with a blow on the head. It was very fat, as all coons are at that season. He took it to the second bear deadfall, skinned it carefully, and used the body as bait, and it is as well to remark that a bear's deadfall is no easy matter for two to set, and almost an impossibility for one, or indeed quite impossible, and I have tried it.

Two other leaning logs were duly placed against trees nearly half a mile apart, and the body of the wild cat was used as bait, for one, and the mink and martin for the other.

One thing has been taught me by experience, namely, that in a range of traps in a bush, they should be not more than two, or at most three inside of a mile.

One or two more deadfalls for small game were made and then we started for home, carefully watching for any thing we might see in the shape of eatable-game. John took to the right and I made straight for home the better to have two chances. I got a few partridges, knowing full well that we could make use of all we killed.

When about a quarter of a mile from home the sharp crack of John's rifle echoed through the bush, and I stood motionless listening for any sound of bounding foot falls. Yes it is distinct, and Jack sprang away with a yelp of excitement, and headed a two year old buck directly for me. The breast was exposed and a bullet from my piece went home and with a sudden spring into the air it fell in a heap, shot through the heart, and was dead ere it reached the ground. I gave an Indian yell as loud as I was able, which was answered by my comrade. It was nothing new for me to knock over a deer, and it was bled and cleaned out ere John came up.

"That's my deer," he said, "I shot him."

"Nonsense old fellow, I killed him on the run."

"I don't care," he answered, "I shot him;" and he pointed to a ball hole which had gone clean through both legs, and which I had completely overlooked. The bullet however had gone through the hips without breaking bones.

"Right you are John. The hide is yours and no mistake."

It is the law among Indians that he who draws first blood gets the pelt of any animal, no matter what, and half the meat, be it a bear or a musk rat. Well to me it was a matter of indifference, so we fastened him to a pole and carried him home.

John had more by good luck than otherwise brought a stout bed cord with him. The legs were tied securely together, and the pole passed through them; then the body was lashed tightly to it, as well as the neck and it was an easy matter to bring it home on our shoulders. If this be done, an animal 175 lbs can be carried handily by two men for a couple of miles. If however the head be allowed to swing, it would be almost impossible in the case of a buck with large horns, as it would render the gait of the carriers most insecure, and it has been proved by myself more than once. The more securely the body and head are lashed to the pole, the easier is it carried.

We soon hung it up in a sapling out of harms way. John skinned it, and cut off the head, and then cut off the neck and one shoulder which he cut in pieces with his hand axe and flung into the pot, with pepper, salt, and some hard tack and water. This he placed on hot coals which he raked to one side of the fire, and we set about getting dinner. We easily discussed a brace of partridges each, and a considerable amount of other material, so that we did not feel so wolfish as when we began.

Dinner over, some four or five pounds of steak were cut and duly fried for to-morrow's use. John was very solemn and sat silently smoking for a long time after we had finished our meal.

"What makes you so dull John?" I asked. No reply.

He was asked a second time to tell what was the matter, or why he was sad.

"There is nothing the matter," he replied softly. "I have seen his tracks. His spirit is near us and he asks for relief," and he subsided into his grave mood.

"What can we do for him?" I asked.

"I don't know. Nothing. He was a great hunter. He went to the happy

hunting ground to hunt among his fathers. He is in heaven."

"And where did you see his tracks?"

"After I left you to hunt for a deer, the tracks were on the borders of the creek. He is here with us, but a man's eyes are dark. We cannot see spirits nor the great Manitou."

It was useless to say more, so I smoked in silence, and occupied myself in making cedar sticks to use for stretching the smaller pelts. John became quite apathetic, or morose, and it was useless on my part to rouse him from this superstitious stupor, into which he had fallen. It was the characteristic superstition of the red man, and to laugh at him, or cast jokes at his firm belief would have estranged us at the moment, or perhaps for ever, so I made silence a virtue.

The evening passed quietly and silently, and we soon retired to bed. A big log was always rolled on the fire and another beside it, which kept up a reasonable heat and light all night long. Any one who rose during the night usually pushed the logs close together and raked in the embers, by which means a good fire was always on hand to prepare breakfast.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Reminiscences of a Trip

TO THE TOP OF

MEGANTIC MOUNTAIN.

IT was early in the fall of 1872, close upon 20 years ago, that we started to look for land; by that, I do not want you to think that we were on the sea, or that land was scarce where we then were; on the contrary there was plenty, but most of it was taken up, and that which was not taken up, was either too high priced or not much good, what we wanted was some good farming land, cheaper than it could be got near the village, so we were going 15 or 20 miles back into the woods.

Our party consisted of three, a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Robinson, who was the head of the expedition, (and although that is not his name, it will do as well as Jones or Brown would), Woodman Webster, who is now in Manitoba, and myself, an emigrant. Mr. Webster and I were looking for a place to locate, and Mr. Robinson was giving us the benefit of his experience and knowledge.

Although as I said we were not at sea, yet as it was our intention to make our trip by water, as well as by land, we had brought a boat with us.

We launched our boat on the Salmon River, at the head of the Victoria Falls, where the mill pond is now, but at that time it was a howling wilderness, even the bridge, built the year before, had been carried away in the spring. The water was low, and having only one paddle, our progress up the river was slow.

Along in the afternoon we reached the mouth of the Bog Brook, and were surprised and puzzled at finding a good, substantial boat lying bottom upwards, at the side of the river, and a pair of paddles with it. After several unsatisfactory conjectures, we concluded that it must have been there some time, and most likely would remain some days longer, and that as the opportunity offered, it would be a good plan to borrow one of the paddles to use while we were going up, and leave it as we came back, so choosing the best, we pushed on up the river to the camp at the mouth of the Little Mountain Brook, where we intended to stop all night.

But Nemesis was already following us. We had just commenced to make a fire, when the sound of a paddle knocking against the side of a boat, caused us to look down the river, and an exclamation, "Here is that other boat coming."

"Yes," said our leader, "and that is Archie Annance, the Indian. If you fellows want to get any sleep to-night, you had better take care of your medicine, for he is sure to ask for it, and there will be no rest till it is gone and very likely none after."

We had secured it in a safe place and returned to the fire as the boat came up, and the next moment a shout from behind warned us that we were surrounded, and turning to see who it was, two men came through the woods to the fire, they were Mr. Alfred, L. O. Paradis and Alfred Gendreau. The first has been dead some years,

the other was then, and is now I believe, keeping a hotel in Ditton.

"Hello!" was their first exclamation; then as their eyes fell on the borrowed paddle, "Ha! Ha! you are the fellows that stole our paddle. What have you got to say about that?"

Of course we explained that we were a paddle short and that it was our intention to return it as we went down.

Having recovered the paddle they were less inclined to say much about it, but they insisted that as we only left home about ten hours before, we certainly must have something to drink. As things were Mr. W. and myself denied having anything, and Mr. R. said that he was not in the habit of carrying anything of the sort. This made things look rather unsatisfactory, and when I enquired if they knew where I could find any dry wood, I was told that all the dry wood anywhere near had been cut down.

Things were beginning to look unpleasant; when myself and the Indian returned with some dry wood, and found that Mr. R. had discovered a flask in the middle of his pack, and things looked better.

We were now six, and the camp was only 6 feet square; it was built of brush, with a few boards on the roof, and was rather small quarters for all to sleep in, and as it was beginning to rain we all piled in, but it was impossible to sleep. Mr. R., who was on the outside, got out, found a soft board somewhere and lay down upon that, and with his rubber coat over him was soon snoring.

In the morning we were up early, but our friends left before we were ready, as they intended to breakfast at home, distant six miles.

After breakfast we made our way up stream through several rapids till we reached the Ditton River, when, as the water was low, we returned to the town line of Ditton, and landing on the Chesham side of the river, we hid the boat and started through the woods on a straight line from the river for several miles, and through some splendid land, then turning gradually towards the river, we ascended the mountain at a very easy grade, through mixed timber.

As we get higher, although it is past noon, we take no time for dinner, but push on upwards till at last, with a rush and a scramble to try to be the first, we stand upon the highest point of the Megantic Mountains. The top is not level, less than an acre, with one spot a few rods across is the highest point. On two sides the ground falls away rather suddenly, but on the other two the grade is easier and the ground more level, the top is covered with mixed timber, a dwarf birch standing on the highest point. I climbed up into the birch, but although the view was extensive, it was difficult to locate any precise spot and call it by name, except the Salmon River, which I could see like a thread of silver, almost beneath my feet, the rest appeared to be all forest. There are several mountain tops near us, but the one we are on is the highest, but I do not think they are higher than the Malvern Hills, Worcestershire, England.

Hastily descending the tree, I seized the axe and cutting a blaze on the birch I try to inscribe our names and the date upon

it, but I can only do it in a very indifferent manner. In doing it I notice an old blaze mark, but it is impossible to make out any inscription. I look round and find myself alone and hasten to rejoin my companions.

We passed completely over the mountain; as near as I can remember, we climbed up on the south-west side and descended on the north-west side. Coming down we came across a place where there was a big land slide a very short time before; the leaves were still on the trees. It was very difficult to say just how large it was, but it appeared to be from 10 to 15 acres; it was mostly hard wood trees with heavy tops, there was a very shallow depth of soil resting on a bed of cobble stones, there had been a heavy rain, and then a wind down the mountain caught in the heavy tops, and having an immense leverage, the whole went crashing and roaring down the mountain with a noise that was heard miles away, alarming those who had no idea of what was the cause of it.

Lower down we passed through acres and acres of splendid maple trees, in fact there were thousands of them, sufficient to make one of the largest sugar orchards in the Province.

In a short time we struck the Bog Brook road, as it was then called, which is I believe the line between Chesham and Hampden. We were not long in reaching the camp at the Bog, as we intended to fish a little in the Bog. While I started a fire my two companions went to get the canoe and ere long they returned with a splendid bark canoe, borrowed in the same way that the paddle was.

After tea, it being still light, W. and myself started in the canoe up the Bog, but as the fish did not bite we soon returned and went to bed.

After a fatiguing tramp next day, we found ourselves about four o'clock at the mouth of the Bog Brook. There was a small camp there, and as we were going to stay all night, I had to get wood and make a fire, while the other two went up the river for the boat. As I had plenty of time I cut a big pile of wood, and it was well I did, for it was a cold night, though as I slept in the middle I did not feel it, but near 2 o'clock a. m. the fire had got low, and the air was chilly, when I became aware of my right hand neighbour, Mr. R., lifting his head very gently from the pillow, and I knew he was looking at the fire. He laid himself back very gently and then his knees began to rise till they were perpendicular, then taking a grip of the blanket between them, he straightened himself out again taking the blanket off the whole of us. I jumped up to see where the blanket was going and was greeted with, "Hello! What's the matter with the fire?"

"Fire's all right, sir, only needs mending. I thought I saw a dog run away with the blanket, I was going to chop his head off."

"Hal ha! I have to chop some wood instead. How's that?" he said.

"No, no," said I, "there's plenty of wood ready," as I pulled the fire together and threw five or six logs on it.

"Say," said he, "where did you get all your wood?"

++ ++ ++ A string of Fish and a good Time secured with Luminous Bait. Try it.
Pfueger's Luminous Bait, once tried, always used. Try it. ++ ++ ++ ++ ++

"Chopped it while you were after the boat."

"Well done," said he, "that is good." In another minute I was under the blanket again with them.

After a late breakfast in the morning, we dropped down the river and found the team waiting for us where it had left us four days before, and ere night came we were where we could sleep in comfort.

EMIGRANT.



SHERBROOKE, QUE., JULY, 1892

With this number we close our fourth volume. Four years of publication, full of uphill work and pecuniary pressure that would have discouraged most men, has established this journal on a paying basis, and given us renewed confidence in our enterprise. The high standing and literary reputation of some of our contributors, have given it a position amongst the leading periodicals of Canada, and the views expressed, and information imparted by them, has given it a tone, which makes it attractive to many of the leading scientists and naturalists of this continent. There has been a slight falling off in our subscription list amongst our rural population in some cases in localities to which we have been the means of attracting considerable outside notice and attention, which will bear fruit in its season, and which is partly due to hard times, and partly to indifference to anything of a literary character; but this has been more than offset by accessions from amongst those who appreciate our effort to supply a wholesome and varied bill of fare, in the way of mental *pabulum*, and who have confidence in the abilities of our *chefs de cuisine*. The sprinkling of nonsense which appears from time to time, is simply given as a condiment to those have not yet acquired an appetite for more substantial diet. We are ready to do anything reasonable to please our readers, but must put up the bars when asked to publish the fact that "Bessie Jones who is working for Mrs. Smith, has gone to visit her friends in Stoke." We contem-

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

plate improvements in the "make-up" of our journal, and the issue of occasional illustrated supplements, for trimmings, and trust that our friends in arrears will take the hint, and that *all* will endeavor to conform to our rule, of advance payment, which is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

It is not necessary for any man to blow his own trumpet now. He can get others to do it for him, by adopting THE LAND WE LIVE IN DIRECTORY system of Letter-Head advertising. Try it!

Recent fishing experience at Brompton Falls, in the St. Francis River, has satisfied us that there is still some sport to be had there and that it is not difficult for one who doesn't turn up his nose at bait fishing, to secure a good basket. It is true that mullet and skurgo cannot be classed as game fish, but for one fond of piscatorial sport, they serve to "keep his hand in" and furnish a very fair amount of that excitement which every ardent fisherman feels when he is fast to a fair sized specimen of the finnytribe. There is little difficulty in catching the fish named in the vicinity of the Brompton Railway bridge, and they run from one to four or five pounds each, while occasionally one much larger is secured. Both varieties are caught with worm, but in fishing for skurgo, it is necessary to light a fire on the bank, and fish after dark. The light seems to attract these fish. It is necessary to bait with several worms, hooked so as to leave the ends wriggling and to let the bait rest on the bottom. Bass pickerel and mascalonge can also be caught by trolling and with live minnow. The fishing in the St. Francis might be considerably improved by placing better fish ways, at the Brompton dam; and enabling more fish to get above the slabs and edgings which flood the river below this point.

We know a good thing when we see it, and we challenge any body to show or explain to us, so cheap and effective a system of advertising as that copy-righted under the title of THE LAND WE LIVE IN DIRECTORY.

Our humble impression is, that our postoffice officials are blamed for many acts of commission and omission for which they are not responsible. We are led to make this remark from the fact that some of our contributions come to us as "printers copy," in official envelopes, open at the side, and

ready-like an open carpet bag, to conceal anything that drops into its capacious maw. On several occasions we have been the recipients of letters in this way, not intended for us, and which had travelled considerably out of their proper course to reach us. A good deal of the inconvenience and delay thus caused, could be obviated by placing a string around the envelope, and preventing the delay in delivery usually placed to the debit of the receiving postmaster, and his "incompetent assistants."

Lew Smith is always on the *qui vive*, which being interpreted means that he is always on the watch. In fact it's "watch and prey" with him. Lew judges watches as he does professed Christians, and says "By their works ye shall know them." He is always in,—on Time.

If you want to raise "*spirits* from the vasty deep," call on McManamy, show him the *figurative* end of a Dominion Bill and nod towards the blind side of the cellar. There is an "open Sesame!" mesmeric influence about this way of doing it, that succeeds every time.

Our offer of half a dozen of the Enterprise Mfg. Co's Luminous Spoons, and one dozen of the best assorted flies, made by this Co. to the person who catches inside of any 24 hours, the greatest weight of doré, bass and mascalonge, or of either variety, only applies to "catches" made prior to the first August, next; but owing to the continuous wet weather and high water which have prevailed in this part of the province we have extended the time until the fifteenth day of August next. An affidavit before a justice of the peace, giving the date when caught, the number, variety and weight of fish, will be the evidence required, and they must be caught with Luminous Spoons acquired from us.

The *Canadian Queen*, Toronto, has changed hands and is now under the control and management of gentlemen whose *person* is a guarantee that it will be conducted on strict and honorable business principles, and that no misleading inducements will be used to obtain for it the increased patronage and support to which its literary merits justly entitle it. We sincerely hope that any allusions which we have made to the questionable manner in which subscribers were formerly secured, will not prejudice any of our readers against the *Queen* under its new regime and trust that those who

Pfueger's Luminous Bait is endorsed by America's highest authority. Try it. -- -- --
A string of Fish, and a good Time secured with Luminous Bait. Try it.

like ourselves, have had reason to feel aggrieved, will assist the present proprietors in their intention of making it one of the leading family periodicals of this continent, in a literary point of view.

A deficiency in the paper we have been using, only discovered when too late, has compelled us to use an inferior paper for this issue.

We are supplying more reliable information, and interesting reminiscences, connected with the early settlement of the Eastern Townships, than can be obtained from any other source. We think that very many of the residents of this district, are making a mistake in not contributing to, and preserving files of this journal, which they and their descendants will feel in after years. In making this statement we do so without any selfish motive and but echo the feelings of many of our contributors and patrons.

We are pleased to notice that Government has prohibited the catching of speckled trout through the ice. This is a move in the right direction. If the use of night lines is prejudicial so is fishing through the ice, as each fisherman uses several lines, and these are in use continuously, night and day, during his "outing." Besides this, it affords an excuse for stringing a net under the ice, in such a way as only to be noticed by those who visit the spot, and even then it generally escapes detection.

It is not always the Elder man who is overcome with conscientious scruples, nor every Pope for whom infallibility can be claimed. Certain individuals who have received our paper for nearly four years, and lately refused it, without paying a cent for the time they have been taking it from the Post Office, will know whom we refer to, while others can make a pretty good guess as to their identity. We do not force any one to take our paper, but when he continues to do so, it implies a willingness on his part to take it; and his refusal to pay for it is about as near the "height of meanness" as taking shelter in an umbrella shop during a shower of rain. We are pleased to know that such instances are rare.

For \$5.50 we will supply you with 1000 Letter-Heads, containing your Business Card, and a one inch advertisement which we guarantee will be seen by 27,000 persons. Send stamp for THE LAND WE LIVE IN DIRECTORY and learn how we can do it.

"Hello Whitcher! Do you know any good place to fish, near here?"

"I think there's a chance down there by the Railway Bridge. I see Fish Moulton down there this evening."

Fish Moulton! Fish don't moult, man alive! Perhaps somebody's been spearing and knocked a few scales off."

"What are you givin us? That aint what I mean! I mean that I saw Mr. Moulton,—I call him Fish Moulton, because he's always fishing, when there's any show for it,—I saw him a fishing down there."

The many Canadian friends of Charles Hallock, Esq., formerly of *Forest and Stream*, and latterly connected with the *American Angler*, will be pleased to hear that he is headed in this direction, and will reach here in time for the fall shooting. His present address is Cummington, Mass.

"Say! Can you tell me where I can get a first class cabinet photo. of myself taken?"

"Why, yes! Go to Presby's, Wellington Street! He can do it in good style. He can actually put a smile on the photograph of a vinegar aspected old maid, who has been thirty years of age for the last thirty five years. After he gets you well focused, he looks at you from behind the Camera, with a smile that is childlike and bland, and which causes a roseate effulgence to distribute itself over your countenance, and creates an animated expression suggestive of a mint julep in a 90°-in-the-shade temperature—after taking."

The really, truly great,
Likewise the good and wise,
Are those—as sure as Fate,
Who freely advertise.

A New Premium Offer.

We will present every new subscriber to THE LAND WE LIVE IN who remits \$1 direct to the publishers, with a Rubber Stamp, containing the name of such subscriber, a bottle of Walton's Eternal Stamp Ink, for marking linen, and pads and box complete. Present subscribers can avail themselves of this offer by paying all arrears and remitting \$1 for a year's subscription in advance. We will also supply the entire outfit of stamp, ink, pads and box and mail the same, prepaid, for 35 cents.

The SIBLEY BROOM HOLDER is the simplest and cheapest in use. Special terms to agents. Send 5 cents for sample which will be mailed, postpaid!

We have appointed Mr. Edmund F. Bartlett, 8 Delta Street, Bootle, Liverpool, England, as General Agent for Great Britain, for "The Land We Live In Directory;" with Head Office in Liverpool, for the publication of the "British Edition." Mr. Bartlett is also authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for this journal, and to grant receipts for payments made on account thereof.

BOOK REVIEW.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt, with the compliments of the author, of a copy of "The Practical Angler," by "Kit" Clarke, Esq., New York, (beautifully bound in flowered silk, gilt edged and ornamented with a genuine artificial fly of dark hackle variety, tied to hook and gut, either illustrative of the author's practical coat of arms, or suggestive of some of the torments which the practical angler has to endure. It tells "How, When and Where to Catch Fish," and devotes a chapter to a description, with habits and habitat of each, of the following game fish of America, viz.: Brook trout, black bass, blue fish, bullhead, channel bass, cavalli, catfish, drum, grouper, kingfish, land-locked salmon, lake trout, mascalonge, perch, pike, pickerel, salmon, sea bass, sheepshead, striped bass, snapper, salt-water trout, skipjack, tarpon, weakfish, white perch, wall-eyed pike (*dore*), and Winniish (*Ouananiche*), with additional chapters containing hints to anglers, fly and bait fishing, fishing seasons, etc. As Mr. Clarke is a practical angler and an authority on such matters, his book will settle all difficulties as to the identity of some of the varieties of fish referred to, and should be in the hands of every angler, as well as those upon whom devolve the carrying out the law and the identification of certain varieties caught in close season under the names of other fish, for which the close season is different. The book is published by the American News Co., New York; but, we presume, \$1 sent to "Kit" Clarke, P.O. box 1248, New York city, will secure a copy in neat cloth binding. Beautifully engraved illustrations are given of most of the fish referred to.

"THE HOME OF THE OUANANICHE," is the title of a neat and beautifully illustrated little book issued by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway Co., and gives very valuable information respecting the gamy ouananiche, its habits and mode of capture, with descriptions of the scenery and sporting resorts in the vicinity of the railway and at Lake St. John, showing as well the elegant apartments in connection with the Hotel Roberval at Lake St. John and delightful views to be had from this popular resort of sportsmen and tourists. Copies of the book and railway folders can be had by addressing T. Kenna, Hotel Roberval, Roberval, P.Q., or Alex. Hardy, general passenger agent Q. & L. St. J. railway, Quebec.

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever" is the scenery of Lake Memphremagog as depicted in the brochure of Owl's Head Mountain House, issued by the proprietors of that celebrated summer resort. The engravings are got up in the highest style of art. Those desiring of knowing something about the scenery and attractions of this,

the "Switzerland of Canada," should address Owl's Head Mountain House, Newport, Vt., for a copy of the book.

The Guide Goes a-Fishing.

Just as we were discussing the advisability of returning homeward, we reached the grandest pool of all—long, silent, shadowy, with a dome of interlacing green overhead and a good six feet of ice-cold water below. The bottom at the centre of the pool was free from all encumbrance save one boulder of about a foot in diameter, and close against this boulder lay the boss fish of 'em all. On one side of the stream was piled debris and logs left by high water, and altogether it was an extremely awkward bit to cover noiselessly.

I could see the fish distinctly—could see his nose and tail projecting an honest inch from either side of the foot-broad boulder; he weighed a pound at least, and I yearned for him. No use trying a fly under the circumstances, so I looted an eye from a dead captive and placed it on the hook. Now, I should surely have got that fish, but just as I was ready to try, that accursed guide came clambering over the logs with the silent grace of a horse galloping over hot-bed sashes, and he saw the monster.

"Begar! see zat beeg—" and down went his baited hook as rapidly as my heart fell into my boot. In an instant he had the fish fast hooked, and as he hove on his pole his feet slipped and he went crashing among the treacherous brush and logs, his legs working well down between some boughs. He yelled and struggled, and the more he toiled the worse tangled up he got, but with one hand he still clung to his tackle. At last he managed to regain his feet and found the fish still on the hook, but the line fouled among some roots. The trout was only two feet below him, so he knelt down upon a small log and thrust his hand arm's length into the water. At this instant my eye fell upon a stout stick projecting from the rubbish below his log and I tampered with it—seized it and hove on it with the vindictiveness born of an evil mind. There was a howl of terror, a crash, a splash, and two men rolled on the ground and laughed till the earth trembled, while a third pawed and clawed at floating rubbish, and bubbled merry lays of French profanity from the grandest trout pool you ever saw.—From "Fooling and Fishing in Lake Megantic," by Ed. W. Sandys, in the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* for July.

"Canada" for June.

The broadly Canadian character of this bright little magazine appears in the current number. Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Manitoba are represented by the contributors. The subjects are varied and interesting, especially to Canadians. We should be pleased to see this intensely patriotic monthly introduced and welcomed from Atlantic to Pacific. Subscription, \$1.00. The publisher will send *Canada* to new subscribers three months for 18 cents in stamps. Address, Matthew R. Knight, Benton, New Brunswick.

N.B.—*Canada* and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* one year to new subscribers for \$1.00.

World's Columbian Exposition Illustrated for July.

To say this number is the most interesting, beautiful and valuable of all the numbers so far issued is putting the fact very mildly. Indeed it is the crown jewel of

the seventeen artistic gems—the seventeen numbers so far published. This month the frontispiece is a full page, half-tone, copper plate engraving of the Hon. M. H. De Young, of San Francisco, third vice-president of the World's Columbian Commission. It contains many leading articles of paramount importance to all those interested in the growth and development of the Exposition. We notice especially "The Nation Wishes It," setting forth very strongly that the Exposition is not only a national enterprise, but should be dignified by substantial national support. It leaves no ground for any belief other than that the American people so view this great enterprise. There are two very valuable and timely articles entitled, "Sunday Opening vs. Closing," and "Sunday Opening at the World's Fair." The latter is by Mrs. Frances E. Bagley, of Michigan, lady manager-at-large and widow of the late Gov. Bagley. She has arrayed her arguments in an interesting and convincing manner, and her article sheds considerable light on the satisfactory solution of this much mooted question. There is a schedule of the "Official Traffic Arrangements for the Exposition," including the railroads and the trans-oceanic steamship lines. This article is of great importance to intending exhibitors and visitors. Very conspicuous among the artistic features are engravings, nearly all full page, of statuary for the adornment of the principal buildings. There are two excellent full page engravings of the Washington State building and of the Maine State building, with many photographs of the State board managers of these two States. There is also a double page engraving of the Mines and Mining Building, the first of the great department buildings to be completed. Altogether, too much can not be said in praise of this admirable number. In a more pleasing and definite manner, by means of it, than ever before can we appreciate the great importance and the educational influence of the World's Columbia Exposition. From first to last there will be sixty number of this journal. Price of the entire issues, post-paid to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico, \$12. Early in the fall it will be published semi-monthly; during the Exposition, weekly. Annual subscription price (24 copies) \$5.50. The publishers announce their "Special Great Offer," which includes all the copies from July to January, this year, ten in number, to one address for only \$1.50; or about half price. Single copies 25 cts. Address,

J. B. CAMPBELL, President,
169 and 161 Adams St., CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

N.B.—Sample copies may be seen at this office, where subscriptions will be received.

The Dominion Illustrated Monthly for July, 1892.

The July number of this popular magazine opens with a thrillingly interesting story by Jessie A. Freeland, called "The Renunciation of Grahame Corysteen," dealing with a tragic and most uncommon phase of Canadian life. Mr. Frank Yeigh's excellent paper on "A Century of Legislation," is concluded, and forms in all a valuable addition to our legislative history; the article is well illustrated. The most amusing article in the number is a story, "Fooling and Fishing about Megantic," by E. W. Sandys; it is very appropriate at the present season. We note with pleasure the re-appearance of the familiar hand of "Pastor Felix;" his article, "Old Acadian

School Days," is written in his happiest vein. Miss Maud Ogilvy, of Montreal, who has recently come to the front with several popular works of fiction, contributes a charming little sketch, entitled, "A Feminine Camping Party," a paper well worth the attention of all fond of open-air life. "The Dominion Educational Association Convention" and "Yachting on Lake Ontario," are two well-written and richly illustrated articles, the scope of which is well indicated by the titles; the writers are masters of their subjects and fully cover the ground. A charming poem by Miss A. M. MacLeod, and a short instalment of "Scraps and Snaps," from Mr. Crofton's pen, closes the number, the size of which we regret is not larger.

The illustrations are unusually good and profuse this month. The frontispiece is a view of Lake St. Joseph, while the supplement is an excellent portrait of the late Sir Alex. Campbell, Ontario's late Lieut. Governor. The Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal and Toronto, are the publishers, and at the low price asked—\$1.50 yearly—the magazine should have a very large support from the Canadian public.

N.B.—We will supply a year subscription to *The Dominion Illustrated Monthly* and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* for \$2.00 if sent direct to D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

WANTED.

A Partner, active or silent, with a little capital, to take a half interest in this paper, and the Agency Business connected therewith, with the view of increasing and extending the same. The LETTER-HEAD DIRECTORY copyright, will also be included, if desired. A personal interview will satisfy any person that a very large and profitable business can be developed, in addition to that already secured. A job printing business could be carried on to advantage in this connection. Address (with stamp for reply)

D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

Dr. Bush's Cough Syrup

Is a sure Remedy for COUGHS and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS. We can supply the Syrup in bottles, or will furnish the printed formula by which any one can make it for family use or for sale, on receipt of 25 cents. This formula is neatly printed and the materials can be obtained at any drug store. There is economy in preparing it for family use and money in it for those who will manufacture and push the sale of it in their own locality.

D. THOMAS & CO., Gen. Agents.

H. E. TAYLOR,

Veterinary Surgeon & Auctioneer.

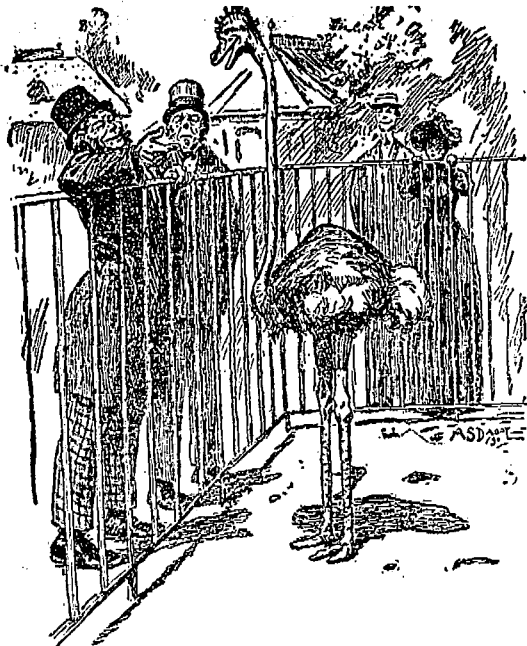
SAWYERVILLE, P. Q.

Gay

To introduce them in this locality, we will supply one of BEATTY'S BEST PIANOS guaranteed for "ten years," listed at \$750.00, freight and duty paid, for \$300 cash, or approved notes. This being intended as a "sample" piano will be first class in every respect.

D. THOMAS & Co
Sherbrooke, Que.

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



O'DUFFY: Look out, Doolan, he moight ate yer hand off an' swally it.
DOOLAN: He doant look onny too intiligent, tu ba shure, but I doant belave he ez fule enough tu think he cool swally me hand thru a neck like that.

HE put his arm about her,
 The maid was tightly laced;
 "I see," she said, "your young
 Affections run to waist."

GOOD FOR THEM.

FANGLE: The women trades-unionists of England are boycotting non-union lovers.
MRS. FANGLE: That's right. It's foolish for women to waste time over men who don't intend to marry.

RATHER SINGULAR.

"IT'S the hardest thing in the world," said Bins, "to eat corn from the cob without getting it on your moustache."
 "I never found it so," returned the Boston girl.

AN AUTHORITY.

VISITOR (to native of Arkansas): Are you familiar with the game laws of the State?
NATIVE: Yes; what do you want to shoot, quail or niggers?

AN AUSPICIOUS OCCASION.

MR. AHRENS: Come ub to de house to-nide, Levi, ve're goin' to have a plow-oud.
LEVI: Wad's der madder?
MR. AHRENS: Id's de dwendy-fifd anniversary of my first fail-ure in beesness.

ABOUT JACKASSES.

TOM: Speaking of jackasses, I saw you and Fred—
JACK: What!
TOM (continuing): Looking at one to-day. What did you think of it?

SAVED BY IT.

COBURGER: It doesn't cost Cantwell much for household expenses.
BROWN: No; he starts a family row at the table so as to spoil every one's appetite for dinner.

RIGHT.

CUMSO: You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.
BANKS: Just the same with a Colonel, isn't it?

DIDN'T CARE FOR FISH.

"WELL," said Jonah, as he stood on the shore and watched the whale swim away, "for once I'm glad I'm 'not in it'."

I AM all run down," as the exhausted fox said when the hounds came up to him.

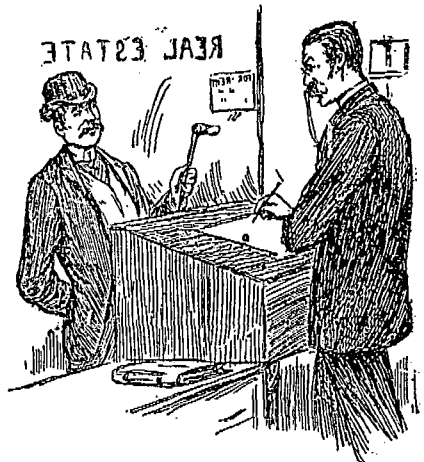


A CONSIDERATE MAN.

SOUND MAN: Heavens, Bilkins, what's the matter?
BILKINS (a total wreck): I have just had an interview with the editor of the BLADE in reference to that article about me which he had in yesterday's paper.
SOUND MAN: Ah, I was just going down there to see him about a personal matter, myself; but I suppose he must be a little tired after the interview with you, so I guess I had better postpone my visit indefinitely.

New subscribers can secure *The St. John's News*, (weekly) and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* for one year, by sending \$1.50 to the publisher of either journal.

Pfueger's Luminous Bait is endorsed by America's highest authority. Try it.



HE COULD GET WHAT HE WANTED.

AGENT: What kind of a house do you want, Mr. Funnyman?
MR. FUNNYMAN: Well, I'm looking for "a lodge in some vast wilderness."
AGENT: I can give you a nice flat in Philadelphia. How'll that do?

We will mail a box of Moth Balls to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Excellent as a moth preventative and disinfectant.

BOYS! A large package of good reading matter sent postpaid to your address, for only 10 cents. To the first 25 answering this advt., we will send a nice present which you will appreciate. AMERICAN SUB-AGENCY, Council Bluffs, Iowa. 6ct

With Pfueger's Luminous Bait you catch fish with others. Try it.

SPORTING SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
SHORES OF LAKE HURON.

By "Gaspereau."

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THE PASSENGER PIGEON—*ECTOPISTES MIGRATORIUS*.

THE SECOND VISIT.

No. 3.



FEW days after this first visit with the party mentioned, I quietly prepared myself for a second, and determined to go alone. If any one wishes to study a subject of natural history, especially in bird life, or herpetological, let him go alone. You are not then tied to be in at any hour, nor to do your share of work, and a hired hand in such a case is an utter nuisance, to me at least. I went to see, to study,—as far as I could,—the mode of existence of these multitudes, being well aware that a similar opportunity was not likely to occur again during the course of my natural life.

A generous supply of eatables, drinkables, a couple of buffalo robes, some tin ware, an axe, and pot that held about 8 quarts were easily placed under the seat of my roomy buggy, and a strong double tin box with plenty of ammunition. I determined to spend two entire days on the ground, so as especially to note their morning flights, and other habits as I should discover.

It was on a Tuesday morning after my breakfast that I started, taking my hired man to bring home the horse. Except in the roughest spots the road had become dry and passable, and with a strong French Norman pony that I had bought in Montreal, we had no fiascos on the road.

On arrival the same scene was there as had been left. The astonishment of my man was great. He had never seen any thing like this, although born and bred in Canada. He informed me he had once seen an acre covered with pigeons' nests, but here there were miles on miles of them, and millions on millions on their breeding ground.

We first of all attended to the horse, and had a sandwich and cup of strong cold tea. This I strongly recommend to any one on the hunt, in preference to any spirituous liquor, as more invigorating, and it never leaves such depressing feelings behind.

Having selected a dry, convenient spot, on the border of the little brooklet before mentioned, a comfortable bower was soon erected by us, a little open hut in fact, facing the stream, and before it a fire was soon lighted, which sent the smoke curling through the trees, a comfortable bed was made of "savin" or the green twigs and little branches of cedar and balsam fir,—there was no spruce here,—the buffalo robes were spread, my thick overcoat was

rolled up as my pillow, and my home, *pro tempore*, was completed. I had nearly forgotten to remark that an elm tree beside "the residence" served admirably for a seat.

Ere John McCoy, my man, left for home, I killed him a good mess of birds, and sent a dozen to my better half. One had only to stand still, load and fire—fire and load, and a retriever I had, saved me many a disagreeable hunt after a winged bird. It was naturally in him, and many a time, like many another sportsman, have I regretted his death, as others have, their favorite dogs. John accompanied me into the bush, and we had reached a ridge covered thickly with hemlock.

The noise of the birds here was tremendous. They were nesting on every branch, and every tree had as many nests as it could contain, for on every limb you could see them, as far as the eye could penetrate among the interstices, and there was fully an acre of hemlocks on this ridge, besides considerable undergrowth.

On one scrubby iron wood, not more than six inches in diameter, I counted seven nests, and a bird on every nest. This range was very thickly populated. I could not bear the idea of shooting the hens on their nests. Nor was there the least necessity, as any amount of cock-birds were procurable. They merely looked at me with a wondering expression in their eyes, nor did one of them leave their nests, although I was only a few feet from them. My man was not fifteen feet from me yet we had to shout loudly to hear what was said.

I looked at my watch. It was three in the afternoon, and I walked a few yards further from my companion. Some small animal ran through the bush ahead of me, and I fired after it, and turned it over. This raised a tremendous roar of wings, and John did not hear me shout as loud as I was able, although not ten feet from me. Dash brought a rabbit to my feet.

I shouted to John to start for home, and think I have an ordinary strong pair of lungs, but John assured me both at the moment, and afterwards, that he could not hear for the roar of the birds' wings, and their notes or calls. The before mentioned iron wood bush was not over thirty yards from where I had fired, yet on passing it the birds were sitting as quietly as if nothing had happened, and merely raised their necks a little as we passed

within a few feet of them. I purposely disturbed several other hens on my way back, to ascertain if they would feign lameness, but they did not, and sought shelter in some adjacent tree, returning in a few minutes as we passed on. I tried this frequently and with the same results. One had only to walk a few yards and stand still, and very quickly the parent bird, whether male or female, returned to take charge of its offspring.

As we reached the open where the horse was tied for his dinner, a large number of flocks sped past containing from a dozen to hundreds, and all of them directing their flight due north, east or west, having evidently some locality they sought to visit, seemingly many miles away. These birds were mainly hens, in fact hens altogether. John went home and I was glad to be left alone. He was not to return till Friday.

To me, there is nothing lonesome in the bush when by my-elf. I had trapped for furs, years before, generally single, and had too much to do, to attend to my traps and prepare pelts to bother with being melancholy. There was always some thing new seen every day, and so it was with this wonderful collection of nesting pigeons, which was decidedly the largest ever seen in Canada of recent years. I was not long in securing a couple of dozen of birds, as they flew past in bunches, from two to five or six falling with each shot. The gun was getting foul, supper must be prepared, and my gun cleaned for to-morrow. Sticks must be put up with forks on them, and small poles laid from one to the other, on which the pigeons were hung in half dozens. You tie the tips of the two long tail feathers securely in a knot, and string three birds through the nostril on each, then tie the quill ends together, and hang them over the pole, three on each side. This is a very convenient plan, easily arranged for either ducks or any game, and it allows plenty of fresh air in which the birds can stiffen and remain fresh a long time, whereas when thrown in a heap, they will be found to sour and get heavy in a very short time, even in November and December. Experience has taught me this. Let the birds cool separately, and cool thoroughly, and they will keep very much longer.

The fire was lighted and soon blazed gloriously, so that lots of red coals remained, then the pot was filled with water, and a half dozen hard tack biscuits broken and thrown in with some pepper added. These were allowed to simmer with sundry slices of fat pork, and the pigeons were next cleaned, as many as needed, and thrown in to boil down. I had some canned meats if I wanted, and sundry bottles, if any particular friend came along.

Of course there was tea, but I must say I had little heed for it, as I preferred water, or a little ale, or if very tired perhaps a mouthful of whiskey and water. A pipe to conclude was a considerable comfort, and to me at least was soothing, or if nothing better helped most agreeably to pass the time.

My various jobs having been finished, and supper enjoyed, I cleaned a dozen more pigeons, an easy job, and tied them in a bag which was hung on a neighboring sapling. Then the gun was cleaned in the brook and laid away for the day and I

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betook myself to a little hill at the edge of the clearing about half past six or say six p.m. My lorgnette was of course in its case, in my pocket. This hill, I made it my business to visit every day, and from sitting quietly there and watching around me, I was able to discover some facts in pigeon life, I have seen noted by nobody before. There was a peculiar odor of pigeons diffused through the whole atmosphere, and pervaded it even where I was now sitting on this hill, nearly one hundred yards out in the clearing. A bush circled round to the west, in which were several very tall and dead elm trees. To the right of these, was a solitary pine towering skyward, also dead, or nearly so, with a long, dead limb almost at its top, sticking abruptly out. On these trees a considerable number of pigeons were seated, and my lorgnette told me, they were all red breasted cocks.

The quantities on the wing, all around me, were prodigious. Occasionally a bunch of a thousand or so would rush past my head with a roar, and after arriving at their destination, perhaps a mile or two, would descend into the bush and disappear. And this had a very strange look. It seemed as if the forest swallowed up the myriads of birds that came in flocks over it.

As night approached, the heavens in all arcs to the north, south, and east, were literally a mass of flocks of pigeons, winging their way to their roosts. I remained this evening till the grey cold sky with stars twinkling over head, and all over the blue vault proclaimed the reign of night. I was fascinated, I could not leave the spot, and kept watch till I felt my eyelids turn heavy and had to make for "Home."

A few heavy chunks and small logs were thrown on the embers; a fire soon shot up in ruddy beams, and I consigned myself to my buffalo robes, and the sweet scented *sapin* and soon forgot this wicked world and all belonging to it, wrapped in the arms of repose. Sleep in this manner is most refreshing, as I know from experience, yet one is very easily aroused if any unexpected sound floats to the ear.

Dash as usual, on such occasions lay beside-my-boots at the foot of the bed. Suddenly he leaped up and began to bark savagely and then dashed at something I heard grunt. In a moment there was pandemonium. Somebody's pigs had strayed hitherward, and their grunts and squeals as they ran, for their lives towards the concession, told me that Dash was driving the enemy ahead of him,—victorious over the foe.

Presently he returned in triumph, his tail erect, and himself rather bowed. My watch told me it was half past eleven, and yet there was a continual buzz, and a loud roaring sound all about me.—A continual flight it seemed to be, yet I saw no birds in flocks. There was no moon. The night was clear and warm, and thousands of pigeons were calling all over, and fluttering around me. Limbs seemed to be falling all around, and I thought I heard the voice of some mighty tempest shouting through the forest with all its might. But the air was perfectly stilled.

Again I sought my robes and was very soon in the land of dreams hushed to repose by the notes of thousands of doves.

And this was only twenty years ago, yet

there are scores of youths and maidens of eighteen and twenty around me, who have not the slightest idea of what a passenger pigeon is like, so completely have they vanished from this land!

I slept soundly, and was not disturbed again till the grey and distant streaks of morning began to glimmer in the eastern sky. A growl from Dash, followed by a savage charge at something as yet invisible, and a fierce tussle informed me that a battle royal was going on.

Then came another heavy shaking and I heard the familiar squeaks uttered by an expiring raccoon. Still he continued to skake that coon, even after it was dead. On getting it from the dog I found it was a two years old one, and pretty fat for the spring, and the fur, although faded in color, yet thick and good.

Sleep being now out of the question, the fire was trimmed, and the pot placed ready for warming up for breakfast.

Anxious to be on the hill before referred to, I soon was there, wrapped in my over coat. The mornings at this season of the year are, always chilly. Even then the birds were making considerable noise, and you might see one here and there in the middle of the surrounding dimness, darting over your head or any where near, and returning at great speed to the bush.

About half an hour, more or less, after I sat myself on my accustomed stump there was a mighty noise of wings as if every bird on the ground had suddenly taken wing.

The light was as yet uncertain, and the stars in the clear sky were nearly invisible, that is, stars of the first magnitude, for the lesser luminaries had long disappeared in the blue ethereal vault. And this noise which at first resembled smothered notes of thunder, suddenly swelled louder and louder, till it became a deafening roar, and a mighty mass like a black cloud came right over my head within half gun shot and made the atmosphere quiver, as if the rush of tens of thousands, ay hundreds of thousands of rapidly beating wings. For fully a minute this swiftly moving, cloud of life, made every thing around me, intensely dark, as the morning light was intercepted.

In truth, I was completely bewildered. I had seen such a cloud the first morning, and were in the distance, and I really had but a small conception of the vastness of the innumerable numbers of birds in this flock, birds so numerous as to be beyond the powers of the human mind to grasp the reality of those numbers. And they rolled away like a cloud before the wind, scattering abroad, as it seemed, as they receded from the range of my glasses.

Had I had my gun, I could not by any means have used it. I saw two other masses rise from sections of the forest to the south, and although the farthest must have been two or three miles away, the roar of rushing sound was perfectly distinct and loud, though subdued by distance. As to the nearer ones, I could see the different birds with the lorgnette, and they made the air tremble where I was sitting, as they winged their way to some distant feeding ground. It is a curious fact, and to me unaccountable, that they never stopped near home to feed; except for a few days after they first settled down, and not a farmer I heard of, ever saw one of

them pick up one grain of their spring sown wheat, oats, or peas. Where they went to feed, I do not know, but most undoubtedly it was not within scores of miles of their breeding grounds.

The sun had risen and small bunches were seen winging their way all about. A meadow in which there was a brackish muddy spot, with a shallow supply of water, was visited by thousands of them daily. This was about two miles from the breeding ground.

It is a strange fact in the natural history of all these birds, as well as many others that the place where their water supply is found, is often very remote from that where they obtain their food.

Travellers in many lands have noted this point. Gordon Cumming relates, that, by watching and following the flight of the little African doves and grouse, he was enabled to discover a pool in the desert for his sorely distressed oxen, horses, and dogs.

The little hill on which I was seated, commanded a magnificent view of the forest, of which the birds had taken possession. I tired watching these birds passing by in an endless maze, so I took my way home, and let me assure you I enjoyed my pigeon stew, and a cup of tea amazingly, that morning. Dash also enjoyed it, as he had to have his share along with his master.

The guns began to crack away in good earnest on the distant outskirts, especially in the vicinity of Kintail where there was a large bunch of pigeons located. I was glad that as yet nobody was within a mile or two of my habitation, for being well known to all the neighborhood, far and near, I was well aware that I was likely to have visitors.

After breakfast, I took my gun and returned to the hill to especially note the flights, and any thing else worthy of entering in my diary. In fact this description as given here is strictly true. Any one reading it, can rely on the signature of "Gaspereau" as being trustworthy in all and every point of natural history, as recorded by me.

I had not been long in my place, pencil in hand, when I saw a little pigeon hawk, (*Falco Calumbarius*) strike down a pigeon, and like a flash strike another, and go off with it in its talons, see-saw, from side to side, till he landed it, seemingly quite dead on a log, some fifty or sixty yards from where I was sitting.

"Bravely done, little fellow," I thought, but surely one is enough for breakfast for a person of your size. I picked up the first bird he struck. It was a cock, and perfectly dead. Blood was on its back, and a gash an inch or more long.

How had he struck it? Had he struck it with such force, as some assert with his breast bone, the force and concussion must have been absolutely so strong as to kill both him and his victim.

I took this pigeon to my seat and plucked it, the better to inspect the cause of death, and the depth of the wound. I found one of the ribs over the region of the heart bare and broken, and below it was a small clot of blood, and as I carefully examined the heart and lungs about it, there was a tear in the lung, and puncture in the heart.

This conclusively satisfied me, the hawk

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THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

had struck with the claw of the heel, driving it home to the hilt, and causing instant death, and the second bird must also have been struck in the same manner, as it seemed perfectly dead the moment the merlin began to bear it towards the log. I did not disturb him in the least, and very quietly watched him with my glasses. He tore the ribs open, and swallowed the heart and lungs, the first morsels, then plucked the breast and in a very short time had the flesh completely stripped off the breast bone. He certainly was not two minutes engaged in this way and then he left the remainder of the carcass, and stepped daintily aside, and with his beak very carefully picked every atom of blood and an odd feather or two from each talon in turn. He was a plucky little chap and I could not help admiring his brilliant attack, and rapidity of action. The two pigeons were killed as if shot with a bullet. Had I not seen it myself, it is not likely I should have implicitly accepted the testimony of a third party, the hawk and myself in the present case being the witnesses, and actors, and judges in the entire matter.

After cleaning his beak, which he did partly with one foot, and rubbing it on the log, as we have seen fowls do in a barn yard, he rose up and flew within ten yards of me, and in the most companionable manner settled on a stump not twenty yards from where I was seated.

Would it not have been worse than murder to injure the gallant little hawk? I would have been a heartless ruffian to dream of such a crime.

Full of curiosity, and a long day before me, I sat still, truly admiring my pretty little neighbor. Strange to say I did not see a hen bird around me. They seemed to have vanished, and the ground seemed to be rather quieter than earlier in the morning.

In looking over the wide expanse of bush before me, hawks of various kinds were seen gliding about or hovering here and there marking some unfortunate pigeon as its prey.

I was casting my glasses over the true tops when to my astonishment, I saw an adult golden eagle seated on the tall, dead pine limb, mentioned before, and a couple of bald eagles on one of the dead elms. Whilst watching the pigeon hawk, the others had taken their places.

With the lorgnette I could count every feather on either of them, the golden feathers on the back of his neck proved that *Aquila Chrysaetus* was in his prime. I could see his fierce eye as he turned his head from one side to the other. The bald eagles were also adult, as the heads and tails were pure white. They are pruning their wings and arranging the feathers on their backs or breasts.

But see all three birds suddenly look up to something in the sky above them, and the glasses are speedily searching for what it may be. Away up, up in the blue ether, like a speck not bigger than a fly some bird is sailing, hovering around. It is an immense height in the air, certainly a mile or more. Suddenly the wings close, and it drops down, as if a falling star gliding through the air, till near the pine tree, when the broadwings are spread again, and circling once or twice round, it alights beside her mate on the pine. You can

tell that it is the hen, for she seems half as big again as the male, who had stooped down first for rest, I would not have missed such a sight for the value of a thousand pigeons.

How many people, especially scientific observers, have seen such a noble spectacle. It was the only time I ever did, and never expect to see its like again. It has been the amusement of some people to call these noble birds all sorts of indifferent and queer names. Well let them. It evidently seems to me these same people are vulgar theorists at best, for if they had ever seen the free sweep of wing, the proud gaze of the eye that looks unblanching at the sun, and sees him soaring majestically till he seems a mere atom, a speck away above the clouds, he cannot but be filled with admiration at the grace of motion, and the power of flight.

I looked long and lovingly at these beautiful birds, and at the natural grace and ease of their contour and *tout ensemble*. But other eyes had seen them as well as mine. I looked round at the daring little falcon beside me. He was standing erect with his eyes distended, then with a vicious cry which I cannot describe, he mounted up, up, up, fully a hundred yards, and flew directly at the golden eagles. Can I believe my eyes! There he is hovering above them for a moment, then as they both eye him askance, they spread their wings and the little daring falcon struck the hen eagle, and made two or three feathers fly from her back. Surely this is impudence personified. And now he attacks the other bird and sends several feathers floating on the air. The two big birds as if in disgust, rise up-up-up and then moving directly north, were soon beyond the field of the lorgnette. The falcon quietly skimmed back to his place beside me, and after resting for a few minutes, skimmed away over the field, and I saw him no more.

Had I not absolutely witnessed this myself, I should have conceived that it was neither probable nor possible, much less have believed it, had I not absolutely seen it, with my own eyes.

In the mean time the two bald heads sat demurely, and I seemed to be almost able to stroke their grey backs, and snowy white heads, as the glasses brought them to my hand. They were both in repose. How gentle they look. The female has her head on her shoulder, the yellow beak nestled among the feathers, and her mate with his on his breast.

Suddenly he stretches his neck for a moment, then expands his wings, and the female looks round spasmodically. I see it as I write, as if looking through my glasses.

Alas! too late! too late. Some feathers float on the air. She quivers for a moment and falls headlong among the branches of a beech tree, breaking the force of her descent, and is quickly lost from my view. Then the sharp report of a gun is heard near the root of that tree.

What a pity, I thought to myself. What need to kill the bald eagle, a bird that lives only on fish.

Rising from my seat I went home, and had my breakfast. Could it be possible that time had gone by so rapidly. It was nearly eight o'clock.

Taking my gun, Dash and myself wandered into the bush. I had put the dozen of dressed birds into the pot with all the *catervas* necessary, and left them to simmer slowly. I took my road along the border of the stream, and was not long in securing a number of birds, I had wandered I suppose half a mile or so. As the bag was becoming heavy, I left the contents at the root of a large dead black birch, and sat down for a smoke.

Scarcely a hen was to be seen on the nest, but their places were taken by the entire gentlemen persuasion of the community. Thus, it struck me at once that enormous mass that had passed over me in the gray light of morning, was composed of the hens alone, and so it proved, and subsequent observations satisfied me.

There was a dead cedar with a lot of bare branches some hundred yards further down, and pigeons seemed to alight on it in numbers. Thither I bent my steps, and found it was at the head of a large beaver meadow, and that there were several trees, within easy range of a center spot, all dead, and the green twigs gone. Numbers of birds were seated on them either peacefully, or twittering, or those that had just arrived doing their best, with fluttering wings and the perpetually repeated "Coo-coo, coo," to push the occupants from their places, by alighting either on them, or jamming themselves down between them. It was a strange sight, and showed the custom of the birds, to congregate in heaps. I was preparing a blind to screen myself from view, when the report of a gun at the other end of this meadow, about a hundred yards off, frightened the pigeons on which I had had evil designs. I remained quietly however in my hide. Some person that I thought I knew, came slowly along, seemingly weary and tired. He was making up the stream, and I could not suppress a grin, as the well known countenance of our M.P.P. opened to my view. "This is a nice affair truly," he growled. "The devil must have cut the end off this creek or I should have got there long ago," and he was passing me within twenty paces.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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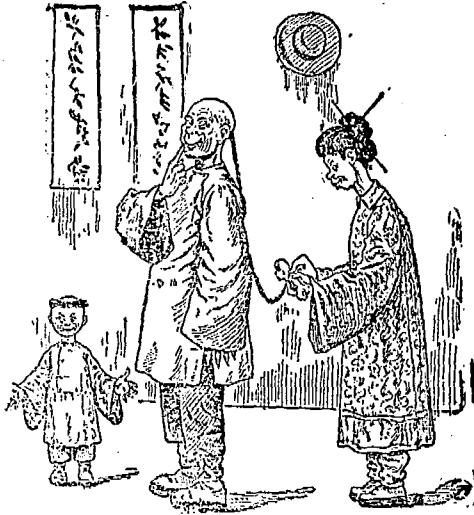
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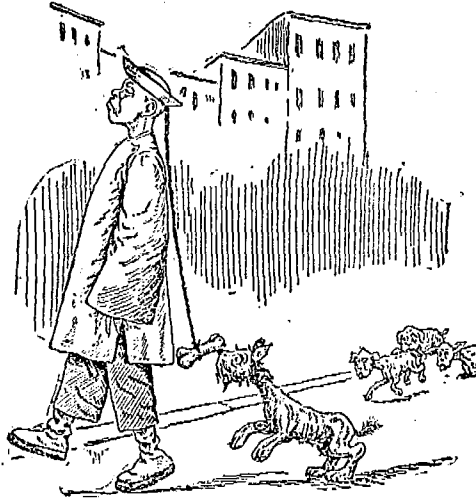
THE CUTE CELESTIAL AND THE CAPTURED CANINES;

OR, HOW AH THERE GOT THERE.



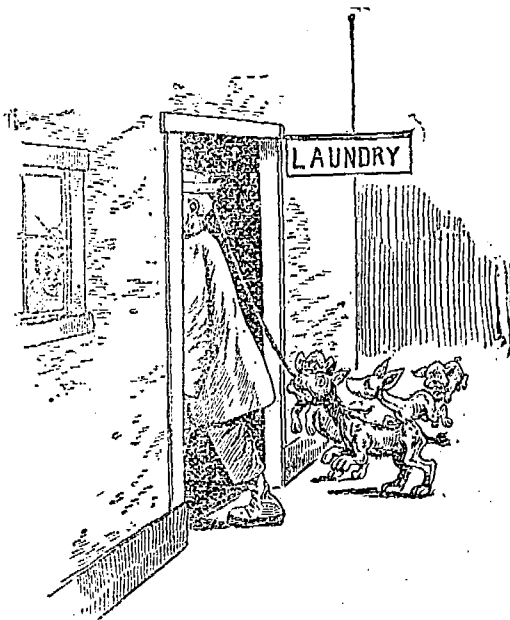
I.

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JOHN W. CONDOR.A Helpless Cripple For Years—Treated
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Empire Reporter.

Toronto Empire.

For more than a year past the readers of the Empire have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cures were vouched for by such leading newspapers as the Hamilton Spectator and Times, The Halifax Herald, Toronto Globe, Le Monde, Montreal; Detroit News, Albany, N.Y., Journal; Albany Express and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The Empire determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told." The reporter found Mr. Condor at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing. This now rugged young man was he who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the Empire representative announced the purpose of his visit Mr. Condor, cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condor "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age, and

it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered. My trouble was brought on, I think, through too frequent bathing in the cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could speak only in husky whispers. Really, I am unable to describe the state I was in during those long weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the Hospital

on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there was about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September 1890 to the end of January 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labor in a buggy and carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and I was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James's advice. I, however, saw several strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. William's Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of 60.

pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now that is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of sufferings, but from what I have told you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength.

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condor's remarkable story the Empire representative called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condor. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. Thy people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fame of this cure is now soad throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen-and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction. Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives midway between Oakville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about 15 years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic

erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The Empire reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condor is employed. Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condor had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one for Condor worked steadily at heavy labor in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wonderful deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condor in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condor had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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In addition to the premium offers mentioned below, every subscriber to THE LAND WE LIVE IN will receive *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, entirely FREE for the year 1902. The subscription price of the Medical Adviser and Farm Help alone, is fifty cents a year.

Collage Heath and Land We Live In	\$1.50
Detroit Free Press do	1.50
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Canada do do	1.50
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Montreal Witness, Daily do do	3.00
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"Good morning, Duncan, how are you?"

"Pretty well for an old man an' one that has to be layin' pavin' stones for a livin'. I hear you were down at my place fishin'. Did you have good luck?"

"Yes, very good. We caught twenty-two altogether."

"Do you tell me so? That's pretty good for an evenin'. An' what were they?"

"Mullet, skurgo, plockerel and bass."

"How did you catch them?"

"Well, partly trolling and partly with bait."

"Sure you couldn't catch a mullet or skurgo trolling?"

"No, we used worms for them. And let me tell you the bigger the bait, the more skurgo you'll catch and you want to light a fire close to where you're fishing. The light attracts them."

"Well, that's news to me, but then I don't have much time to fish and when I do, I don't care about it. Did Aleck show you where the mascalonge came up into the oats?"

"Yes, but it wasn't mascalonge at all, that made the track. You know there's a bit of a hollow there and the water is shallow at the mouth of it and the bottom where it goes into the brook is muddy and you can see where the eels have been feeding on it. Well now, the rain after a dry time brings out the worms and washes them down to the brook and the eels get on the track and follow them up to the oat patch where they come from and the grass being wet the eels leave a slimy track on it and the slime keeps the grass from straightening up."

"I do believe you're right. And so you think it isn't mascalonge? Bill Ritchies said it was but I guess he's wrong. He said he was spearin' one time in the brook an' he got a big mascalonge up in the grass."

"If he did you'll find there was an inch or two of water there, and that the fish had been after a frog or minnow."

"Well, I'm glad you told me, good bye, I must be off or Dan Hallett'll be sayin' I'm keepin' him waitin' with his gravel."

"Hello! How are you, Murphy? And what have you got?"

"Not much, just some butther an' eggs. I wouldn't 'a come down only I wanted some baccy an' the ovid woman wanted some pain-killer. She's thrubbed wid nooraligy an' she finds that pain-killer and whiskey aises her, an' I hadn't much to do 'cept boein' some praties an' they're not sufferin' for want of it."

"Oh! That's a good excuse. I think

you don't hurt yourself with overwork. You take things pretty easy."

"Sure, why wouldn't I? It's no use a man killin' himself wid hard work. The gossoons is all able to take care of themselves and me too. I'd like to know what's the use of a man when his wife is a widdy. Don't you want the butther and eggs? Here I'll take a dollar for the lot an' I'll howld ye they'd cost ye a dollar an' a quarter in the stores. Thank ye. I'll lave them at the house for ye."

"M'sieu Mophee she'll be pooty good man, fo' su'. Me work fo' heem one tam hon hees place. Some tam she'll mek hoes *les patates*. She'll tek heem pooty heasy. Not lek fo' work 100 hard. Tek heem smoke bam-by. She'll tole me, Auntwine, me can' keep hup wit you hon de hoe. Me go tek some pain-killer hon ma shanty. Bam-by she'll come back an' she'll say, Auntwine, me'll feel pooty good. Bigosh she'll do feel pooty good an' she'll tole me some pooty good story. Me tink M'sieu Morphee she'll take hees pain-killer *avec le wheeskey*. Me smell him pooty good. M'sieu Morphee she'll be *bonhomme fo' su'*. Spose you want him some *ongnyons ce matin M'sieu?* Me got him some beet fo' mek *les vertes* wot you call heem green, hey? Pooty good fo' heat heem wid some boyl pork. Ma femme she'll mek heem cook mos' bevery day. *Bien bon fo' su'*. Merci M'sieu, dix cent. Thank you."

Inter-National Directory.



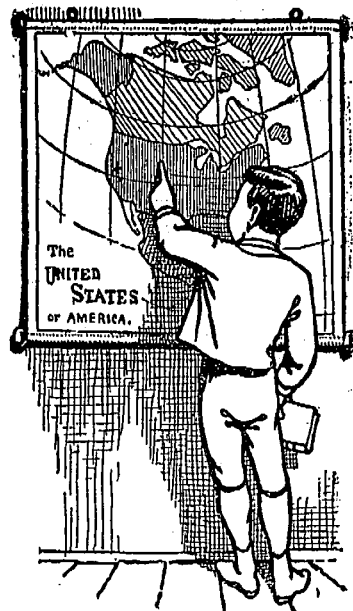
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T. Wm. Hillings, Cobble Hill, B.C.
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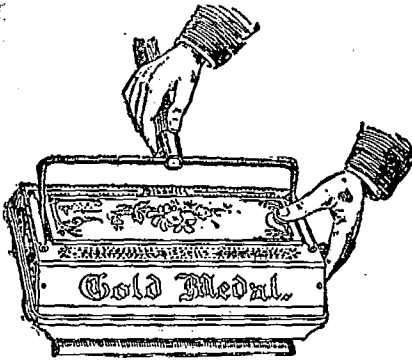
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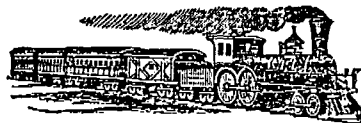
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On and after Monday June 27, trains will run as follows:

EXPRESS.—Leave Sherbrooke 7:15 a. m. Arrive Beauce Jct. 11:20 a. m. Arrive Levis 1 p. m. Arrive Quebec 1 15 p. m.

PASSENGER.—Leave Sherbrooke 11:45 p. m. Leave Beauce Junction 4:30 a. m. Arrive Levis 6:20 a. m. Arrive Quebec 6:30.

MIXED.—Leave Sherbrooke 8:10 a. m. Arrive Beauce Junction 5:15 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SHERBROOKE.

PASSENGER.—Leave Quebec [ferry] 7 a. m. Leave Levis 7:30 p. m. Arrive Sherbrooke 1:15 a. m.

EXPRESS.—Leave Quebec [ferry] 3 p. m. Leave Levis 3:25 p. m. Arrive Sherbrooke 9:00 p. m.

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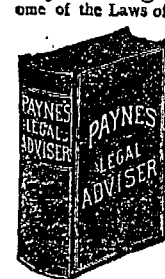
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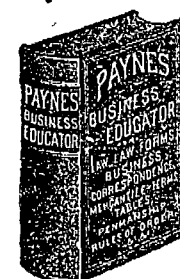
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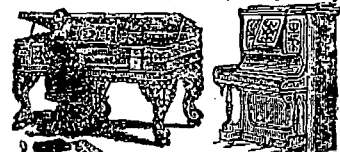


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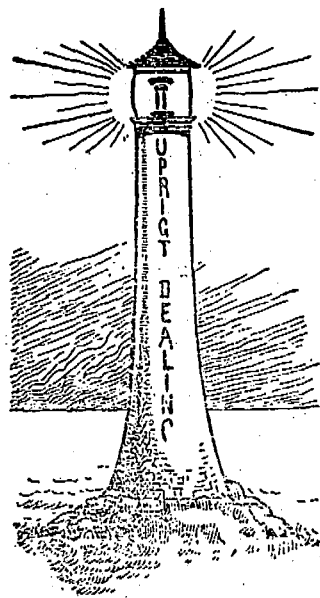


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