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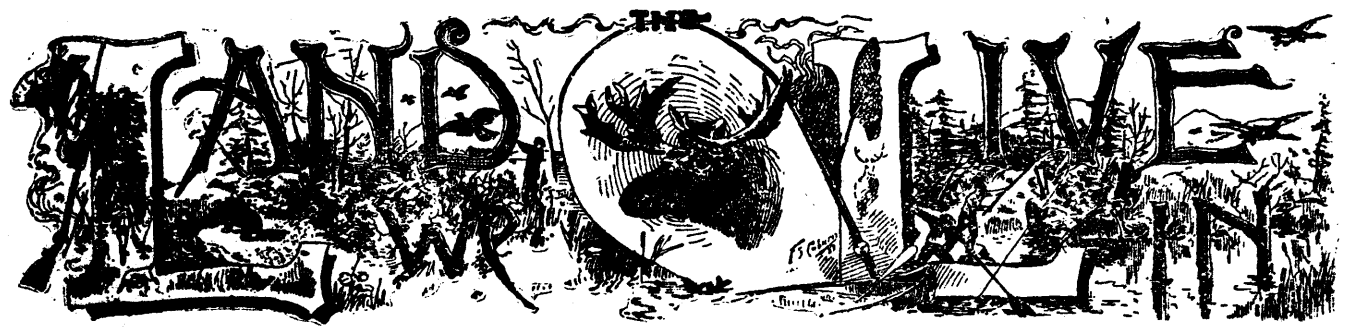
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Vol. IV, No. 5.



December, 1891.



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VOL. IV., No. 5

SHERBROOKE, QUE., DECEMBER, 1891.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

That Boy Jack Weir "of Ours."

A Tale of the Canadian Rebellion.

BY CALESTIGAN.

"The rollicking boys, for war, women and noise,
Are the boys of the Queen's mounted Rangers."

THE above rather dubious character of the cavalry regiment I had recently joined as Cornet Jack Weir, was being proclaimed in uproarious tones by discordant voices as I alighted from my horse in the court-yard of Osgood's hotel in the frontier village of Stanstead Plain on the night of November, 1837. These sounds which issued from a brilliantly lighted room in rear of the bar or public room might but for the words and their implications, which were intensely British, have been taken for a Choctaw war-song, but a fine mellow tenor which I recognized as that of my friend Charlie Hill, and the rich baritone of Henry Pardy reconciled the ear to other incongruous sounds and impressed upon my mind the fact that the performance, if not strictly musical, was certainly very military in its character.

Having consigned my charger to the care of an ostler I entered the hotel, a large, roomy and well lighted building, and having inquired for the officer in command was shown into a comfortable well furnished room on the first landing or story. A tall spare gentleman in black who looked like a Meth-

odist parson, rose from a table much encumbered with maps, letters and papers of all sorts, advanced towards me with extended hand while he uttered the short sentence,

"Dispatches for me, sir?"

"I bear dispatches for Major-General Heriot, sir," I replied, drawing from my sabertash a large official letter which he instantly seized, opened and read.

"Cannot spare a man," he muttered.

no time in procuring an orderly whom I sent up to the General's room, then following a long passage which led to the rear of the bar-room, I opened a door and was greeted with the following refrain,

"Be not too bold, be not too rash,
You may choke on a hair of your own Moustache."

"Why, there's that boy of ours, Jack Weir!" exclaimed Ned Webb.

"Hurrah! hurrah for Jack Weir!" came from a dozen well-moistened throats.

"Off with your trappings, Jack!" said Charlie Hill, helping to unclasp my cloak and unbutton my military harness which he consigned to the care of a servant.

"Ta-ta-take a cocktail," stammered Harry Greenwood, who was pretty far on the road to inebriety.

"Some brandy and water—hot!" drawled Burton, who was helping himself to that particular beverage, but never offered to pass the decanter.

In the meantime, my friend Hill had ordered a warm chop and potatoes which, with a bottle of good Montreal ale, gave me a very favorable opinion of Stanstead, as a bivouac for the Queen's mounted



VIEW ON THE MAGOG RIVER, SHERBROOKE.

"You return to Sherbrooke, to-night, sir?"

"My orders are to join Major Austin's squadron here, sir," I answered, "I'm Cornet Weir, General! at your service, and my horse is quite fresh."

"Oh! never mind, you had better join your squadron, sir, at once, officers cannot be spared from the front. Be good enough to send me an orderly. Good-night!"

Descending the broad stairs, I lost

Rangers.

"Well!" queried Hill, during a pause in my reflection, "what news from Sherbrooke? Do the ladies want us back? They must be growing nervous now, that the last of the gallant Rangers has left. I suppose an inspection of your kit, old fellow! would reveal wonders in the shape of faded bouquets, severed ringlets and stolen white kids."

"And by the bye, Weir," interjected

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Ned Webb, one of the jolliest of our Rangers. "How did you leave old dame Partlet? (the Commandant's sou-briquet). You were no-favorite in that quarter, methinks, and it struck me forcibly, that the fussy old colonel kept you from accompanying us to the front for the purpose of venting his fits of *pip* on your devoted head."

"I can hardly credit him with carrying his spite so far," I replied, "but he really has sent me now to the front in disgrace, as being the most rampant example of insubordination and disobedience in the service."

"How is that, what did you do?" was now asked by all present.

"Well! the act of insubordination for which I am sent to the front, a position which I infer to be nearer the enemy than his stagnant head-quarters, was my having *too zealously* obeyed the old gentleman's orders at Mrs. Bell's last ball. I was sauntering past the card-tables where the old colonel was, as usual, playing whist, when espying me, he called me to him, and looking at me with those small grey eyes of his, he addressed me in his usual orderly-room tone of voice: "I say, you! why don't you wear less noisy spurs? I wish you would take that Miss Screamer away from the piano, make her dance, eat ice-cream, anything rather than that dreadful 'soldier's tear.'"

"Yes, sir," I replied, and I immediately went to the piano where the young lady was expatiating in very loud tones and extravagant notes on the lachrymose propensity of a certain typical soldier.

With all the impressment and importance of an accredited A. D. C., I communicated my message in the following words; and if there was any discrepancy, it must be attributed to the effect of the charms of the lady herself upon the susceptibility of an unsophisticated youth of eighteen. Waiting until the last tremulous notes of the "tear-r-r-r" had reverberated from the distant card-tables, I leaned over towards the fair cantatrice's left ringlet and in the dulcet tones of an incipient troubadour, "Presented the compliments of Colonel M. to Miss Screamer with the request that she would favor him with an encore of a song which reminded him forcibly of his past military triumphs in bower and ball-room."

With much grace and unbounded alacrity, the young lady recommenced the song, the "Soldier's Tear," which she poured forth in a deluge which permeated ball-room, card-room, corridors and spoon-corners, with its excruciating desolation and grief until the whole congregation of dancers and

card-players, wall-flowers and spoons crowded round the *cause* of such overwhelming grief and begged her to spare their lacerated feelings by closing the piano and "like a good girl help us with the lancers just forming."

At the beginning of the second couplet of the "Soldier's" tear, I had sauntered towards the *primary* cause of the foregoing crash *musicale* and was innocently taking a philopœna with a young lady with whom I was to dance the next valse when I heard the angry wheezy voice of the Commandant exclaim, "Good gracious! it's the fault of that caterwauling girl; this is the third time she has made me revoke." Throwing his cards on the table and upsetting his chair against the legs of a passing servant, he caught sight of me, his late *emissaire de cérémonie*.

"You, sir! You! Did I not order you to remove,—to—to speak to that lady, and—"

"Yes! colonel you desired me to convey your compliments and thanks to Miss Screamer and to request—"

"Compliments! Thanks. Damn you, sir, I did no such thing; I—I told you— Consider yourself under arrest, sir." Bowing low to the irascible old Commandant, I turned to my fair Philopœna and we were soon whirling in the mazes of a delicious valse.

"Saucy as ever, that Jack Weir o' ours!" exclaimed my self-elected, censor, Mentor and warm friend, William Stewart Stuart. "What would your father say, Jack, if he knew how you badgered his old brother officer of the dirty half-hundred? (50th Regt.) and how did you get released from arrest?"

"In the very way I desired," I replied; "I was sent away from headquarters to the front as the best chance of getting my throat cut; this morning as I was trying to masticate some bullock's liver and sawdust which mine host King had placed before me, and to swallow some of his slop-bucket coffee, an orderly brought me the following welcome *billet-doux* from old Partlet:—"

"Cornet Weir will hold himself in readiness to march to Stanstead with dispatches. Cornet Weir of No. 2 troop is hereby transferred to No. 1 troop commanded by Captain Webster, who will be duly informed of his new subalterns insubordinate and disrespectful conduct towards his superior officers.

Signed,

Colonel Commandant.

"Well! old fellow!" said Hill, "I'm glad you have come to us; we expect to have some warm work before the spring and we want all our scapegraces. You had better now go and report yourself to your captain who will no doubt put you in "shorts and

pinnas' to please old 'Dame Partlet.'"

The reveillé had been sounded an hour or more and I was sleeping soundly on the bare floor of the hall or ball-room of the hotel, with my horse's saddle for a pillow, when a kick in the ribs caused me to open my eyes and I beheld standing over me, booted and spurred and garnished as if ready for parade my ever watchful guardian William Stuart. The dear old fellow (he was ten years my senior) looked so paternal and concerned at the scantiness of my surroundings in my extensive domitory, that I burst into a fit of laughter which became uncontrollable and I had to spring to my feet and dance a mad hornpipe before I could recover my equanimity.

"Excuse me, old fellow!" I said, "but you were looking at me just now with such an expression of pity on your beatific countenance that I took you for my guardian angel, only *she* don't wear spurs."

"Jack!" said my kind friehd, trying to look severe, "when will you be serious? I have been busy the whole morning seeking lodgings and have found you comfortable quarters with the family of Doctor Colby, with stabling for your horse. Crispo and Hackett are already installed there and are delighted to have you for a messmate. Now, go and eat your breakfast and be ready in time for mounted parade!"

After a brief toilet, which consisted in a shake, a stretch and a yawn. I descended to the breakfast table, at which the carousers of the previous evening were discussing a breakfast, the *menu*, of which after my late experience of King's hotel seemed marvellous: beef-steak, boiled and fried ham, eggs, lake trout, white and brown bread, real coffee and genuine cream and most delicious corn-cake, but the crowning dish, the irresistible *pièce de résistance* was the landlady herself, a lady whose grandsons are now ranked among the best boys of Sherbrooke. I was ushered by a charming Scotch lassie whose name I afterwards ascertained to be Nancy, and who afterwards became grandmother to one or two of Sherbrooke's most distinguished sons, to a seat next to the handsome, dignified landlady to whom I bowed low, at the same time that I congratulated her on such an orderly family at her board. "Oh, yes!" she replied, "they are always very good at my table but noisy enough when they are in the room they call their *mess-room*," (emphasizing the word *mess*). "I suppose you are Comet Weir, of whom I have heard the gentlemen speak?" "Yes! Cornet Weir, that boy Jack of ours," came from several voices, "and

don't you trust him among the girls, Mrs. Osgood." "He's as full of blarney as an Irishman," said Ned Webb who was spoony on the landlady's pretty daughter Lucia."

The braying of the trumpets outside, sounding "the boot and saddle," started us to our feet and by ten of the clock we were trotting in échelon of subdivisions for Mansur's farm for drill.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—:O:—

Trifles from My Portfolio.

A Sweet Memory of Murray Bay—Long, Long Ago.

BY J. M. LEMOINE.

Lay thee down, my gentle traveller under the shade of trees on this rocky ledge, facing St. Lawrence's roaring tide. In sweet seclusion—you are safe against city dust, city noises—far away from the disturbing influence of business telegrams and the disquieting effects of vacillating bank stock quotations.

To-morrow a caravan of haycarts will convey us full nine miles to St. Agnes—beyond the yawning depths of the *Grand Ruisseau*—of all the Laurentian Hills the mightiest. The St. Agnes picnic, let me tell you—an annual one—cannot with propriety be omitted by any well-born Canadian, whether of Saxon or Gaelic race.

Despite the mist of advancing years, I can yet recall one memorable undertaking when for us dawned the purple light of youth—when the young blood coursed through the veins, with its overpowering sense of hope and freshness. Ah, me! what preparation for the gala day—such pyramids of veal and chicken pie! hampers of cold mutton, baskets of India Pale Ale, crowned with sundry bottles of "Green Seal and Medoc"—but this was in the good olden time, for rich and poor—when banks paid 8 p. c. dividends, when a fleet of thirteen hundred merchantmen, crowded three deep along our Quebec quays, to convey to other climes the wealth of our forests, without having to say to a French or Hibernian ship-laborer, "By your leave;" when forty odd new ships were annually launched from St. Roch's and Levi shipyards! where this laboring class prospered without strikes!! Let us bravely trust our lives to the sturdy Norman ponies, over that dark abyss of the *Côte du Grand Ruisseau*, and return safe to our cottage in the Pointe a Pic Highlands—renovated in mind and body

To-morrow the courtesy of the proprietor of that celebrated Murray River will allow us to make a cast for salmon, in its elfish, crystal pools. Once we had two rises. We had arranged for an angling excursion on the day following, in the limpid waters of Lake Gravel. We all know how uncertain the catch in this favorite lake, but count on a cartload of speckled beauties—three or four pounders at least—which, imbedded in the softest, greenest fern leaves, we promise to deposit at your feet, gentle and unsophisticated traveller that thou art.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

At the 'Chats Portage.

BY WALTON S. SMITH.

[CONCLUDED.]

He sat up, and stared about him in a scared way.

"Why did you do that?" he demanded in an injured tone. "Confound you, I only got to sleep half an hour ago. I have been tossing about all night listening to you snoring like a pig!"

This bare faced assertion fairly took my breath away. I could only gape at him open-mouthed.

"Sam," I said at last, trying to speak calmly, "the truth is not in you! Here have I been up hours and hours! I have gathered wood and lit a fire. I have put on the water to boil. I have been awake all night with indigestion."

"Oh, come off," growled Sam. "Suppose I did not hear you snoring like a grampus? Didn't I get up myself and hustle about the shore for wood to keep the fire alight?"

"Villain! the truth is not in thee," I repeated, sternly. And with that I left him, to attend to the cooking.

We had just finished eating, when we heard the sound of a heavy shambling tread along the pathway which leads towards the upper end of the portage. There was the noise of crackling brushwood, the sound of loose pebbles displaced, and the panting of heavy breathing. Instinctively I thought of bears; and it came to me that I had forgotten my morning devotions. As I said before, I am prompt to act in an emergency, and, then and there, I hastily made up for the omission. Sam was a heathen. In fact, I fancy he had no soul to save, therefore he was without a sense of the awfulness of sin; and he had no fear of bears. He continued to puff calmly at his pipe, staring curiously the while along the rocky path whence the sounds came. And, after a while, my hurried devotions finished, I also looked, awaiting results anxiously.

First, a long brown object came to view at the top of the incline where the path vanished behind the overhanging foliage. This long brown object grew longer and broader; but it resembled nothing I had ever before seen. Then something white darted forth from beneath the mysterious monster, and in it I recognized a familiar sight; it was a huge white mongrel. It regarded us a moment fixedly, then lifted up its voice and barked three times. Thereupon the shapeless mass halted, reared its head high into the air, until lo! the problem was

solved. It was a bark canoe borne on the head of one old grizzled man; he was portaging it down the rocky incline. Hence the panting, the avalanche of stones, and finally the shapeless object, moving in mid air with no visible means of locomotion.

The old man descended the hill, placed his burden on the bank, looked impassively at us, taking in, with serene comprehension, the tent and surroundings; then he nodded a response to our greeting.

"*Bon jour*," said I.

"Good morning," said Sam. "He is French," said I in a whisper. "Not a bit of it," said Sam with conviction. And he added aloud:

"How far is it from here to the clear water above?"

The new comer stared blankly at him for a moment, then he drew from his pocket a short black clay pipe which he produced to fill.

I chuckled a little at my friend's discomfiture; then I began:

"*Combien des milles?*" Then I paused in doubt. My French was sadly in need of repair. I had forgotten the greater part of what I had once known; and I never did know much.

As I hesitated, racking my brains for a word to convey my meaning, the impassive face of the old man changed suddenly. He felt in his pockets anxiously a moment, then he turned to us.

"Say, have ye got a match, boys?" he asked in English.

It was now Sam's turn to chuckle—and Sam did chuckle. Then he made haste to supply the stranger with the desired article.

"Where d'ye come from, boys?" enquired the ancient one, after an interval of calm enjoyment, during which he puffed briskly at his pipe.

Now I resented this unscrupulous turning of the tables. And I became conscious of an unreasoning prejudice against the elderly gentleman.

So, before my companion could reply, I broke in with a counter question:

"What is your name?" I asked blandly.

The old party looked strangely at me, then he coughed in a peculiar way. And the white mongrel pricked up its ears, then it advanced also in a peculiar way. I did not like that cough somehow, and I did not like the deliberate slowness of the white mongrel's advance.

"Where d'ye come from, boys?" said the old man serenely.

"What did you say your name was?" I asked again, keeping a nervous eye on the dog the while.

"Fine dog that of yours," Sam remarked in an easy way, at this juncture.



THE ST. LAWRENCE.—FROM THE QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The old man chuckled. His brown parchment-like skin creased up about his eyes, and he coughed again. At this the dog growled menacingly and showed its teeth.

"Once," said Sam, still in the same conversational tone, "I saw a dog very like that. It belonged to a man who coughed just as you do—the man was something of a joker; the dog was well trained. I don't know where the man is now but the dog is dead. I shot him myself. I carry a revolver." Then I heard a "click, click," and my knees began to shake. I was standing with my back turned to my companion and I would have given much to have been any where else at the moment. But, I bethought me, Sam was a tolerably sure shot; perhaps he would miss me. But there was no need to fear; the wrinkles in the old man's face unfolded quickly, and with another cough, the animal was recalled. Its master departed almost immediately. He first gave Sam some information as to the whereabouts of the raft. He had passed it yesterday, he informed us, about eight miles above the mouth of the Mississippi River. And he added, with another facial contortion, that he had sold two pups on board whilst the men were having dinner.

"Is your name Mike—Pontiac Mike?" asked Sam, curiously.

The owner of the dog nodded as-

sent, and my friend went on with a grim laugh:

"I've heard of you before, my man."

"Who is he?" I asked inquisitively, as we stood watching the queer old solitary paddling slowly off.

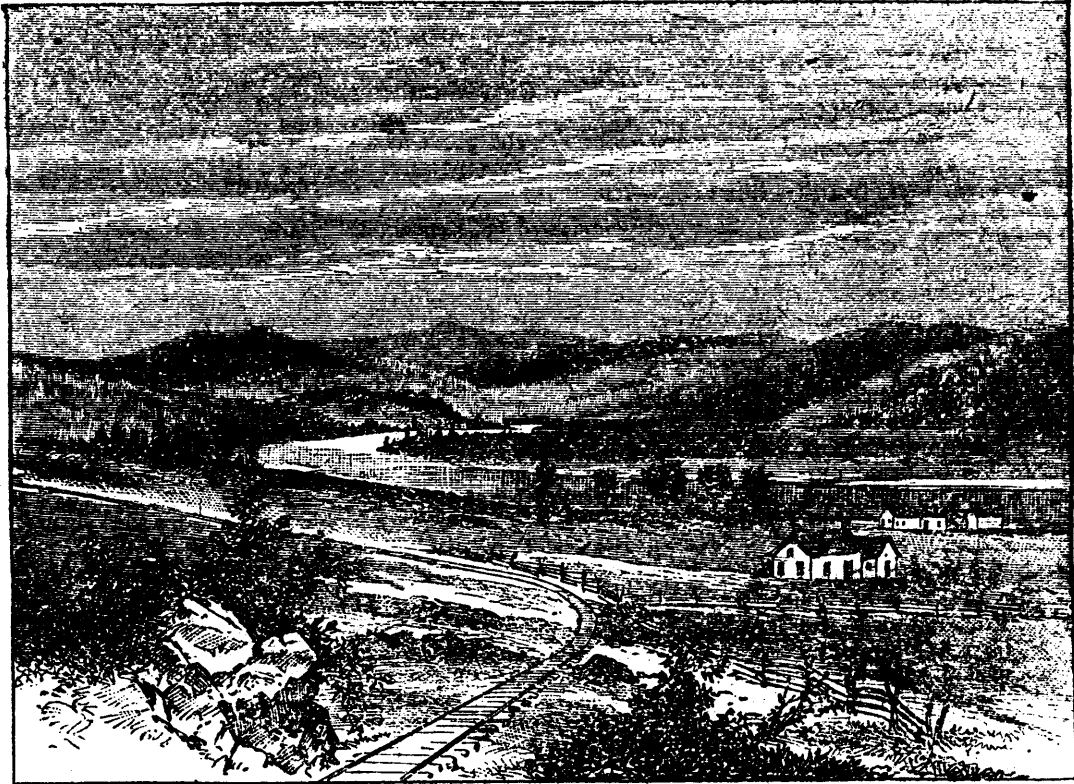
Sam laughed. "Pretty hard question to answer" he remarked, "he used to be a hunter and, I'm told, was in the Hudson Bay Company's employ at one time. Now he is a fisherman with a knack for telling yarns—and swindling! His dog has a reputation all the way from here up to the height of land. He has a shanty round here somewhere and waylays the rafts as they pass; gets his dog doing tricks—mighty clever dog that—and so induces the men to buy pups; he usually has a pup or two for sale which he will swear are from his own trained animal—maybe they are and maybe they are not," and Sam turned away to attend to the packing up of our outfit. I followed him, and gazed ruefully at the canoe, blankets, tent and cooking utensils. "Had we not better make two trips?" I asked.

"No, sir!" said Sam briskly; "one and one only. You take the canoe; I will manage the rest." He was doing the outfit up into a compact bundle as he spoke. The tinware was all ensconced inside one large pail, which he closed up by means of its tight fitting cover. This done, it was placed on the summit of the little pile made

of the neatly folded blankets and tent. I watched him, with admiring interest, as he rolled the whole up together and secured it with a broad strap evidently intended for that purpose. Then, passing a loop, which was attached to the leather fastening over his forehead, he seized the paddles, and stepped briskly out, curtly directing me to fetch along the canoe.

Reluctantly, for I do not love manual labor, I hoisted the latter, bottom upwards, on my head, and thus we passed up the rough stony way, following in the steps of many better men. The old portage was worn smooth by the feet of many generations of *voyageurs*; the hills were still there to climb and the moss-covered boulders, that towered on either side, were as yet unchanged by the all changing advance of civilization—but there was no fallen trees, no tangled brushwood. Sam assured me it was an ideal portage. The road was not exactly a *boulevard* though—and ere long I felt that my burden was indeed heavy. Three miles carrying a canoe, uphill all the way, with a giant for a companion who did not know what it was to feel tired, and who was possessed withal of an urgent impatience to get over the ground quickly—ah yes! I felt my burden was very heavy!

But there is an end to all things—even to a portage. At length we issued forth into a cleared space, and again.



VIEW OF THE CHAUDIERE VALLEY.—FROM THE QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY.

the expanse of water lay before us, shining like silver in the light of the morning sun. All about were the evidences of bivouac, some of them of yesterday, others made maybe when the wild song of the *voyageur* resounded, when the wandering hunter passed and repassed in search of game. These rugged rocky tracts do not change over much, moreover the sound of the steam whistle never yet reached amongst the crags and rampikes of this inaccessible fastness—here the plash, plash, of the paddle has not been replaced by the thundering blustering wheels of a steamer. This is an age of progress forsooth, and a keen calculating Anglo-Saxon spirit must needs come ultimately into every district! The same has not exactly macadamized the Chats Portage, but it has caused it to be but a relic of the past, by turning the picturesque canoe into a hideously painted propellor and metamorphosing the romantic *voyageur* into a vulgar deck-hand.

I threw myself down on the long rank grass, and gave free rein to my thoughts. I am not much of a hand at actual work but sometimes a great thought takes possession of my brain. Sam, on the other hand, is a man of action; he was for proceeding immediately. But I saw that the stream ran fast; and instinctively I felt that the way would be long and the work

hard. Therefore I paid no heed to his urgent remonstrances but proceeded to enjoy myself according to my lights, with a pipe of tobacco and the sundry great thoughts already alluded to. Sam fumed a bit, but I assumed an air of philosophic calm and, unmindful of his impatience continued to indulge myself in the contemplative vein before mentioned.

Accordingly, we rested a while in full view of the purple tinted water, dotted here and there with green islands, a bed of rushes extending in undulating waves on one side and a high rocky shore standing grim and brown behind us; it was a pleasing sight and one that fitted in most artistically as a background to the wild-looking occupants of a large canoe which swept presently into the sunlight around the edge of an island a few hundred yards above the place where we were.

We watched the gaily painted craft as it came swiftly on, and, as our eyes grew accustomed to the glare, we saw four paddles flashing at its sides. And we beheld six people—two were idlers and four worked manfully. This was a first view; a subsequent count made up eight souls as the complement on board. In the stern sat a stolid old buck, his face immovable as a bronze cast, and about the same color. Next him, a black eyed mite whose brown

inquisitive countenance peered at us over the gunwale as the canoe swung broadside to the landing. Then two young squaws, both paddling, their heads shrouded in blue black shawls. Then a wrinkled hag, probably the wife of the elderly gentleman in the stern—she also paddled lustily. Reclining idly in the bow was a keen looking young fellow who glanced over us in a comprehensive way, as he sprang lightly ashore,—he had flashing black eyes and an eagle's beak. In other days he would have been a great warrior. He had rings in his ears; and his long dark hair was crowned by a soft broad brimmed felt of the same sombre hue. A grey flannel shirt, a pair of brown jeans, fastened around the waist with a leather stap, and beef moccasins, completed his wardrobe.

When this wild-looking company disembarked, the two younger squaws each took from the bottom of the canoe a board, which they proceeded to sling over their backs. These we now saw for the first time, and, on looking closely, I beheld that they were used as an embryo cradle, a small papoose being securely strapped on each.

They none of them—save only the inquisitive black-eyed mite—paid the slightest attention to our good selves; with the most profound show of indifference to our proximity they prepared for the portage; and I noticed that the

ladies of the company had by far the heaviest loads to carry. Moreover, the strong limbed young brave worked not at all. Being a true Indian, he stood by with an air of lordly indifference, and watched his women folk labor.

As they moved off, Sam addressed the "grave and reverent senor" with an enquiry as to the whereabouts of the raft. The answer was satisfactory, although to me incomprehensible, for it was in French—I only understand the purest Parisian, and that imperfectly. After that they passed from sight, bearing their burthen down the portage even as their wild ancestors had been accustomed. Then in compliance with the urgent impatience of my companion, we too bestirred ourselves; and—oh you, who have read,—we too passed from sight!

The following is one of a collection of poems by Martin Butler, Editor of *Butler's Journal*, Fredericton, N. B., entitled "Maple Leaves and Hemlock Branches," and is illustrative of that spirit of patriotism, which is one of Mr. Butler's principal characteristics.

A CANADIAN SONG.

I am a son of Canada,
I love my native land;
And hope some day to see it rise
A NATION free and grand;
When, waving high to greet the sky
Shall stream from tower and crag,
And light with pride the patriot's eye
OUR COUNTRY'S NATIVE FLAG.

The land, where at a mother's knee
I lisp'd my evening prayer,
In happy hours of childish glee
Remote from pain and care;
That is the land whose praise I'll sing
While God provides me breath,
And only cease to love it when
My heart is cold in death.

Let others prostitute their muse
To sing of kings and courts,
Their goings out, and comings in,
Their pleasures and their sports;
The sturdy democratic race
From whence my fathers sprung,
Will not permit one word of praise
For them, from off my tongue.

The day will come when foreign lords,
Who neither soil nor toil,
Who get the best the land affords,
And fatten on the spoil,
And hang, a weight around the neck
Of struggling Liberty,
Shall pack their trunks and find their way
To climes beyond the sea.

Better than regal camps and courts.
Sceptre or diadem;
The freeman's vote in peace shall rule
A race of free-born men;
When pomp and pride are cast aside
And haughtiness and scorn
Are buried deep, in blackest night
That never finds a morn.

Then, here's to Vulcan, may he forge
A hammer stout and strong,
To break in twain the clanking chain
That's hung on us so long;
Unless our royal masters learn
To set the better part,
And with their hands undo the bands
They cannot with their hearts.

Oh! Glorious mother Canada,
May peace and plenty reign,
And Freedom spread her healing wings
Above thy broad domain;
Thy sons in harmony unite,
A brave and gallant band,
And stand, a wall of adamant
Around their native land.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

The following letter from Chas. Hallock, Esq., formerly editor and proprietor of *Forest and Stream*, and now connected with *The American Angler*, New York, will no doubt prove as interesting to our readers generally, as it is to us.—Ed.

Your paper is indeed *sui generis*. It contains a great deal of quaint and purely original matter characteristic of the Canadian people and it ought to win on this line of treatment. The circulation of THE LAND WE LIVE IN ought to obtain largely among residents of the United States, as well as of Canada, because it would give them many a clue to charming places of resort which are quite new and unknown to summer tourists. For years I have been directing attention to the Laurentides, and the Maritime provinces of the Dominion, as affording the most satisfying scenery, and the most refreshing trips to be found on the continent in the summer season; but I dare say, with but indifferent success. What this part of the Dominion needs is a sort of trip hammer organ which will deal out one perpetual grind, and so impress the truth on the heedless. Your paper can be made to fill the bill, but the crank won't turn without the stuff that makes the mare go. Wish it would.

For one, I am tired, as I have told you, of the standard sporting literature, and I know that others are too. I don't believe any more in *weekly* issues of class sporting papers, now that the big dailies have usurped their prerogatives as field and turf reporters. Monthlies are frequent enough for stated pabulum of this sort; and by the way, I notice that *The American Angler*, of New York, hitherto issued as a weekly, is to appear hereafter as a *monthly*, from October to April. This is significant.

Since I started the "Forest and Stream," eighteen years ago, as a specialty, new in its day and generation, no less than 112 sporting papers of that ilk have sprung into being, though three or four only can be said to be flourishing, while nearly all have died. I don't think that their seed was sown on stony ground, but "thorns have sprung up to choke them." The daily press has been the *bête noire* of sporting journals. It has fleeced their mess of potage and usurped their heritage.

It seems to me that a judicious monthly selection of Canadian subjects, not confined strictly to zoology and sport but going into botany, geography, mineralogy and branches of investigation, would make THE LAND WE LIVE IN a most useful and desirable monthly for miscellaneous perusal.

It's usefulness and attractiveness can be extended immensely and indefinitely in these directions, but you need money to induce competent men to contribute, for few can afford to write much, without pay.

I read your account of your trip to Lake St John with much interest, although it has already become a trite subject, and moreover outsiders are apt to lose their interest in preserves, monopolies, and "protected" localities. Of course pleasure like merchandize has to be bought, and one

ought not to begrudge liberal payment for that which gives him health and enjoyment as well as business advantage, yet the old timer can hardly bring himself down to paying so much a yard, or so much a head, for the game and fish he catches. If he expends \$100 on a two months' trip, he don't like to know or feel that the comfort is being doled out to him by the measure. A good deal depends on education, as well as sentiment. For some such reason I find that interest in game laws and propagation is flagging. Game protective clubs, *per se*, are out of date; for as one thoughtful writer who sees the white water ahead, very pertinently remarks in the *American Angler*, "Of what use are game laws, protectors, and hatcheries, if a few millionaires are to have the sole benefit and monopoly of them, and of all that is good or desirable." Also that "unless the government provides fishing and hunting places for the great multitude of its citizens, it should cease making public expenditures and passing restrictive laws against the masses."

There is food for thought, and a tight logical cinch, in the foregoing. What effect, near or remote, it may be asked, have the purchases and leases of immense tracts by individuals and select clubs, upon the public sentiment? We shall not have to "pause for a reply" to any greater extent. We don't need to fly to a national or communal scheme for relief, for it is as impracticable as wholesale confiscation would be, but we are impatient for some *Solon* to arise, who will point out that "delectable middle path" where satisfaction and security are alone found.

If THE LAND WE LIVE IN can make itself instrumental in effecting such a result as will make the popular masses contented without disturbing old or present tenures, it will at once establish itself as a useful, as well as a "Better Land."

CHAS. HALLOCK.

New York, Oct. 1st.

ORDWAY'S PLASTERS are curing more Rheumatic, Kidney, Lung, Bronchial and Dyspeptic Complaints, and relieving more suffering from Cramps and Cold Feet, and saving more lives by preventing Pneumonia and Consumption, than all other Remedies combined. See advt.

Take notice that *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help* will be sent free to every subscriber to this journal, and will not interfere in any way with any of our other premium offers. For instance \$1.50 for THE LAND WE LIVE IN and *The Cottage Hearth*, and *Dicken's Complete Works* will entitle the subscriber to *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, as well, for the year 1892.

We want active, energetic agents, male and female, in every town and village, to sell "The Ink Erasing Electrosine Pencil.

THE BIRDS OF QUEBEC

A Popular Lecture Delivered Before the
Natural Historical Society, at Montreal,
12th March, 1891.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

PART I.

[CONTINUED.]

Mr President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"Nothing of late years," writes Mr. McIlwraith, "has happened so well calculated to advance the interest of this subject as the result of a meeting which was held in the Museum of Natural History, in the Central park, New York, in September, 1883. The meeting was composed of a few of the leading amateur and professional ornithologists of North America. There were present one from Ontario, one from New Brunswick, and about twenty from different states in the Union. The meeting was a most enjoyable one, as it brought together many who were known to each other by correspondence, and yet had never personally met. It remained in session for three days, with Dr. Coues as chairman and Mr. E. P. Bicknell as secretary. The proceedings resulted in the formation of an

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION,

now familiarly known as the A.O.U., with a constitution and by-laws similar to those of the British association of similar name. J. A. Allen of Cambridge, Mass., was elected president and Dr. C. Merriam, of Locust Grove, N.Y., secretary. Committees were formed to report on the following subjects at the next meeting:—Nomenclature and classification, migration, osteology, on the desirability or otherwise of encouraging the English sparrow, and on distribution of species. At the close it was decided, in consideration of the importance of the proceedings and of the enjoyment they had afforded, to have all those present photographed in a group, which was subsequently carried out successfully by Bogardus of Broadway." [I am indebted to Montague Chamberlain for a photo of this group of savants, in which I can easily recognize some familiar faces. The American Ornithologists' union founded an organ—a well edited quarterly—*The Auk*, while the organ of the British association is named *The Ibis*, both highly valued publications.

The earliest ornithological record in Canada—I might say, possibly in America—occurs in Jacques Cartier's Voyages up the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In Chapters II., III., VI., VII., XII., of the narrative of his first voyage, in 1534, and Chapter I. of his second voyage in 1535, as well as an entry in the log of Roberval's first pilot, Jean Alphonse, in 1542, mention is made of the myriads of gannets, gulls, guillemots, puffins, eider ducks, cormorants and other sea fowl nesting on the bird rocks and on the desolate isles off the Labrador coast. Jacques Cartier goes so far as to say that "the whole French navy might be freighted with these noisy denizens of that wild region without any apparent diminution in their number." (Chap. I—2, voyage) [Reliable modern naturalists] Dr. Henry Bryant, of Boston—visiting the bird rocks in 1860, and Charles A. Cory, in 1878, con-

firm these statements of early discoverers as to the number and species of birds to be found in the lower St. Lawrence. The Jesuit, le Jeune, in the *Relations des Jesuites*, for 1632, dwells on the multitude of aquatic birds infesting *Ile aux Oies*, (county of Montmagny), and frequenting the shores of our noble river. Friar Gabriel Sagard Theodat that same year furnished in his "Grand Voyage au pays des Hurons," a list of Canadian birds. In 1636, he notices among other things, some of the leading species, such as jay, eagle, crane, etc., and has left us a lovely piece of word painting in his glowing description of the humming bird. It was too quaint, too fascinating not to be preserved. You will find it reproduced, page 217 of my "Album du Touriste." In 1663, Pierre Boucher, governor of Three Rivers, in an agreeably written memoir, addressed on the 8th October, 1663, to Minister Colbert, depicted the birds, mammals, fishes, etc., of New France. This memoir has been recently reprinted by a lineal descendant of the learned and venerable Governor, the late Edward F. (Boucher) Montizambert, in his lifetime, law clerk to the Senate of Canada and father of Col. Charles and Dr. Frederick Montizambert, of Quebec. In volume I. of Baron la Hontan's "Voyages to North America," published in France in 1703, there occurs an annotated "List of the Fowls or Birds that frequent the South Countries of Canada," and also a second "List of the Birds of the North Countries of Canada." Father Charlevoix in 1725, devotes a few pages of his voluminous history to the Canadian Fauna. Peter Kalm, the Swedish savant, the friend of Governor La Galissoniere and guest at his Chateau St. Louis, at Quebec, in 1749, in an edition of his travels republished in London in 1770-71, gives plates of American birds and mammals. Thomas Jefferys, geographer to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in an elaborate folio volume, issued in London in 1760, devoted a few pages to,

THE AVI-FAUNA OF CANADA.

The year 1831 gave us Swainson's and Richardson's standard work on the birds of the fir countries: *Fauna Boreali-Americana*. In 1853 Hon. G. W. Allan, of Toronto, furnished a list of the land birds wintering in the neighborhood of Toronto. In 1867, a committee of Canadian naturalists, Messrs. Billings, Barnston, Hall, Venor and D'Urban, founded in Montreal a monthly magazine, the *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*. This valuable store house of many good things flourished for twelve years; it is still of daily reference. Three years later, in 1860, I published at Quebec, under the title "Ornithologie du Canada," in two volumes, the first French work published in Canada on Canadian birds. Professor Wm. Hincks, of Kingston furnished, in 1866, a list of Canadian birds observed by Mr. Thos. McIlwraith, round Hamilton. In 1868, an industrious entomologist, the Rev. Abbe Louis Provencher, started at Quebec a monthly publication: *Le Naturalist Canadien*, which he kept up with a legislative subsidy for fourteen years. Canadian birds often found a corner in it, thought not a large one. In 1883, Mr. C. E. Dionne, the taxidermist of the Laval University, brought out a useful volume *Les Oiseaux du Canada*. Six years later, in 1889, he

supplemented it with a "Catalogue des Oiseaux de la Province de Quebec." We owe to Messrs. J. A. Morden, of Hyde Park London, Ont., and W. E. Saunders, also of London, Ont., carefully prepared notes on the feathered tribes of Western Canada, whilst an erudite Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, of Nova Scotia, drew attention to the birds of prey of his native province. In 1881, William Couper published in Montreal a valuable little monthly journal, *The Canadian Sportsman and Naturalist*, to which for three years, our leading field naturalists and amateurs generally contributed most useful notes and observations. Amongst other valuable records, it contains Mr. Ernest T. Wintele's list of birds observed round Montreal, with spicy discussions and correspondence, over the signature of Dr. Garnier, Mr. Lett and the Rev. Vincent Clementi. In 1886, that veteran field naturalist, Thomas McIlwraith, of Hamilton, Ont., published his excellent treatise: *The Birds of Ontario*. The book was favorably reviewed in the *Auk*, by the eminent Dr. Elliott Coues, who unhesitatingly placed Mr. McIlwraith "in the first place in his own field." I would be guilty of a gross injustice were I to fail noticing the numerous contributions to the daily press from a keen Quebec field naturalist, John T. Neilson, who has utilised the rare facilities, his out door occupations as land surveyor, and his time to study the bird world. Canadian ornithology is also indebted to I. Cottle for a "List of Birds found in Upper Canada," in 1859; to H. Hadfield, "Birds of Canada observed near Kingston during the spring of 1858"; to A. Murray, "Contributions to the Natural History of the Hudson Bay Co.'s Territories" 1858; to Professor J. R. Willis, "List of Birds of Nova Scotia" 1858; 1870, to J. F. Whiteaves, "Notes on Canadian Birds," 1873, to A. L. Adams "Field and Forest Rambles with notes and observations on the Natural History of Eastern Canada;" to Dr. J. H. Garnier, of Lucknow, and to Prof. Macoun of Belleville; to Prof. J. I. Bell, Kingston; Ernest T. Thomson, Toronto; to W. Dunlop and Mr. Hughes, of Montreal; to W. L. Scott and Geo. R. White, Ottawa, Harold Gilbert and Jas. W. Banks, of St. John, N. B.; Prof. A. H. Mackay, Pictou; to Napoleon A. Comeau, of Natasquan; to Rev. Duncan Anderson, of New Liverpool, P. Q.; and others whose names escape me. The *Bulletin of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick*, the *Transactions of the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club* have also proved useful auxiliaries to the cause of the natural sciences.

Such, gentlemen, are some of the material available to students of Canadian bird-life. Such, I may add, is the ornithological outfit of our vast Dominion for prosecuting research in this attractive branch of human knowledge. Far from me the desire to underrate what has been accomplished—but let us not delude ourselves and imagine for an instant that we can compare with our progressive neighbors beyond the border. True, they had help from the State. Specialists were attached to their great surveying expeditions, reporting direct to specialists in Washington. Natural history in Canada has had few of these external advantages, so that, as a trustworthy writer tells us, "a large amount of field

work is yet to be done here before any thing like a complete account of the birds of Canada can be produced."

There was, until lately, one man among us—Canadian born—whose writings bear the stamp of field work and of scientific research—Montague Chamberlain, of St. John, N. B.—fit for this task. Our enterprising neighbors, looking wistfully across the border, found means of coaxing away our specialist. Mr. Chamberlain is now an under-secretary of Harvard University and is busily engaged, at Boston, in preparing another extensive work on the avi-fauna of Canada and the United States: "Nuttall's Ornithology," a new edition.

PART II.

Linnaeus in his *Systema Naturæ* divides the class of birds into six orders. Blumenback makes out nine orders; Cuvier, six; Vieillot, five; Vigors, five; Temminck, in his *Mannet d'ornithologie*, sixteen; Agassiz and Gould, in a more recent work, recognize only four orders.

The Smithsonian Institution Report of 1858, divides the birds into six orders.

- I Raptors, Birds of Prey,
- II Scansors, Climbing Birds,
- III Incessores, Pecking Birds,
- IV Rasores, Dusting Birds,
- V Grallatores, Wading Birds,
- VI Natatores, Web-footed Birds.

Each of these orders might comprise in our fauna: I order, 36; II, 18; III, 110; IV, 15; V, 42; VI, 69. Canada, not embracing all the productions, climate and temperature which the American Union does, cannot be expected to unite all the varieties of birds to be found in the United States. The Canadian Fauna is, nevertheless, very beautiful and varied in its features, including a numerous collection of birds of prey. The web-footed order are also well represented here. The woodpecker family comprises some brilliantly habited individuals; but the most numerous and varied in plumage are the Perchers or singing birds. The species of birds visiting annually the Province of Quebec do not quite reach 300. McMillwraith in his list computes the birds of Ontario, at 302 species. Dionne's catalogue of birds for the Province of Quebec limits our avi-fauna to 273 specimens. Chamberlain, in his systematic tables of Canadian birds, counts 557 species for the whole Dominion. As to classification and nomenclature, amateurs would have to unlearn apparently a deal taught them by old writers. Since Baird brought out, in 1858, his elaborate report, what changes and improvements have taken place in the nomenclature and classification of the feathered tribe in America. His serene majesty *Aquila Canadensis* has had to take a back seat in the order of precedence in the bird world, his honored place being filled by the thrush family: the jaunty robin-red-breast, or his sweet musical cousin—the wood thrush. But even his celestial morning symphonies failed to protect him—the Orpheus of our woods—from the onslaught of modern systematists. He "was not sufficiently typified," they proclaimed, and, presto, Orpheus had to retire, when a very unmusical, cheerless fellow, a member of the grebe clan, rushes to the front, and looks as if he had come to stay. (Laughter and applause.)

Classification is one of the most important portions of ornithology. A new light has dawned on this science since the learned researches of Dr. Thos. Brewer, of Boston, and other American and European savants who have applied oology to the classification of species; thus, several rare hawks, in different plumage, have been recognized by their eggs. The eggs of owls, instead of being elliptical, like those of the generality of birds, are spherical. Eggs are also identified by their markings, lines, spots, stripes—or by the absence of them, like the eggs of some of the thrushes.

Before we examine the contents of the collection before us, let me point out one particularity respecting the birds of prey: *the female in general is nearly one-third larger than the male.*

I shall content myself with familiarizing you with some of the specimens. Let us select a few out of each order.

THE GOLDEN OR CANADIAN EAGLE.

The great naturalist, Linnaeus, awards to the Golden eagle the cognomen "*Canadensis*," a name passing sweet to our ear.

Naturalists now recognize on this continent three species of eagles—the golden or Canadian, the bald, and the sea eagle—the latter being restored in Coues' Club list, 2nd edition, after having been dropped from the first. Let us at once note the removal of another species from the works of modern ornithologists: the majestic eagle once only met and captured by Audubon, to which he awarded the glorious name of the father of American Independence, by calling it the "Bird of Washington." It is now admitted that instead of being a distinct species, it was merely an overgrown specimen of one of the three species now recognized.

The golden eagle, though rare then in the New England States, is far from common round Quebec. The finding an eagle's or a humming bird's nest marks an epoch in the life of a naturalist. "Although powerful in flight," says Audubon, "it has not the speed of many hawks, nor even of the white-headed eagle. It cannot, like the latter, pursue and seize on the wing the prey it longs for, but is obliged to glide down through the air for a certain height to insure the success of its enterprise. The keenness of its eye, however, makes up for the defect, and enables it to spy at a great distance the objects on which it preys, and it seldom misses its aim, as it falls with the swiftness of a meteor towards the spot on which they are concealed. When at a great height in the air, its gyrations are uncommonly beautiful, being slow and of wide circuit, and becoming the majesty of the king of birds. It often continues them for hours at a time, with apparently the greatest ease." "The notes of this species are sharp and harsh, resembling at times the barking of a dog, especially about the breeding season, when the birds become extremely noisy and turbulent, flying more swiftly than at other times, alighting more frequently and evincing a fretfulness which is not so observable after their eggs are laid."

Samuels adds: "The golden eagle usually constructs its nests on the sides of steep, rocky crags, where its materials are coarsely heaped together on a projecting

shelf of rock. These consist of large sticks loosely arranged. In rare instances, they are said to have been built on trees in the Western States, where rocky cliffs are not to be met with. The eggs are usually three in number, sometimes two or only one. Mr. Audubon describes them as measuring "three and a half inches in length by two and a half in breadth, the shell thick and smooth, dull white brushed over the undefined patches of brown, which are most numerous at the large end."

Buffon, Audubon, Alexander Wilson, MacGillivray, have each written most elaborate descriptions of this royal bird, though Buffon's, with its graceful imagery, is more picturesque than exact. MacGillivray writes: "Many years after having ascended to the summit of one of the lofty mountains in the forest of Harris, in search of plants (for I had by this time become a botanist). I stood to admire the glorious scene that presented itself, and enjoy the most intense of all delights, that of communion in the wilderness with the God of the Universe. I was on a narrow ridge of rock, covered with the *Silene Acaulis*, whose lovely pink blossoms were strewn around; on one side was a rocky slope, the resort of the ptarmigan; on the other a rugged precipice, in the crevices of which had sprung up luxuriant tufts of *Rhodiola rosea*. Before me, in the west, was the craggy island of Scarp; toward the south stretched the rugged coast of Harris, margined on the headlands with a line of white foam, and away to the dim horizon spread out the vast expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, with the lovely isles of St. Kilda on the extreme verge. The sun, descending in the clear sky, threw a glistening path of light over the waters, and tinged the ocean haze with purple. Suddenly there arose over the Atlantic a mass of light, thin vapor, which approached with a gentle breeze, rolling and spreading around, and exhibiting the most beautiful change of tint. When I had gazed until the fading light reminded me that my home for the night was four miles distant, I approached the edge of the precipice and bent over it, when from the distance of a few yards beneath a golden eagle launched forth into the air. The scene, already sublime, was by the flight of the eagle rendered still more so, and as I gazed upon the huge bird sailing steadily away beneath my feet, while the now dense masses of cloud rolled majestically overhead, I exclaimed aloud, "Beautiful!" The great God of heaven and earth, myself, His perverse but adoring subject, and the eagle, His beautiful but unending creature, were all in the universe of my imagination. Scenes like these might soften the obdurate, elevate the grovelling, convince the self-willed and unbelieving, and blend with universal nature the spirits that had breathed the chilling air of selfishness. Verily, it is good for one to ascend a lofty mountain, but he must go alone, and if he be there, in the solemn stillness of midnight, as I have been, he will descend a better and wiser man. Beautiful truly, it is to see the eagle sweeping aloft the hillside, sailing from one mountain to another, or soaring aloft in its circling flight until it seems to float in the thin white cirri, like the inhabitant of another world looking down upon our

rebel earth as if desirous to visit it, but afraid to come within its contaminating influence."

There is more than one trait in this graphic portraiture to remind one of the prince of American naturalists, John James Audubon. Not to me was vouchsafed, like to the gifted MacGilvray, the felicity of viewing in his favorite haunts, the king of birds—the royal eagle, soaring o'er the "cloud-capped peaks" of old Scotia, though once I remember being fortunate enough to feast mine own eyes on the purple heather of the land of Scott. Fond memory—that undying memory of younger, of brighter days—brings to mind a spectacle, nearly as grand, certainly as much prized—witnessed many long years ago, when Murray Bay was but a sparse, obscure seashore hamlet at its west end, of a half dozen of puny, white-washed cottages—when the sturdy old steamer "Saguenay," then commanded by Capt. Rene Siniard, landed weekly on the beach (no wharf in those primitive days) a jolly squad of tourists longing for the quiet elysium of Pointe-a-Pic and Cap-a-Pigeon—alas! so brckneyed in the present time. I can recall one of those magnificent birds, one sultry, hazy, July afternoon, in slow-measured, "majestic gyrations, such as become the king of birds," sweeping past nearly out of sight, over our pioneer steamer, to the amazement of all beholders, winnowing his circuitous, widespread course, under the distant, leafy, blue and green "turban of the Laurentides," straight towards Cape Tourment, where mayhap awaited him his lofty eyrie—his hungry, callous brood.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"In most of the older systems it was customary to place the birds of prey first on the list, in consideration of their great size and strength, the noble eagle occupying a place in the foremost ranks. Better acquaintance with these birds shows us that they do not possess the noble qualities attributed to them, that they are slovenly and irregular in their habits, often gorging themselves with carrion and remaining for days in a state of dozing stupidity till the calls of hunger again force them in search of things new and old.

I think it was Professor Liljeborg, of Upsala, who first advocated the view that the birds entitled to the highest rank should be those which are possessed of the greatest amount of nervous irritability, and have all birdlike peculiarities most fully developed. When we consider that these peculiarities include swimming on the water, hopping on the ground, perching on trees, hopping nimbly from branch to branch, and making their presence known by their characteristic and melodious voices, we readily see the justice of giving the first place to the passerines or perching birds, all of which have a much higher organization than the birds of prey. This arrangement is adopted generally by both Dr. Coues and Mr. Ridgway, yet they differ slightly in detail, one giving the first place to our familiar garden songster, the robin, and the other to the wood-thrush, a handsome bird of shy and retiring habits, seldom seen except in its favorite haunts in the bush."—THOS. McILWRAITH, 1885.

Alas! the reasonable wish of the learned author of *The Birds of Ontario* appears as far as ever from fulfilment. The robin and the wood-thrush have to give up their place to the grebe.

\$2.25, sent to the publishers of this journal now, will pay for THE LAND WE LIVE IN, the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Cottage Hearth* and the *Medical Adviser and Farm Help* for 1892.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Relics by the Wagon Load.

Under the direction of Prof. Putnam, Chief of the Department of Ethnology, of the World's Columbian Exposition, a party of men have been making extensive excavations of the pre-historic mounds in Ohio and Indiana, and according to reports received from time to time, most gratifying success has been met with. Many skulls, skeletons, copper hatchets, pipes, ornaments, altars of burnt clay weighing 400 to 500 pounds, flint spear heads, etc., have been secured.

In one mound, situated near Anderson Station, Indiana, 7,232 flint spear heads and knives were discovered. The bulk was so great that it took four horses and a large corn wagon to haul the flints to camp. The total weight was a trifle over 4,700 pounds. The implements were found in a layer one foot in thickness, extending over a space twenty by thirty feet. Many of them were over eight or ten inches in length; some of them even larger, while the majority ranged from seven to eight inches. They are made of gray flint, found only in Indiana, and show that there were from sixty to seventy flakes detached from each one in order to fashion it.

The largest find of flint implements made in one place heretofore in America did not exceed 1,800 specimens. In one of the caverns occupied by primitive man in the valley of the Seine, below Paris, 2,300 implements were found in one deposit. As it is reasonable to conclude that nearly one day's work was expended on each implement, and as each one exhibits almost absolute perfection as far as flint chipping is concerned, the find will be of special value to ethnological research.

You May See a Million.

A concession has been granted to M. Stepanni to erect a Moorish palace at the World's Fair. One of the many attractions which he proposes to exhibit in this palace is \$1,000,000 in gold coin in one pile. He believes that this will be a great drawing card, and that nearly every visitor will want to see it. Of course great precautions will be taken for the safety of such great treasure. It will be in a strong cage, and Mr. Stepanni says: "Just under the gold will be constructed a fire and burglar proof vault. To the doors of this vault will be connected electric wires. In the event of an attempt to rob the palace, my guards will press an electric button, the entire pile will fall into the vault, and the door will spring shut." A space 200 by 350 feet was granted for the Moorish palace, upon which Mr. Stepanni says he will expend \$400,000.

Seals for the World's Fair.

Under the direction of Henry Elliott, the only artist who has ever drawn and painted the seal and walrus in their native haunts, an interesting exhibit for the World's Fair is being prepared by the Smithsonian Institution. This exhibit consists of models in papier mache representing the fur seal and walrus fisheries on the Alaskan coast.

The animals to be represented, as well as the men who catch them, are being modeled in clay. One of the models shows a seal "drive." This model includes hundreds of mimic seals which Aleuts are driving along to the killing grounds by waving cloths and shouting. Another illustrates a "rookery," on which the full grown seals, bellowing and pugnacious, have "hauled up" out of the surf upon the islands to breed. Another model will show a hauling ground of bachelor seals. The killing of seals will also be shown, a group of Aleuts being represented in the act of smashing their heads with clubs. There will also be represented a number of hair seals, which are not useful for their fur, but merely for food supply to the natives of that region. The walrus, now rapidly becoming extinct, are also to be reproduced in material that will give them a remarkably lifelike appearance. Hundreds of models in clay are made of these animals, in order to represent the different species and sizes of each. They are to be cast in papier mache and painted.

At the Eisteddfod, which Welsh Societies will hold at the Exposition, the finest choruses of Wales will be present, and prizes amounting to \$30,000 have been offered in connection with the contest. For the finest Welsh chorus a prize of \$5,000 is to be given. Another of \$3,000 is offered, and so on in smaller amounts until the limit of \$30,000 shall have been reached. The famous Dowlais Harmonic Society, 250 voices strong, will be among the contestants. It has won many prizes in Europe. Its trip to the Exposition will cost about \$25,000, which sum it hopes to regain by giving a series of concerts in the United States. The festival is to last five days, and be held in the Music Hall of the Exposition. One concert is to be given free of charge to the general public.

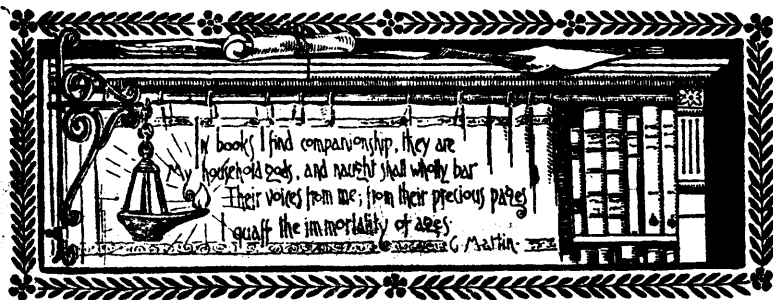
The imitation battleship "Illinois," at the naval pier, in the Exposition grounds, is now rising from the water. Work is progressing satisfactorily on the hull. The deck will measure over all 348 by 694 feet. This structure is to cost \$100,000, and is the most original illustration of naval architecture ever worked out.

A \$10,000 model of a stamp mill for reducing copper, now the property of the State Museum of Michigan, will be shown at the Fair. This model was made and presented by the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company.

Canadian All Through.

Canadian intellect, art and workmanship. The Christmas number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* for 1891 will combine these elements to produce the most artistic and beautiful Christmas Souvenir ever issued in this country. It will surpass even the magnificent one issued by this house last year. Published by the Sabiston Litho & Pub. Co., Montreal.

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



[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

Marguerite de Roberval.

A LEGEND OF FRENCH CANADA.

BY MAUD OGILVY.

CHAPTER IV.

The good ship *Francois*, however not destined to be lost beneath the billows of the Atlantic, and when the first faint grey glimpse of dawn broke in the East the storm had somewhat abated and a certain degree of order and quiet was restored amongst the weary voyagers. Strange to say the Viceroy had said nothing to Marguerite yet of the love-scene which he had surely witnessed the night before, for there was no hope that the meeting had, even in such a moment of peril, escaped his keen observant eyes.

All that day the girl awaited tremblingly the summons to her uncle's presence; it did not come. She feared it, yet she would rather have it over and be certain what course he meant to pursue.

Alan, taking the advice of his rough but sagacious friend, Paul de Rocheblave, had retired as soon as all danger from the storm was over to his cabin and did not appear again. The day passed slowly; the "*Francois*" having safely weathered the tempest and with the help of a favourable wind, proceeded on her way and soon the low Laurentian hills of Labrador appeared like a dim blue line on the horizon.

Two days after the storm a message came to Marguerite from the Viceroy saying that he desired her presence in the chart-room. In fear she obeyed the summons, for she had heard from Blanche that M. de Roberval had both seen and recognized Alan de Longpre on the night of the storm. She ascended the narrow stairway and timidly knocked at the door of the chart-room, where her uncle was generally to be found. It was opened to her at once by the Viceroy himself, who bade her enter and be seated. To her surprise Paul de Rocheblave and Alan

were both present and as Marguerite entered the latter rose and came towards her holding out his hand impetuously, but M. de Roberval waved him back.

"Marguerite," he said coldly, "I have summoned you here to tell you the plans I have made for your future. I have arranged that your marriage with M. de Longpre shall take place at once."

"You cannot be in earnest," exclaimed Marguerite starting.

"I was never more in earnest in my life," said the Viceroy sternly. "Come, no objections, give me your answer at once. Both you and this gentleman have deceived me and this is how I reward you. I give you your heart's desire, am I not a good uncle?"

There was a sneer in his voice, a mocking smile on his lips that frightened the girl. She would have preferred that he had stormed and blustered than have met her thus.

"What say you my fair niece? Have you wearied already of your lover that you answer not my suggestion?" he continued.

She glanced for a moment towards Alan who was gazing at her with his whole soul in his eyes, a puzzled expression on his face as if he too were at a loss to understand the Viceroy's strange behaviour. Marguerite was silent for some instants then she answered M. de Roberval.

"My uncle I am not guilty of deceiving you, a De Roberval is ever truthful and whether you believe it or not I speak the truth. I knew no more than you, until the night of the tempest that M. de Longpre was on board. I assure you on my sacred word of honour that I knew not of his presence. As for this hasty marriage you propose it would ill befit a daughter of De Roberval."

"Had you remembered your duty to our house," retorted M. de Roberval, "it would have been well. As it is you and M. de Longpre have both set the head of your family at defiance. But enough of that. Will you consent to this marriage?"

"You will give me time my uncle,"

the girl faltered, "I cannot decide like this it is not becoming, it—"

"Enough," interrupted the Viceroy angrily. "I can no longer undertake the responsibility of a girl like you. As the wife of this gentleman he will be bound to care for you. I will have no scandalous tales told of this expedition by my soldiers when we return to France. It shall never be said that the name of De Roberval has been dishonoured, dragged in the mire. You have compromised yourself."

Alan started up angrily from his seat laying his hand on his sword, but his more prudent friend dragged him back whispering:

"Heed not his raving. All will be well."

The Viceroy continued. "M. de Longpre has followed you to the new world in spite of all I said to him and in spite of my opposition to his boldness in aspiring to the hand of the heiress of De Roberval. Now I will not have this known in France. Careless as you are of it, the honour of our house shall never be brought low whilst I live. You will therefore consent to my arrangements and marry M. de Longpre to-morrow."

Marguerite glanced again at Alan. The same puzzled look was in his eyes albeit a flush of joy had mounted to his face. He nodded his head emphatically and the girl interpreted his meaning as he wished.

"My uncle," she said in a cold dignified tone, drawing herself up with a pride worthy of the Lord of Roberval himself, "My uncle, I will not repeat that I am innocent of deceiving you, I will not deign to refute the charge that I have been in anyway an undeserving member of our noble house. There is no dishonour in loving so brave a gentleman as M. de Longpre. Your strange conduct in consenting to our marriage I cannot pretend to understand but to-morrow if you wish I will marry M. de Longpre."

A sinister smile parted the Viceroy's thin lips as he replied:

"Tis well. Array yourself in your finest garments and to-morrow morn my chaplain will be in readiness. You M. de Longpre have proved yourself no laggard in love. Adieu Marguerite. *A demain.*"

CHAPTER V.

Surely never had those rugged cliffs and that rolling sea, looked on so strange a scene as that which was being enacted on the deck of the *Francois* that bright, summer morning.

Far to the north like dim blue clouds stretched the faint outline of the hills of Labrador, while to the South a vast island lay before the eager travellers,

a continent they considered it and indeed it was long before they were undeceived. But this was not the destination of the "Francois," on, on, she must go through the great Gulf called after the martyred saint of Spain, on, on, on, until she reached as her commander proudly hoped, the rich golden shores of Cathay. Her course was steered through that northern passage now known as the Straits of Belle-Isle; the morning was clear and warm, the sun shone brightly and all trace of the storm had disappeared, and except for the spray dashing up in a white foamy line on the stern coast of Labrador the great stretch of waters was smooth as glass.

The deck of the "Francois" was crowded, for all the crew and emigrants seemed to be gathered on it this morning, probably an uninitiated observer might have thought to gaze on this new land where they were to make their home. But no, this was not the reason. A few days ago it might have sufficed to be of all absorbing interest, but now something far more exciting had awakened their sensibilities and natural scenery was of secondary importance. After all human nature in the sixteenth century was not so very different from human nature now, and we proud children of the nineteenth century know very well that we would turn away from the grandest scenery Nature ever planned to observe how Miss A's flirtation with Mr. B. is progressing, or to wonder why Mr. B. seems rather afraid of his mother-in-law. In spite of our vaunted progress the same motives govern us, the same grand vital forces of love, hate, revenge and death rule us all, children of the earth. Times may change, manners alter, but underneath this outward veneer lie the fundamental passions of our being. And M. de Roberval's crew took quite as vivid an interest in these matters in the sixteenth century as any gossip of our own day. Gossip, oh misused word; interest is not gossip. "The proper study of mankind is man," never a poet spoke more truly. What a bare cold place this world would be if we all of us minded our own affairs. No, let the ladies gossip over their tea-cups and the men, those most inveterate gossipers of all, over their wine; it would be a poor world without gossip.

Yes, this was a strange scene. Towards the stern of the ship a rough canopy composed of flags, was raised and under this a small altar was erected. To the side of this altar stood the chaplain of the fleet clad in his sacerdotal robes awaiting the coming of the bride to begin the ceremony. Alan de Longpre stood near and was the

cynosure of all eyes in this instance the bridegroom attracting much more than his usual share of attention. He was in no gay attire, but wore his long black cloak and carried his plumed hat in his hand. His handsome face wore no triumphant happy expression such as one would expect to see in that of a bridegroom who has attained his heart's desire. He looked very gloomy not to say mournful and in truth he had reason to be so for he both feared and distrusted M. de Roberval and could not fathom his motives for consenting and hastening his niece's marriage with a man he heartily disliked. His alleged reason that the girl's reputation was at stake he knew to be false and he was convinced that the vice-roy must have some ulterior motive in bringing about their union. As yet he could not even guess it, but he was not left long in suspense and subsequent events proved that Mr. de Roberval was not a man who would easily forgive a real or fancied wrong. The men and women stared curiously at this lover of Mademoiselle de Roberval who had been so true to her, braving the perils of the ocean and her uncles wrath for her sake.

Both Marguerite and Alan had puzzled in vain over the vice-roy's sudden command and the former was strongly inclined to rebel and refuse point blank to obey this peremptory order. She was not allowed to see De Longpre, M. de Roberval took care of that and Blanche was her only adviser. The old woman urged her to accede to her uncle's wishes reckless of consequence. Whatever happened in this strange new land M. de Longpre would be able to protect her and had he not proved himself to be valiant as well as true in thus braving M. de Roberval's wrath, in daring to venture on board the "Francois." So it came to pass that the girl allowed herself to be persuaded and the strange marriage ceremony was performed on deck that summer morning in the presence of the whole crew of the ship who wonderingly commented on this sudden departure and puzzled and gossiped as only a number of people long out at sea can do, about this unexpected relief to the monotony of their existence. Mass had been chanted by the chaplain, the solemn benediction pronounced, and Alan de Longpre and Marguerite de Roberval were bound by the vows of Holy Mother Church which only death could sever.

Of the subsequent adventures which befell Marguerite in that strange new land, I hope to write at some future time.

THE END.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Go! Heart of mine! the way is long—
The night is dark—the place is far;
Go! kneel and pray, of chant a song,
Beside two graves where Mary's star
Shines o'er two children's hearts at rest,
With Mary's medals on their breast.

Go! Heart! those children loved you so,
Their little lips prayed oft for you!
But ah! those necks are lying low
Round which you turne! the badge of blue.
Go to their graves, this Virgin's feast,
With poet's song and prayer of priest.

Go! like a pilgrim to a shrine,
For that is holy ground where sleep
Children of Mary and of thine.
Go! kneel, and pray and sing and weep;
Last summer how their faces smiled
When each was blessed as Mary's child.

My heart hath gone! I cannot sing!
Beneath those children's grave, song dies;
Hush! Poet!—Priest! Prayer hath a wing
To pass the stars and reach the skies;
Sweet children! from the land of light
Look down and bless my heart to-night.

—O—

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN. HUNTING SONG.

Ho! for the woods! Ho! for companions
cheer!

The rod, the rifle, and the light canoe;
The swift pursuit of caribou and deer;
The flash of salmon from the liquid blue:
Welcome! to our retreat, ye faithful few,
In this merriest heyday of the year!

Ho! for the rush of the descending stream
Bright in the morning beam!

Ho! for the shout! Ho! for each echoing
shore!

The rifle's crack amid the vocal glades;
The torrent's long reverberating roar;
The flash of flying gems from paddle-blades;
The hush of twilight, and the length'ning
shades:

Welcome the song, the chorus, the encore,
The tale of awe, the joke, the repartee,—
What jolly souls are we!

Ho! for the camp! Ho! for the botchy bed
Welcome! the firelight gleam, reflected far
On glassy lake, and tented leaves o'erhead;
Welcome! companionship of moon and star,
Where sandy shores, or spreading branches,
are;

Welcome! the sylvan board, at evening
spread,

When merry hunters from their sports re-
turn,
To bid the camp-fire burn.

Ho! for the promised season of delight!
We'll leave our plodding,—cast our cares be-
hind;

To Nature, dear, we'll take our annual flight,
Brace up the frame, invigorate the mind.

Ho! for the woods! Come, ye who are in-
clined

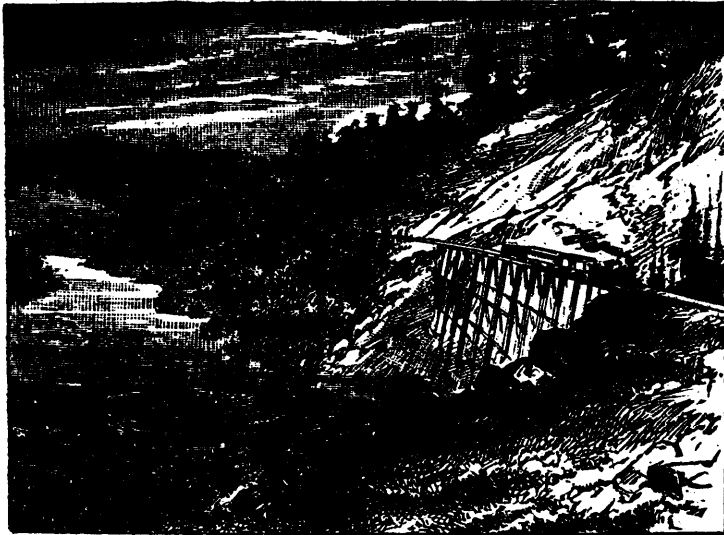
To genial life, and sylvan sounds and sight;
Through woods we'll rove and over lakes
career,

Then come again next year.

PASTOR FELIX.

—O—

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.



VIEW ON THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER.
From the Quebec Central Railway.

WRITTEN FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Laroche and his Sister Beau.

Registered in Accordance with the Copyright Act.

I have come on dis evening for give to you more plain, I tell to you my prop experience. I have not want for say I levee on de *faulourg*, on de block Beauchamp, second etage, on de back-front-come-by-de-yard. Well, I have habitue for go on de Theatre every eight day. Dat's to-day last night I have go for see "Oncle Cabin Tom" wit my *cousin yerman* Azarias Lafreniere. Something on dat piece I am not comprend at all. Dat's nigger girl she say her speak "I dont was born I grow me hup right off." Curios ting but, I 'spose she'll be know dat better herself dan me. De play she be finish at half past ten o'clock and a half, and I go on de house of one of my frem for pass de compliments and take something, because you know dat's theatre she'll make me thirsty like one small bull-calf what loss his modder-in law. After dat I take de little car for go on my place. De conductor she was screech on my head at his voice on de top "No smoking" and I respond "Don't talken aloud—My name 'tis Telesphore Laroche, little cousin of Grandé Vicairé Beauchamp, I got one brodder on de Seargent Police, my brodder Auguste dat's pompier number three; nudder one she's put de candle on de lectrique light. When she hear dat she say "well "messieur I was not know you, hexcuse to "me, youll be smoke wit de driver." Bomehy I arrive on my place. What you think me I was dere when I hopeen de door? Hexcuse to me de expression; One first class loafer dood of de very best kind she was dere on de sofa parlor wit my sister Josephine. I onderstan' dat was my sister beau. I dont say how-de doose, notting. I retire myself for take a smoke and read de gazette on my chamber private. "Bout half past twelve o'clock and a half I hear it some laff like a tom-cat

Yah! Yah! Yah! Yah! I come down stair for see dat yah yah. It was my sister Josephine and de dood. Dey was laugh like two monkey. I cough my throat before to go in, and when de dood she see me she tell me Hello! do you do Monsieur Telespoore, Nice evening it is not. Me, I dont speak but, when she approach me and she laff on my face and hax me "Take a "Noisy Boy"! I come to very much indignation mad. I take my cold blood and I speak him someting "Look me *mon vieux* do you tink me for one crazy chap? "Dont speak for notting and pass on de street immediately if you dont want for "shut your mouth on my presence." Dont get excite she was tell. Never mind de "Noisy Boy," come take one ginger beer. "Dont speak" I say "pass yourself off my place." De doode was pass her eye on Josephine and after on me and she say "You dont say so" Li-ten me my dear Frem I dont was lose no time wit him. I trow my coat and I jump on him. I assure you. I arrange dat dood wit his "dont say so" and he retire himself quickly.

After to come in my house I have one seance wit Josephine, I make one small discourse. "My dear Josephine for who "you take me? You tink so I have one "half-a-crack." Ah! she tell me "Mon "Cher Telesphore dat's one reglar Yankee "Bob. She'll be come from Fall River, Massasosett" and she be come home for start one chew-tobacco store and she want me for make marry wit him (one screech). I make answer "Josephine dat dood I tell "to you on your hear she dont want for "marry you at all" and when she make de protestation I tole her for "shut up her noise. "You want one beau dat's all right "you want fifty dat's not same ting. You "want have one Monday, Tuesday, Tors-day and Friday and you put her on de "parlor and you burn de coal oil on 12 "o'clocks—well, I can't gain my life like "dis. Choose good one for come once a "week. You want go Saturday on de "park for see de baloon; hup de Island on "Sunday, for hear de music on de band "square on Monday dat's not my bizness

"but, I dont like for to see dose mush-rat- collar-dood on my house. Dats no good "and she never be neider."

Well, my frem I wish you never take plenty girl. Dont make fool. If you want for obtain de success choose good one and keep dat one always and if dat it is some brudder what got couple, tree sister and she read dis on de LAND WE LIVE IN. I give to dem 'dis good counsel for keep his eye on dose twelve o'clock dood dat dey dont was make too much frivolity at his place.
KOMO.

—o—
FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.
A BOAT TEMPS.

ACT I

There are two in a boat,
And slowly they float
Down the river so calm and serene;
He speaks to her soft,
While the moon up a-loft
Sheds silvery tints on the scene.

ACT II

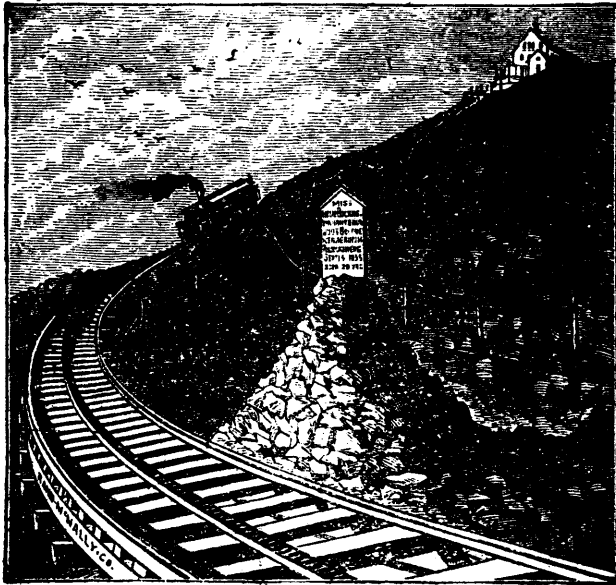
They stand on the stoop,
His arms in a loop—
His moustache where oft it hath been.
He was to have kissed her,
But alas! he just missed her—
For a third party loomed on the scene.

ACT III

(What a difference in the morning)
No chained dog had bit him,
But a pine plank had hit him,
'Twas her mother who wielded the wood;
Yes, now he feels sore
And he's looking for gore,
Though he cannot sit down as he should.
KOMO.

Read, Mark, Learn and Inwardly Digest!

THE MEDICAL ADVISER AND FARM HELP, published at Bowmanville, Ont., is a large 16 page monthly paper, dedicated to EARTH'S TRUEST NOBLEMEN—the farmers, and devoted to the interest of agriculture, stock-raising, medicine, treatment of diseases, the household, etc. The subscription price is only 50 cents per annum, and it is worth more than five times that amount in any family for its medical columns alone. At considerable expense, and with a view of extending our circulation, we have made arrangements with the publishers by which every subscriber to the LAND WE LIVE IN, either new or renewal subscribers, will receive *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help* absolutely FREE for the year 1892. Remember that this liberal offer is IN ADDITION to any other premium to which a subscriber may be entitled. A post card directed to the *Medical Adviser*, Bowmanville, Ont., and mentioning this journal, will secure a sample copy, and you will then be able to appreciate this great offer. One copy may save you a doctor's bill, and every issue contains most interesting reading matter. One dollar from either old or new subscribers secures the *Medical Adviser and Farm Help* and THE LAND WE LIVE IN for the year 1892.



MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

WILD SPECULATIONS.

Since the wild speculations, pervading all stations
 Have brought such disaster, and ruin.
 It seems only fair to say, Mr. Bear,
 Considers that others are bruin.
 And partridge the drummer who's been out
 all summer,
 Heard a good deal of croaking from frogs,
 While lay bird he knew was exceedingly
 blue,
 And rabbit had gone to the dogs.
 When dog found his bark wasn't up to the
 mark,
 And the market for bark was so flat.
 Rat was getting in hay, while cat mewed
 away
 So he got in a seizure on cat.
 It wasn't much wonder that turtle went
 under
 Notwithstanding he'd had so much snap,
 For as woodpecker said, he hadn't the head
 To ever make even a rap.
 Old Mr. Beaver lived down by the river
 In a mansion befitting his rank
 So wolf thought he might, draw on him at
 sight,
 This started a run on the bank.
 Now crows on the street as a regular beat,
 Cat only pulled through with a rub,
 While poor Canvass Back, ran away with a
 quack
 And woodpecker works for his grub.
 Richmond. P.

Preparing for the Contest!

SCORES OF APPLICATIONS COMING IN!

Only The Ladies of Canada Can Complete.

A Special Feature of the Competition!

Our Canadian ladies are already preparing the great Diamond Dye Competition; they are going into this work with a vim and earnestness that is truly surprising; and it is a well-known fact, that whenever the ladies enter upon any work in this way, it is always well done. Of course the great novelty of the work, and the wide field of operation opened up by this unique competition, will be the means of drawing in hundreds of ardent workers, who, under ordinary circumstances, would hesitate before committing themselves to trouble and unremunerative work.

In this liberal and highly commendable contest, inaugurated by the proprietors of Diamond Dyes, the ladies have an agent to work with, which develops immense possibilities, and the produces results which are pleasing to the eye. The great variety of work in the various classes open for competition does not by any means take in all that can be accomplished by the celebrated Diamond Dyes. It is, however, in the well regulated, economical and happy home that Diamond Dyes are justly appreciated, and considered to be indispensable helps and aids. As season succeeds season, the wise wife and mother thinks of the wearing apparel belonging to herself, husband and children, and realizes the important fact that it can be fitted for wear once more through the use Diamond Dyes. The materials still good, but perhaps too light in color, and it may be faded with wear and exposure to sun, can all be

re-dyed in some fashionable dark color, or made a lovely shade of jet or blue-black. It just amounts to this, as a lady remarked, "for a trifling outlay you can have the summer wardrobe of man, woman or child transformed into new and stylish articles for autumn and winter wear."

Already scores of wives and mothers have sent in the necessary application form, intimating their intention of competing in the great "Diamond Dye Competition" scheme. They know exactly the particular line of work they can excel in, and feel that the proposed competition scheme embraces in its ample scope just such work as they can best accomplish.

Within the past three weeks ladies in the United States have written to us, asking if they will be allowed to compete. We wish it distinctly understood that this "Diamond Dye Competition" is open only to the ladies of Canada. However, we devoutly trust that our fair American cousins will, in due time, have a competition of the same kind presented to them.

A very special feature of this "Diamond Dye Competition" is the fact of its being FREE to all competitors. Notwithstanding the great cost of its inauguration, and employment of extra help for the proper conducting of the scheme, no fees are exacted from the ladies for the privilege of competing, and all goods sent in for exhibition remain the property of the makers, and are to be returned free of charge to them. It will thus be seen that every possible aid is extended to the ladies to enable them to take large cash prizes without incurring any expense.

The retail druggists of the Dominion, from ocean, to ocean highly comment the scheme, and percept an interesting and profitable time for the ladies. Hundreds of letters received from these druggists are full of assurances of kind support; and each druggist has determined to do what he can to encourage the wives, mothers and daughters of his town to take as many prizes as possible.

All who are not already supplied with "Competition Books," explaining the scheme, should apply for them at once to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal; they will be sent post free to any address.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children's Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. 15ay

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

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, (see adv't,) and THE LAND WE LIVE IN, and the Medical Adviser and Farm Help for 1892. Canadian Subscribers, \$4.50, U. S. subscribers \$3.75.

WE GIVE AGENTS a chance to make money. Send 8 stamps for 5 specimens, &c.
 E. A. FAY & CO., Brockport, N.Y.



SHERBROOKE, P. Q., DEC., 1891

A great deal of dissatisfaction is expressed amongst the members of the rod and gun fraternity in regard to the system inaugurated here, which permits wealthy individuals, and mostly aliens at that, to monopolize our best hunting and fishing territories, by paying the Government an annual, and in most cases an almost nominal rental. When the Hon. W. W. Lynch held a portfolio in the Quebec Government he favored the scheme as a better means of enforcing the game laws, and guarding against the waste and depredations of pot-hunters and poachers, but advantage has been taken of the precedent established, until now the best fishing and shooting is owned by alien Fish and Game Clubs to the exclusion of the native born sportsman who enjoys that kind of sport just as well, but cannot afford to cultivate the expensive tastes of his American cousins. There are few places in this Province where one can obtain good sport, unless he is prepared to undergo hardships and exposure in looking up new and remote territory, or is a guest of some of the members of these fish and game clubs. The expense of memberships precludes the idea of anyone becoming a member unless he is "well heeled." That American sportsmen have distributed large sums of money throughout Canada in gratifying their desire for sport, must be admitted, and this expenditure has been of great benefit to many who have been to some extent dependent on this source of revenue, but still the fact exists that the sport which they enjoyed a few years ago, although as ardently longed for, is not within the reach of our Canadian

sportsmen as a rule. It is difficult to suggest a remedy for this and still it seems as though some limit might be placed to the territory over which private individuals, or clubs, should have exclusive control, or something in the way of "alternate section" grants. If some of the lakes and streams along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway were thrown open to the public, they would become a source of attraction to sportsmen from all parts of the Dominion, as well as from the United States, while those who preferred to do so could "camp out" and others could avail themselves of the magnificent accommodations to be found at different points along the line, something the old-time sportsmen never dreamed of enjoying. Unless some scheme is devised for the protection and encouragement of the native sportsman, it is probable that very strong opposition to the renewal of existing leases will be brought to bear upon the Government. An anomaly in the law which permits aliens to hunt and fish on Canadian territory, is that they are not allowed to take away the game which they secure, and this as well as the monopoly referred to should be amended. Our American friends will please understand that in making these remarks our desire is less to interfere with the privileges they enjoy, than to improve and increase our own in such a way as to render the same mutually beneficial.

The American Directory Co., Geo. R. Allen, Manager, Buffalo, N. Y., has changed its place of business to 126 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., where it will continue to carry on the Directory Business under the name of THE GUMMED ADDRESS CO. (See adv. in another column.) We have done considerable business with this company during the past four years and have always found it systematic, reliable and straight-forward in its dealings. Our own experience has taught us that gummed addresses are in demand in sending out samples and that those who patronize *The Gummed Address Co.* will get ten times the worth of their money in mail matter alone.

Our next issue will contain a copy—in part—of a letter written in 1759 by a Virginian officer, then a prisoner of war at Quebec, to his friend Col. George Washington. It is very spicily written and from the description of the vice and licentiousness which existed under the rule of the Intendant Bigot reminds us very much of that which at the same time characterized the Court of France. We shall also publish extracts from the diary in 1809 and 1810 of a then prominent resident of this part of the Eastern Townships.

Subscribers and others receiving copies of this paper should preserve them. From the inquiries we have for back numbers, the time will come when they will be found a profitable investment. A few complete files of the first and second volumes are now worth double their cost.

The person to whom a newspaper is directed who takes the same from the post office, cannot evade payment of the subscription price on the ground that he never subscribed for it. The publisher can continue to send the paper until all arrears are paid.

When a newspaper publisher continues to send his paper to any particular address, it is the duty of the postmaster to notify the publisher in case the party to whom it is directed has removed or refuses to take it from the office. If not the postmaster is liable for the subscription, and we know of an instance in this part of the Townships where a postmaster was compelled to pay for omitting this part of his duties.

With this month *The Cottage Hearth* closes its seventeenth volume. At the price, \$1.50 per annum, it is the best and cheapest household magazine published on this continent. Just think of a beautifully illustrated magazine of 32 pages, replete with bright stories, music, fancy work, fashions, cooking and other recipes, and prize puzzles for children, for only \$1.50 a year! But this isn't all. We can imagine your look of incredulity when we tell you that we will furnish a year's subscription to both *The Cottage Hearth* and *THE*

LAND WE LIVE IN for *only* \$1.50. In making this announcement we feel a good deal like the "nigger" who said to his employer, "Messa! One ob your oxen's dead; toder too. 'Fraid to tole you ob 'em bebofe at once; 'fraid you couldn't bore it." Anything else? Why! Yes! We'll supplement this with a year's subscription to *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, a 16-page monthly, published at Bowmanville Ont., at 50 cents a year! All three of the monthlies named for \$1.50, *just half price!* Those of our subscribers who are in arrears must pay up to the end of this year, and also \$1.50 for the year 1892, and those whose time has not yet expired, will have it extended for another year, upon payment of \$1.50 and will receive *The Cottage Hearth* and *The Medical Adviser* for 1892. To give you an idea of the extraordinary liberality of our offer, just drop a postal card directed to *The Cottage Hearth*, 11 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., and another to *The Medical Adviser*, Bowmanville, Ont., asking for sample copy.

"TWO CHRISTMAS EVES," written expressly for this journal by Miss Maud Ogilvy, will appear in our next issue. Those who are not already subscribers should send ten cents for a copy of this number, which we intend to make the most attractive of any yet published.

It isn't necessary in the settlement of an estate situated in this province, that any married man should take one of the female heirs to Boston for the purpose. Will the young lady kindly remember that the legitimate business connected with such settlement can be as validly transacted in any other part of the New England States in which she may be temporarily resident as in Boston, and the member of the male persuasion referred to, and who was one of the recent visitors from this city to Boston, will probably see the necessity of inventing a better excuse next time he wants any female companionship outside of his own family.

The grasswidow referred to in last issue of this journal has since been

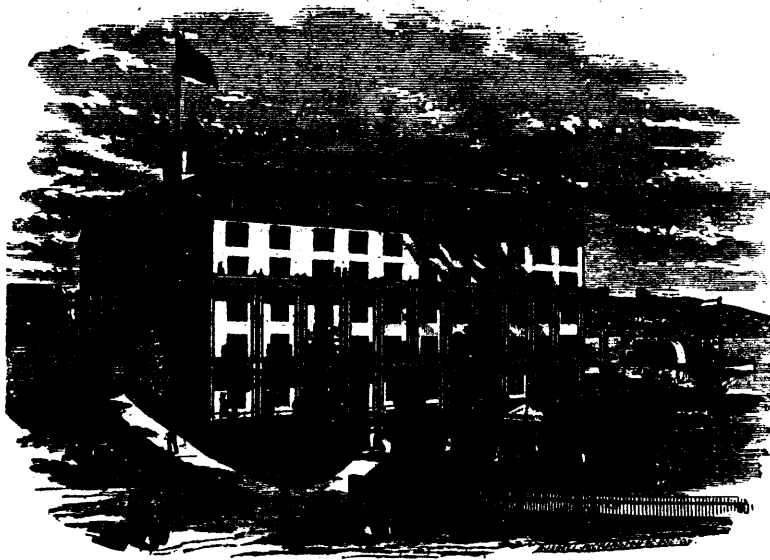
very circumspect in her behavior within the precincts of her residence, but when the imprints of her feet appear next morning in the sand near the barn in juxtaposition to those of a pair of feet adorned with a pair of men's boots, it opens up a new feature in the case, which looks suspicious, to say the least, and is suggestive of a *track-table* disposition. She had better rest dormant during the winter season and keep beyond the drift of censorial remarks and *liaisons dangereuses*.

In the reports of the late Joseph Bouchette, Deputy Provincial Surveyor, dated in 1815, he mentions an immense pine tree which stood on a rocky islet below the junction of the St. Francis and Magog Rivers. The size of this tree appears to have been exaggerated, as the same tree is doubtless the one still standing, and which to our personal knowledge has not increased in size during the last thirty years. We have had communication with parties who remember the tree from sixty to seventy-four years ago and they say it was as large then as it is now—some 18 inches in diameter. The rock on which it stands is destitute of earth and its nourishment is derived from the extension of the roots through fissures in the rock to the water of the river. The roots have filled these fissures and consequently neither roots nor tree can increase in size. This illustrates the manner in which the Chinese dwarf forest trees by placing them in pots which confine the roots. In view of the centenary celebration to be held here next year, we would be under great obligations to any of our readers who could furnish us with any information connected with the early history or settlement of this part of the Townships. We are confident that there are many who could give us valuable information derived either personally or traditionally.

The prize Literary Competition offered by the *Canadian Queen*, Toronto, appears to us to have been "a delusion and a snare." The *Queen* offered one hundred and twenty-five prizes to those of its subscribers who should answer most correctly as to the authors of twelve quotations from British poets,

and the works in which they occur. The competition was to close August 10th. The first publication of this offer was made in the May number of the *Queen*, and in July we sent in the whole twelve correct answers, and were notified that we had drawn a *special* prize of a silver biscuit jar, for the most correct answer received that day. This prize we got by complying with the conditions and after considerable delay. About the end of September, in answer to our inquiry, we were advised that we were not entitled to any prize in the final award. Now we know that not one in a hundred of the *Queen's* subscribers possess the same facilities that we do for successfully taking part in such a competition, and that probably not one in a hundred did do so, and that out of the number of these competitors a very small proportion could have sent twelve correct answers. Even had there been one entirely correct answer each day, which we doubt, there could not have been one hundred and twenty-five of them ahead of ours, and in awarding the prizes, the date of reception of the competitors was to be observed, so that our correct answer would have had priority over the correct answer of a later date. The publishers of the *Queen* have facetiously reminded us that competitors are not usually selected as judges in these contests, but as we beg to submit that our answers were correct in every particular, we leave the public to be the judges as to whether we are correct in the opinion we have expressed. We do not claim to have as many, but we do claim to have as intelligent subscribers as the *Queen*, and we leave the matter to their consideration.

Before publishing the foregoing we thought it courtesy to send a copy to the *Queen* Pub. Co., so that an opportunity might be given for an explanation. The explanation given is an insinuation that we are attempting to blackmail the company, so that thanking it for its willingness to allow us to act on our own judgment we submit the article without further comment. A type written signature debars us from taking action on the insulting and abusive letter of the *Queen* Pub. Co.



MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE, NEWPORT, VT.

We commence in this issue a series of articles from the pen of our talented contributors James A. McShane Esq., of Montreal, better known to our readers under his *nom de plume* of "Komo," and entitled "Drolleries and Maxims of Telesphore Laroche." As a writer of *habitant* English dialect sketches, Mr. McShane has no equal in Canada. These articles are written exclusively for this journal, and registered in accordance with the Copyright act, and cannot be used by any other journal without the consent of the author. "How Telesphore falls out with his Girl," will be the subject of the next article, which will appear in our January number in which we shall also publish a portrait and brief biographical sketch of Mr. McShane.

The one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Eastern Townships (and being the 400th of the discovery of America by Mr. C. Columbus,) will be celebrated in this city on the 1st and 2nd days of July next, (1892.) In this connection it is proposed that a grand procession be formed illustrative of the early settlement of the country and of its productive industries, that a general mass meeting be held in Victoria Park, Sherbrooke, at which speeches be made by the representative men of the Township relative to their early settlement and deve-

lopment, that a memorial volume be published illustrative of the early history of the several townships, containing portraits of all old settlers as far as the same can be obtained, and that a monument be erected in Sherbrooke in commemoration of the celebration, each township preparing a stone, of native rock with the name of the township engraved thereon. We are desirous of obtaining all the information possible relative to the early history, settlement and growth of the townships, particularly those contained within this district, and as this will meet the eye of many of those who were formerly identified therewith, or of their descendants, we will consider it a favor if they will supply us with such information as they possess either personal, or traditional, which will be published in the columns of this journal from time to time and afterwards collated and used in the compilation of the memorial volume referred to. A search amongst old family papers, letters, records and diaries will bring to light much that will be found interesting and beneficial and will assist in laying the foundation of a complete history of the Eastern Townships, upon which a suitable super-structure can be erected as fast as the material therefor becomes available. We will prepare matter for publication from any reliable material furnished us.

Younger's Counting House Guide is the best practical and illustrative treatise on book-keeping published in Canada, and is the result of many years experience of a first class book-keeper. It is a self educator for beginners and contains most important hints for book-keepers and accountants particularly on Trial Balance, Interest and Exchange. We will send it postpaid for 75 cents or we will give it as a *free premium* to new subscribers who remit us \$1.00 for a year's subscription to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, or present subscribers who remit \$1.25 as well as all arrears.

—:O:—

PARAGRAPHS.

One family in this city devotes Friday evening to a "beefsteak and onion" supper. As Saturday is a holiday in the schools, this arrangement relieves the "school marm" from the necessity of sending the children home to chew parsley.

For \$300 we will supply *one piano*, in every locality, equal in tone and finish to any \$500 piano to be had in Sherbrooke, and fully warranted for ten years. We make this offer in order to introduce them, knowing that they will afterwards sell readily at the ordinary price. As our profit will be derived from future sales, it is in our interest to see that these pianos are *first-class* in every respect.

"Wild cat" schemes have flourished to a considerable extent in connection with the settlement and development of the Western States, but now it is a "*Black Cat*" scheme which has been inaugurated. A company has been organized on Puget Sound for the propagation of the black cats, which are to be raised for their fur. In order to keep them from mixing with other breeds of cats, an island is to be purchased which will be their abiding place, and where they will be fed on fish. Possibly the projectors of the scheme expect by these means to convert the animals into "fishers." It now remains for the Wells, Richardson Company to inaugurate a scheme for *dyeing* cats, which will supersede the other scheme, inasmuch as the color can be changed to suit the prevailing

taste, and the simple idea of *dying cats* would be popular amongst those whose bedroom windows overlook the adjacent shed roof or the back alley.

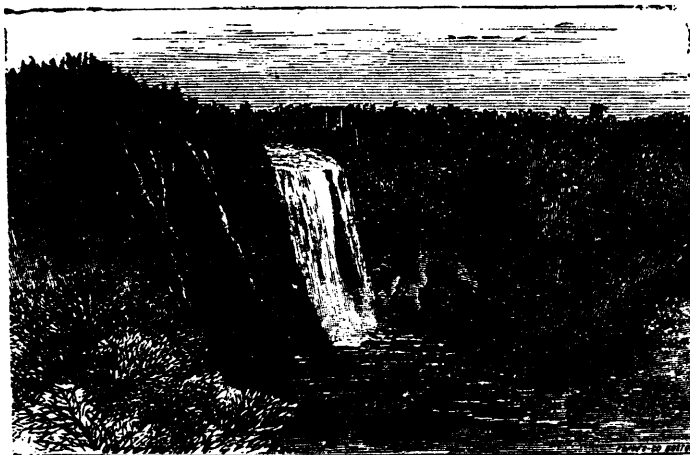
We have great pleasure in complimenting the *Richmond Times* on its wonderfully improved appearance. If the "signs of the *Times*" are any criterion to judge by, they have more "lively *Times*" round Richmond than fall to the lot of most journalists or communities.

Benj. Quinton & Co., have acquired the extensive jewelery business of Clapp & Co., and will continue the same at 2p Liberty street New York.

There is trouble bruin for whoever bears away the hay from Charlie McDougall's barn in the outskirts of the North Ward. Charlie has arranged with the Lime Kiln Club, that while Paradise hall is undergoing repairs he is to have the use of the celebrated Bear Trap. This has been placed in position with a spring gun attachment, which works simultaneously with the springing of the trap. As we do not keep a horse or cow we are "above suspicion," but as we live as the street leading to the barn referred to, we want to get clear of having to serve on a coroner's jury. To obviate this, and prevent some one from being cut down in the *hey-hay* of his youth, is why we pen this note of warning. All flesh is grass, and Charlie may take this method of replenishing his hay-mow.

LADIES TO THE FRONT.—To each of the *two ladies* who first send a \$1 subscription each to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, Sherbrooke, Que.; we will send *The Ladies' Newspaper*, a Toronto \$2 weekly, free for one year, and to each of the *next ten* ladies who send us each \$1 we will send THE LAND WE LIVE IN and *The Cottage Hearth*,—a \$1.50 monthly magazine—for 1892. In addition, each of them will receive *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, Bowmanville, Ont., free for 1892.

Those on the look-out for cheap reading matter should secure some of the Book premiums which we offers subscribers,



MONTMORENCI FALLS.

Either of the books "Marie Gordon" or "The Keeper of Bic Light-House," by Miss Maud Ogilvy, of Montreal, will be given as a *free premium* to new subscribers to this journal, if an intimation to that effect is sent with \$1 subscription. No other books ever published give such an insight into the character and primitive simplicity of the native residents of the Lower St. Lawrence.

The publishers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly have awarded us a special prize of a silver *tete-a-tete* kettle for the best character writing received on the same day. We hope in their interests, as well as our own,—that ours was not the only letter received that day. Attention is directed to their advertisement in another column.

Honorable Mention.

The *Land We Live In* for October and November, is out and eagerly sought after. Our copy has been borrowed and read until it looks like a printing office towel. We might suggest to our friends that the *Land We Live In*, costs only \$1 a year, and next to the *TIMES*, is the best publication in the Townships.—"The *Times*" Richmond, Que., Nov. 13th

The *Land We Live In*, is the best Canadian Magazine we have ever seen. It is chuck full of original hunting, fishing and historical sketches superbly illustrated, by the best authors and should be in every Canadian Home.—*Butler's Journal* (Fredericton N.B.) for Nov.

So little interest has been manifested in the Short-Hand Lessons published in this journal that we shall discontinue them for the present, or until there is less pressure on our advertising space.

The Detroit Free Press and *The Land We Live In*, one year for \$1.50 by sending that amount to the publishers of this journal; also *The Cottage Hearth* and *The Land We Live In*, on the same term; also *Canada* and *The Land We Live In* for \$1.50 and *Butlers Journal*, and *The Land We Live In* \$1.00

In order that our subscribers and—through them—the public generally may understand what an unparalleled offer we are making when we offer them the *Detroit Weekly Free Press*, the *Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, and THE LAND WE LIVE IN for 1892, all for \$1.50, we have arranged to have a sample copy of the *Free Press* sent to each one of our subscribers. Send \$1.50 at once, as this is not intended to be a standing offer.

A good book-keeper prides himself on the neatness of his books. *The Monroe Ink Erasing Pencil* helps to keep them so.

The Leather Stocking Tales by Jenimore Cooper, and THE LAND WE LIVE IN, and *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help* for 1892, all for \$1.25. subscribe now.

Where no address is given in connection with anything advertised, or referred to in our columns, it will be supplied by the publishers of this journal.—D. THOMAS & Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

AN EVENING IN DICKENS' LAND.

MRS. COTTON MATHER..

I wonder how many readers of the dear *Cottage Hearth* have ever spent "An Evening in Dickens' Land?" The time could not be spent more pleasantly, or with greater profit than among the people made familiar to us by the pen of Charles Dickens. Have we not cried and laughed by turns when reading of the characters so well delineated by him. Who has not wept over the sorrows of "Little Nell" and the forsaken, neglected Florence Dombey, and laughed over Mr. Toots and the "most extraordinary woman in the world," her Dick and his wonderful kite, dear old Cap'n Cuttle and his terror of Mrs. MacStinger.

How the estimable but eccentric Aunt Betsy Trotwood, good, loyal Peggotty, Barkis, whose love-making was condensed into three words, "Pa-kis is willin'," Mr. Micawber with his innumerable financial difficulties, the 'umble Uriah Heep, the detestable Quilp come before us.



MR. MICAWBER.

This entertainment, consisting of reading, music, tableaux and character representations, should open with a grand procession of all the characters represented. "Brimstone Morning," from Nicolas Nickleby, where the "good, saving, careful creature," Mrs. Squeers, gives the boys their Monday morning dose of brimstone

and treacle, makes a good feature of the programme. The fainting scene and the trial of the Widow Bardell against the unsuspecting Pickwick cannot be surpassed. The scene from "Old Curiosity Shop," where the wretched, Quilp finds some of the neighbors taking tea with his docile wife and Mrs. Jiniwin, is splendidly given in dialogue form. For music, what better to be desired than that old-time favorite, "The Ivy Green," and "Christmas Carol," from Pickwick Papers, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" and "Florence," from Dombey & Son? The death of little Paul makes a beautiful tableau.

For the benefit of those not familiar with Dickens' works, it is well to have a short synopsis read before the presentation of the different scenes. Try this and report through the Letter Box. It may be the means of helping some of the younger readers to a better class of literature than that in which they are now interested.

The works of Thackeray abound in many good things that can be used in the same way.

Madame Tussaud's Wax Works is a modernized representation of the famous Mrs. Jarley. Instead of the stout British matron, a graceful french matron appeared, assisted by a spruce, dandified young man by name Leander, who dusted and wound up the figures ready for madame's description. The two young gentlemen carried the figures to the front of the stage. This was done by the "figure" placing arms against the side and feet together, and being perfectly rigid. Both figure and attendants need have good control of muscles and ribs. The wax figures represented characters of recent fiction. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the act of embracing "Dearest" was one of the prettiest groups in the collection. "The Baseball Fiend," "The Giggler," and "The Candidate for Office" were all quite amusing. Mingled with the ridiculous were some very pretty figures. "John Anderson, My Jo John, and his gude wife," "Topsy and Little Eva," "A Sister of Charity," were among the best. It is a unique way to furnish an evening's entertainment, and suitable alike for parlor or hall. It is best to bring the figures on in divisions, as they tire standing so long. The divisions should be interspersed with music.—*Cottage Hearth for Dec.*

\$3.00 secures 3 annual subscriptions to THE LAND WE LIVE IN and 75 standard novels. It isn't a hard matter to get up a club of 3, and \$3 in any locality where there's a post office. Try it.

We will send the *Novelty World* an 8 page monthly paper published at Lowell, Mass., to any new subscriber, or advance paying renewal subscriber to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, as a free gift for one year. An acceptance of this offer must accompany the subscription,

DON'T MISS THIS

As an encouragement to those of our subscribers who are in arrears for subscriptions and with a view of establishing our journal on a better cash basis, we will send *absolutely free and post-paid* to every subscriber to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, who pays up all arrears, and renews his or her subscription for the current year, *twenty-five (25) standard novels* by distinguished authors, such as Wilkie Collins, Geo. Eliot, Chas. Dickens, Mary Cecil Hay, Florence Marryatt, Mrs. Henry Wood M. F. Calder, Hugh Conway, Sylvanus Cobb, jr, Amanda M. Douglas, Mrs Ann S. Stephens, "The Duchess," B. L. Fargeon, Miss M. E. Braddon, H. Rider Haggard, and others, who have achieved notoriety in the literary world; or, to those who prefer them, we will send free and post-paid, either "Coopers Leather Stocking Tales," one vol. consisting of *The Deerslayer, The Pathfinder, The Last of the Mohicans, The Pioneers, and The Prairie*; or "Six Great Books for Rural Homes," consisting of *The Standard American Poultry Book, The American Live Stock Manual, Everybody's Law Book, Condensed Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge, Modern Cook Book and Medical Guide, and Artistic Embroidery.* This offer extends to new subscribers as well, so that where three or four subscribers in any locality club together, each availing himself of different offers, or choosing different sets of novels, they can secure a supply of first class interesting and instructive reading matter, sufficient to last them through the ensuing winter, and provide literary *pabulum* for their respective families. These novels were originally published at prices ranging from \$1 to \$2 each. Now is the time to take advantage of this unparalleled offer, which will only be extended to the close of the present year.

We have a few copies of "*The Magic Wand and Medical Guide*," which we will mail to any address for 50 cents each.



“Say! Looky here! Don’t you want some bear meat this mornin’, mi-ter?”
 “Hello! Atcherson, is that you? I thought the bears had made meat of you.” “Well, they’ve had lots of chances to do it, but I’ve got the best of twenty-nine of ’em so far, and if I stop round Brompton Lake I guess I’ll take the pelts off’n a good few more. This is four I’ve got this fail.”
 “It must pay you pretty well, what with the skin, meat and grease?” “Yes, it does, an’ be-idés, I git five dollars apiece bounty from the Orford Council. I never see a place for bear like it is round Brompton Lake. You can’t go anywhere there ’thout seein’ their sign.” “Sign be hanged! You never see a bear hang out a sign.”
 “Well, they just do, then, an’ I can read them signs o’ their’s just as easy as you can read that ’ere sign on the grist mill, ’an I can tell what they had for supper jest as well as if I’d asked ’em.” “Just about, I guess.” “Oh! See here, now! They’ve got a way of their own of talkin’, an’ I can understand ’em jest as well as if they talked English.” “I suppose, when you shoot one and he turns up his toes, he hangs out a sign, ‘Bruin done here.’”
 “Well, I don’t know about that, but I know what ales him all the same. Here, now, take two or three steaks out’n this ’ere ham!” “All right! Cut them off! Stick in one of those claws, so the old woman won’t be taking them for pork steak!”
 “I’ll take them up to the office, so’s I can make an affidavit to get the bounty.”
 “Bigo-h! Dat Missieu Jeem Hatcherson she’ll beat le diable pour mek heem catch les ours, wot you call heem, beeg bear en Anglais, oui. Me see heem catch onge on huit,—oui M’sieu! Seven or eight bear one tam. Oui! all one tam! Long tam? No, M’sieu! Not long tam. Mebbe one mout, trente jours praps. C’est vrai! One tam she’ll catch one bear hon Brompton Lac she’ll be sweem hon de lac for go hon de H’otallo H’ilan’. Jeem she’ll catch tdat bear hon de tail, an’ she’ll mak hees hin’ leg come hon de boat, an’ she’ll mek heem mettre le tête hon de lack fo’ keelheem pooty queeck, bien ite fo’ su’, aintit? Me’ll tole you Jeem she’ll be goot man fo’ keel de bear fo’ su’. Ma femme he’ll got some graisse wit Jeem fo’ rub hon hees tête fo’ mek le cheveu come grow. He’ll don’ hav’ som’—hair wat you call mo’ long dan dat,—seex hinch s’pose. Bigo-h! Deux ou trois semaines, quinze jours, mebbe, dat cheveu ’all messu’ deux pieds et fo’teen hinch. Oui, fo’ su’. No, m’sieu, me no pull heem, He’ll come long avec le graisse, c’est vrai. Savez vous M’sieu Jeem H’owen? She’ll leev hon Jeanville, oui, Jeem H’owen she’ll mettre

le graisse hon hees tête fo’ mek hide one barefoot place bon hees head. Dat graisse she’ll run down hon hees visage mek de hair come h’all h’over hees visage. She’ll don’ mos’ can’ see fo’ su’. Me’ve one cochon, one leetel peeg, oui. Me put heem hon de graisse. Mon garcon she’ll come hon le maison pooty queeck. She’ll tole me one bear come fo’ heat le cochon. She’ll tek le fusil. Bamby me hear one shoot. Me go h’out, Bigo-h! Mon garcon she’ll shoot le cochon. Dat cochon she’ll come look all-a-same lek one bear. Me sole hees skeen fo’ huit piastres. C’est vrai.” “You tarnal ole fool, what’re you talkin’ about? Everyone knows that your pig wasn’t half as big as the bear, and that it wa- the bear that swallered the pig, an’ he’d bit off more’n he could chew. And your boy took advantage of him an’ shot him afore he’d had time to make the pig into sassen-gers. Wall, now, that’s the fact of it. The pig was a little runt of a thing, an’ the bear come along an’ eat him up, an’ he was too full to get out’n the pig pen, so the boy hadn’t any trouble in killin him. His ole woman, arter she’d greased her head with bear’s grease, washed her hands, for a wonder, an’ threw the water into the swill-pail, an’ I swanny if them idjits don’t think that the pig turned into a bear. Wall, I guess it did, but the bear turned it. I wouldn’t wonder a bit if some of them ’ere Saint Anne’s miracles were performed in some such way as that.”
 “Musha, thin, but wonders’ll never cease! An’ d’ye tell me that’s the true varshin av the transmogrification that kem over Baptiste’s pig? Well, indade that’s the most raisonablest explanation that I’ve heard yet, so it is.”

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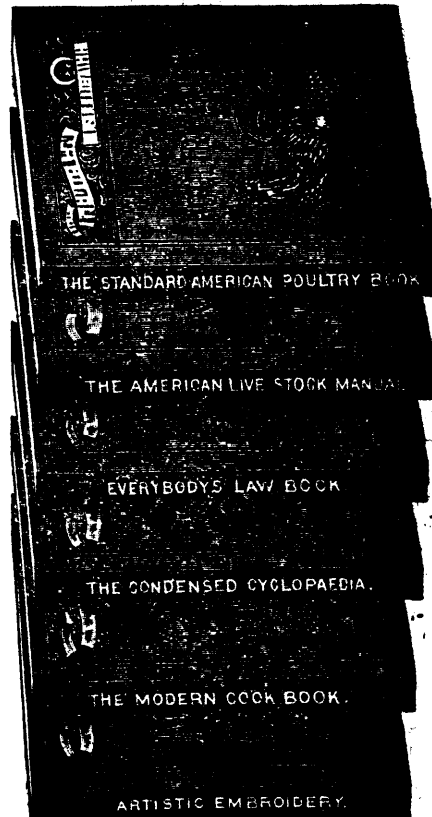
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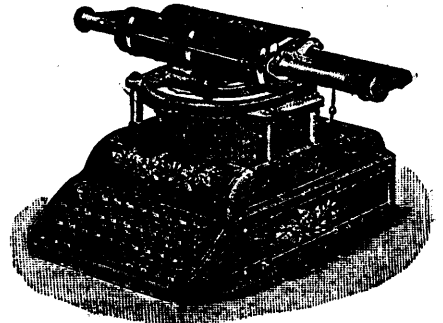
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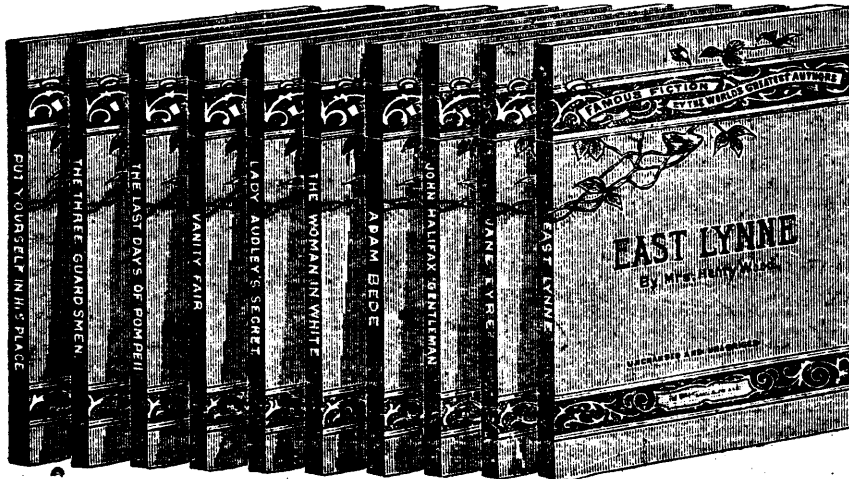
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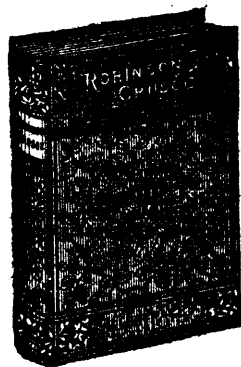
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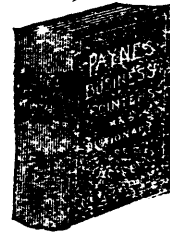


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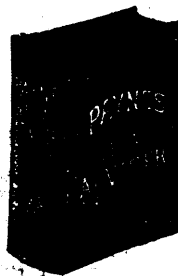
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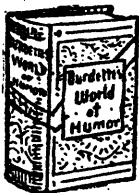


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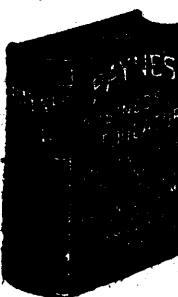
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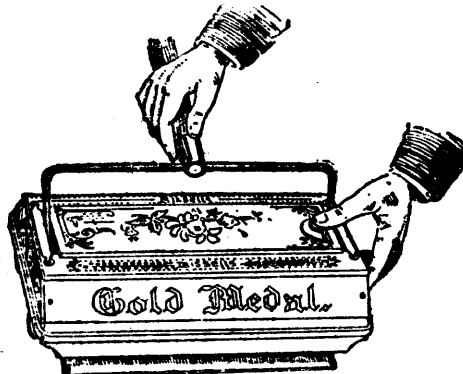
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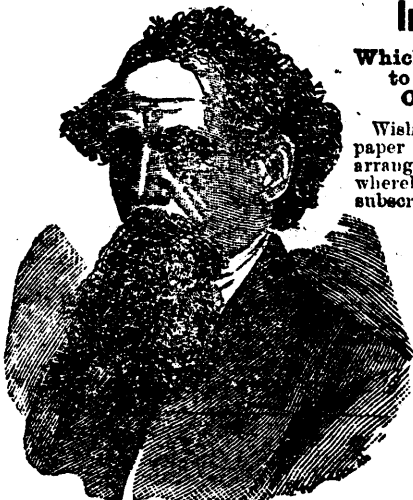
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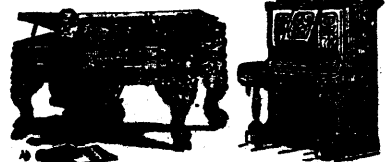
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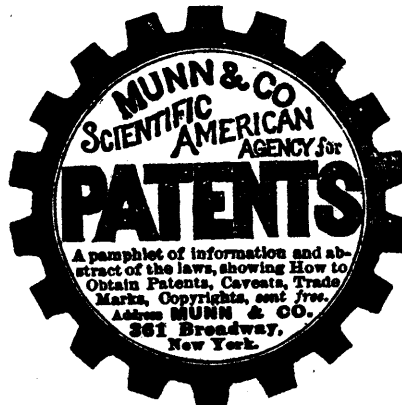
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