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Vol. IV, Nos. 3 & 4.

Oct. & Nov., 1891.



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Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

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DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. IV., No. 3 & 4    SHERBROOKE, QUE., OCT. & NOV., 1891.    PRICE TEN CENTS.

## MACKAY'S LAKE.

BY ALGONQUIN.

**T**HE lake above mentioned lies about two miles from the centre of the city of Ottawa, and about half a mile from the bank of the Ottawa River. It is a small body of clear water, with a marl bottom in which a pole might be easily pushed down, apparently to any distance. When the writer was a boy of ten years of age he went one Saturday afternoon to this lake to fish. There was neither boat nor canoe on the lake, and we were for a time at a standstill. However, one of the larger boys of the party had fortunately brought an axe and an auger. Three or four good-sized cedars were soon felled, and a float was rapidly constructed, upon which we quickly embarked and started out to try our luck. We had lots of live minnows with us, and after some difficulty managed to shove down a pole, about twenty feet long, into the mud, which, as there was no current, kept the float stationary. We then baited our hooks and cast in the lines, when there was a rapid rush of large pike all round. There were five in the party, and for two hours they were all kept busy hauling in the pike. The fish ran from two to five and six pounds in weight, and it may be readily imagined that we were all heavily laden on our slow march homewards. The lake had never been fished in before, and, as a consequence, it was alive with fine fish. At the time I speak of there were no saw-mills here, and no trees cut away on the banks of the "Grand River," as it was then

called; consequently the water was pure and clear, and the shores were replete with scenes of beauty unsurpassed in magnificence. Another feature of the beautiful little lake I had almost forgotten. Our cedar float had not been long moored when a crowd of black water snakes, about three feet long, came from all sides and boarded our craft. Not having much love for this unwelcome addition to our party, I laid my rod aside and, with a good, heavy stick, I commenced the slaughter. I am certain that I must have killed over fifty of the unwelcome intruders during the evening.

ruffed grouse and pigeons, and in the adjacent cedar swamps, which have nearly all disappeared, hares and foxes were abundant. The foxes still hang on in slightly diminished numbers, and I seldom fail to get a "start" in November and December whenever I put out my Yankee fox-beagles, which I got from Dr. Plunkett, of Lowell, Mass. They are much better dogs for hares than the dwarf beagles, and as good on deer or foxes as the best fox-hounds in America. — *Amateur Sportsman.*

Ottawa, Canada.

## Our Megantic Illustrations.



At present, a solitary snake may be seen in this lake occasionally, and the fish are almost as scarce there now as the snakes. By means of a creek between Mackay's Lake and the Grand River the lake had been stocked with fish from the river during the high water in spring. There are, however, a few fine pike in it yet, which can be caught either with a minnow or metal trawl. The woods around Mackay's Lake, in old times, were full of deer,

These illustrations appeared in former issues of this journal, but as "Cherry Bank," from which the views were taken, is now for sale, we have concluded to republish them. Cherry Bank is nearly midway of the length of the Lake Megantic and on the East shore of the lake. Three or four steamers ply daily through the lake, and almost opposite the property is the finest trolling ground for lake trout or "lunge," to be found round the lake. The owner, Mrs. T. C. Jones, is now a resident of Winnipeg, and intends fixing her summer residence nearer home, and this the only reason for disposing of the property. There is a neat and commodious two story house erected on it, and the property is admirably situated and adopted for either agricultural purposes, sub-division into villa lots with lake frontup, or for a gentleman's ground. Excellent hunting and fishing, (moose, caribou, deer and lake and speckled trout,) in the immediate vicinity. The Canadian Pacific Railway passes a short distance to the rear, and the Franklin & Megantic R.R. will pass over or near the property. Further particulars may be obtained on application to the publishers of this journal.



[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

## Lo! the Poor Indian!

HAVING noticed in the columns of THE LAND WE LIVE IN occasional articles referring to the late Noel Annance and his son Archie, both college educated Indians, I thought I would give another illustration to show that it is hard to get the mind of the Indian much above his bark canoe.

Peter Otsaquette was the son of an Oneida Indian, of the State of New York, at the close of the American Revolution. He was noticed by the Marquis de Lafayette, who in addition to his noble zeal for liberty, was possessed of very philanthropic feelings. Viewing this young savage with peculiar interest, and anticipating the happy results to be derived from his moral regeneration, he took him—though scarcely twelve years old—to France. Peter arrived there at the time when Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were in the zenith of their glory. There he was taught the accomplishments of a gentleman. Music, drawing and fencing were made familiar to him, and he danced with a grace that a Vestris couldn't but admire.

At about eighteen his separation from a country in which he had spent his time so agreeably and profitably became necessary. Laden with favors from the marquis and the miniatures of those friends he had left behind, Peter departed for America inflated, perhaps, with the idea that the deep ignorance of his nation with that of the Indians of the whole continent, might be dispelled by his efforts, and he become the proud instrument of the civilization of thousands.

Prosecuting his route to the land of his parents, he came to the city of Albany, not the uncivilized savage, not with any of those marks which bespoke a birth of the forest or spent in toil in the wilds of a desert, but possessing a fine, commanding figure, an expressive countenance and intelligent eye, with a face scarcely indicative of the race from which he was descended. He presented at this period an interesting spectacle; a child of the wilderness was about to proceed to the home of

his forefathers having received the brilliant advantages of a cultivated mind, and on his way to impart to the nation that owned him the benefits which civilization had given him. It was an opportunity for the philosopher to contemplate and to reflect on the future good this young Indian might be the means of producing.

Shortly after his arrival at Albany, where he visited the first families, he took advantage of Governor Clinton's journey to Fort Stanwis, where a treaty was to be held with the Indians, to return to his tribe. On the route Otsaquette amused the company—among whom were the French Minister, Count de Monstiers, and several gentlemen of respectability—by his powers on various instruments of music. At Fort Stanwis he found himself again with the companions of his early days, who saw and recognized him. His friends and relations had not forgotten him, and he was welcomed to his home and to his blanket.

But that which occurred soon after his reception led him to a too fearful anticipation of an unsuccessful project, for the Oneidas, as if they could not acknowledge Otsaquette attired in the dress with which he appeared before them, a mark which did not disclose his nation, and thinking that he had assumed it as if ashamed of his own native costume, the garb of his ancestors, they tore it from him with a savage avidity and a fiend-like ferociousness, daubed on the paint to which he had been so long unused, and clothed him with the uncouth habiliments held sacred by his tribe. Their fiery ferocity in the performance of the act, showed but too well the bold stand they were about to take against the innovations they supposed Otsaquette was to be the agent for effecting against their time immemorial manners and customs, and which from the venerable antiquity of their structure it would be nothing short of sacrilege to destroy.

Thus the reformed savage was taken back again to his native barbarity, and as if to cap the climax of degradation to a mind just susceptible of its own powers, was married to a squaw.

From that day Otsaquette was no longer the accomplished Indian, from whom every wish of philanthropy was expected to be

realized. He was no longer the instrument, by whose power the emancipation of his countrymen from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition was to be effected.

From that day he was an inmate of the forest, was once more buried in his original obscurity, and his nation only viewed him as an equal. Even a liberal grant from the state failed of securing to him that superior consideration among them which his civilization had procured for him with the rest of mankind. The commanding prominence acquired from instruction, from which it was expected ambition would have sprung up, acting as a double stimulant, from either the natural inferiority of the savage mind or the predominance of his countrymen, became of no effect, and in a little time was wholly annihilated.

Otsaquette was lost. His moral perdition began from the hour he left Fort Stanwis. Three short months had hardly transpired when intemperance had marked him as her own, and soon hurried him to the grave. And as if the very transition had deadened the finer feelings of his nature, the picture given him by the marquis, the very portrait of his affectionate friend and benefactor, he parted with.

Extraordinary and unnatural as the conduct of this uneducated savage may appear, the anecdote is not of a kind altogether unique, which proves that little or nothing is to be expected from conferring a literary education upon the rude children of the forest.

An Indian named George Whiteeyes, was taken while a boy, to the College of Princeton, N. Y., where he received a classical education. On returning to his nation he made some little stay in Philadelphia, where he was introduced to some genteel families. He was amiable in his manners and of modest demeanor, without exhibiting any trait of the savage whatever, but no sooner had he rejoined his friends and former companions in the land of his nativity, than he dropped the garb and manner of civilization and resumed those of the savage, and drinking deep of the intoxicating cup, soon put an end to his existence.

Many other instances might show how ineffectual have been the attempts to plant civilization on savage habits by means of literary education. Can the leopard change his spots?

HIRAM FRENCH.

Eaton, Oct., 1891.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## At the Chats Portage.

BY WALTON S. SMITH.

Sam and I were friends of long standing, we had known each other in the days of our earliest childhood. But time that changes all things, worked its inevitable law with us ere our years had increased overmuch. Sam went into the lumber business, his father was in that line, and I went to college. Thus new interests arose and new friends came to fill the void that was engendered when we parted.

It is always so, think not you schoolmates who swear eternal friendship, and plan vaguely the accomplishment of that which no mortal has yet succeeded in doing, that your vows will amount to more than—broken vows! Yet swear on good lads, continue your vain illusion, your bold imaginings. They are but vanity, but they serve to ennoble—and surely they are very pleasant!

As the seasons came and went, and more pressing interests continued to press, I found myself thinking but little of my old chum, indeed I blush to say that he had almost completely vanished from my memory. Consequently when a great broad shouldered bronzed young giant stalked up to me one day in the city of Ottawa, and announced himself to be identical with the lad I had loved so well in other days, the encounter had all the delightful force of a pleasant surprise. We discussed that never failing topic, old times. We looked each other over and remarked on our respective personalities with the franks rudeness of old friends; in short we had a joyful reunion. It was moreover one that was fruitful in ultimately bringing about the series of incidents recorded in this narrative.

A raft belonging to Sam's father chanced to be coming down the Ottawa; it would necessarily be delayed at the Chats Rapids and he proposed to board it there. He was obliged to do this in connection with business, and wished me to accompany him; as an inducement he offered me bed and board free if I consented. He did not know precisely where the raft was but—

"I have a small bark canoe at the Quio," said he. "There is a camping outfit in it. We will take the steamer from Aylmer, and, when we reach the Quio, can get into the canoe and paddle up to the Chats; it is only a few miles. We will camp overnight on the old portage and proceed next morning. Why man it is a glorious scheme!"

I listened; there was much in the

idea that attracted me. But being of a cautious nature, I questioned him closely before consenting.

No, there were no Indians nowadays who went on the war-path. Sam was very positive on that score, moreover he solemnly assured me that there was not the smallest danger of our encountering wild beasts!

Accordingly, late one afternoon, two enthusiastic *voyageurs* set forth in a small bark canoe from the little settlement known as the Quio, a place made up of many stores, innumerable taverns and a few wooden houses; it is situated at the mouth of a river called by the same name. The word signifies turbid water; it is an Indian word. Consequently the waters of the stream are very muddy and the streets of the settlement are usually the same. There are two of these last, and they encircle two sides of a large swamp.

It was a hot day. The sun beat down until my head was fit to split; and we had three hours steady paddling before we arrived at the Chats, three of the longest and most agonizing hours I ever experienced. We passed the Quio Boom, where Sam informed me, saw-logs were "snubbed" after they came over the falls. I did not understand him, and the expression was so ominously significant that I forbore to question. We had a glimpse of Pontiac, a cluster of tiny whitewashed cottages on the Quebec side, and over the tops of intervening trees, we could see the gleaming spire of a church in the Chats village; the last is on the Ontario shore. These two settlements stand one at either end of a chain of rocky islands that stretches across the Ottawa river from bank to bank. And it is through the gaps in these that the same stream rushes, foaming angrily, until at length it drops with a sullen roar into the still depths of the Chats lake.

Had there been any close observer near at hand to watch us disembarking he would have noticed that the relations between the man in the bow and the man in the stern of our canoe were decidedly strained. This came to pass because the latter was so unsympathetic; he laughed brutally at the bowman's misery.

"This is nothing to what you will have to endure my buck!" he declared.

I was in the bow and I was unaccustomed to being called a buck.

When our very unsteady craft grounded on the pebbly beach, I lost no time in getting myself ashore. I felt I had earned repose and cast longing looks at a cluster of maples nearby, but the energetic Sam forbade it.

"Let us pitch the tent!" he said. First we hauled up the canoe then

we unstrapped the bundle in which was our small canvas abode.

The erection of that piece of white cloth was a very laborious task, nor was it completed without more than one ebullition of temper. However when we succeeded finally, we sat down on convenient rocks and eyed the result admiringly, at least I did. My friend was pleased to find fault.

"I'm jiggered if the blasted thing aint pitched inside out!" he ejaculated blandly.

I groaned miserably at this; it even flashed through my mind that this *voyageur* life was not all romance. The same, to be perfectly frank, had already occurred to me more than once; but heretofore the thought had been sternly repressed.

I was disgusted and lost no time in declaring my unalterable determination.

"I refuse to touch it again!"

Sam demurred a little; he even reviled me, but a true *voyageur* must be possessed of extraordinary patience. I bore silently with his discontent and, when he had eased his mind somewhat mildly suggested that a meal would be in order.

That was a happy suggestion. Instantly my energetic companion's mind was diverted to the task of lighting a fire. While he wandered along shore gathering drift wood for this end, I spread out a blanket on the soft grass, and on the blanket I spread myself whereupon over me came the deep calm of wakeful repose. I gazed up through the leaves of over hanging branches at the blue sky beyond, and listened to the singing of the birds and to the roar of the distant torrent. There was joy in my heart for the spirit of my surroundings had entered into me. In dreamy speculative way I reviewed the associations of the place.

This portage could indeed a tale unfold! So far back as the existence of man hereabouts went, wandering bands of red men had come and rested here an hour or more ere they proceeded on down the mighty river! And, later the adventurous French had passed to and fro in quest of commercial gain, of the glory of discovery, or to convert the heathen.

These last conjure up a goodly train the great whole-souled Champlain, the devoted priests, and numerous others all brave men and true. Then La Salle's picturesque personality flitted by, going and coming at intervals, a very erratic customer was he with a love of danger and of persistence in the face of difficulty and misfortune that may well be admired. To paddle from Montreal into the unknown west and brave the storms of our inland seas was no small thing in those days. But



ON MOOSE RIVER, MAINE.

Robert Cavalier Sieur de la Salle (what grand names those old braves had!) was not content with that alone, he dared even to proceed further—and that in despite of the warnings which came so plentifully from the more friendly Indians. He went on, the greater the difficulty, the greater the determination to persevere, and at length his canoe issued forth where the waters of the mighty Mississippi empty into the gulf of Mexico. Yes La Salle's was a fine character, I always did admire La Salle!

At this juncture I think I became rather excited, I emphasised the thoughts that were in me by greeting the foliage above with a sapunt nod; when—

Whizz! bang!

I started up, I shook a pound or so of mud from my eyes, then began to dig with my fingers beneath my shirt collar, whither also had gone much real estate. As I did so, I looked reproachfully at that wretch Sam, whose face was visible across a blazing wood fire, distorted with a grin of friendish enjoyment.

I addressed him seriously; there was even a peremptory note in my voice. "You are a child, you are a great over-grown booby!" I declared.

Sam looked at me and saw that the primitive instinct, the desire to play, was stirred whereupon ensued an instant change; his laugh was replaced by a look of gravity, even of alarm.

"No offense I hope?" he said questioningly.

I made no reply, but drew myself up with dignity as I continued to compulsively tug forth large lumps of turf

from beneath the neck-band of my shirt. It is not easy to draw one's self up with dignity when one is thus engaged.

Sam watched me a while, then lifted up his voice in wild laughter. There was a three-quart tin pail handy and it was nearly full of water. I saw that my friend was possessed of a spirit of evil, and I said the contents of the three quart pail. In an emergency my actions are invariably prompt. One moment saw Sam wrestling with the evil spirit, and the pail full of water; the next saw me with an empty tin pail in my hand, Sam very wet and very grave, and the evil one had flown! Thus it was that my promptness saved the future of my friend. For surely no man in whom the spirit of evil has found lodging can hope to enjoy the privileges of the blessed!

After supper we sat in the red glow of our camp fire and smoked, and then it was that I realized that my old friend had allowed his love for the truth to wane in the interval which had elapsed since the days when we were boys together. He now told outrageous lies in the most serene manner; and when I protested, he assumed an injured air.

He began by harping on the life in the lumber camps; I listened with interest what he said was probably untrue; but at least it might have happened. But, as the words fell from his lips his imagination became inflamed. First he told an awful lie about shooting a bear. I coughed politely. Then, warming to the subject, he referred to a stump race that dwelt in the height of land; he said they were called windi-

goes, that they had hair all over their bodies, that they had long tails, and were terribly strong.

"Sam!" I said sadly, "Samuel," I repeated very sadly, "how you have fallen from the straight?"

Then my friend arose, smiling good humouredly, stretched his muscular limbs and vanished inside the tent.

The night that ensued was a succession of horrors! At first it was hot, even resembling the temperature of a certain place which my profane companion used pointedly more than once by way of a comparison. Then it became cold and our fire, which had burned briskly during the warm spell, sank to a heap of coals. I tried to rouse my comrade, but in vain, he would not budge. So I got up myself perforce and heaped the remaining stock of wood on the embers. Their there was a blaze to gladden one's heart. But withal sleep refused to come!

The weird stillness of the woods, the distant thunder of the cataract, the stars peeping through the opening in the tent, the red light of the fire and the blackness beyond, all combined to keep me awake. And thereby knew not why, they oppressed me. Besides these there was an internal trouble, Sam's looking disagreed with me. And, to add insult to the pain he was inflicting, the unscrupulous friend began to snore away right merrily. It was a genuine snore; it was the nasal performance of one, wrapped in the folds of sleep, as surely and as snugly as he was in the warm grey bankets. How I envied him! Never did I pass such a miserable



THE CARIBOU.

night, and never again I hope, will such a night precede such a cheerless dawn. There was no fire, and that wretch was still asleep. The grass was wet without from the dew, and the air was chill, and Sam still slept on! The first grey tint of dawn changed to a brighter glow; there came a dull streak in the eastern sky, and still the sluggard slept. At last I crept forth shivering, gathered an armful of dry drift-wood and kindled a fire. As I coaxed the flame, the first rays of the sun came flashing over the waters and there was that unspeakably lazy scoundrel still comfortably asleep! My soul was filled with ire, and I determined to rouse him. With this end in view, I re-entered the tent, cast myself down by his side, and howled plaintively in his ear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Canadian Universities.

A large sheet on which will appear, artistically grouped, beautiful engravings of all the universities of Canada will be one of the four magnificent supplements to be presented with the Christmas number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, now being prepared, regardless of pains or expense. This one supplement will alone make the number of great value, especially to send abroad, giving strangers a clear conception of the advantages for higher education which Canada possesses. This Christmas number will far surpass anything of the kind ever issued in Canada.

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

### THE CARIBOU.

The caribou may now be found in any of the unsettled portions of the Province of Quebec and State of Maine. Fifty years ago it was seldom seen south of the International boundary. The best time for still hunting the caribou is in November and December, when there is sufficient snow to enable the hunter to track them without necessitating the use of snowshoes, and when the snapping of a twig under the foot is less likely to be heard. The curiosity of the caribou is one of its greatest enemies, a desire to ascertain the cause of alarm frequently leading it to retrace its tracks and bring it within reach of the hunter's rifle, so that should the sportsman score a miss on his first attempt, it is well to abstain from giving chase as his quarry will be quite likely to return within easy shot. To our taste a caribou steak is far ahead of any other game for juiciness and flavor. One of our most successful amateur hunters is Capt. Thomas, of Melbourne, Que., who possesses some beautiful trophies of his skill as a rifleman, in the way of mounted caribou heads and antlers. Caribou are now plentiful along the Maine Boundary east of Megantic Lake, and now is the open season for them, as well as all other members of the deer family.

A prominent Western agent says of the "Monroe Ink Erasing Pencil," that "a deaf and dumb man can make money with them as they sell themselves. See advertisement.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

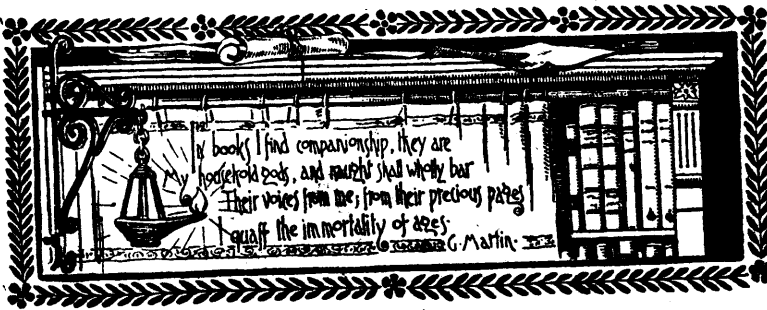
"Pruriency" wants to know if champagne is considered a proper accompaniment to a plate of ice cream. He says he knows a lady and a gentleman who during one of the very warm evenings which ushered in the present month, indulged in ice cream at the City Fruit-Store and washed it down with a bottle of champagne.

Ans.—We have never heard of ice cream and champagne being taken together and should imagine that the one would neutralize the effect of the other, still there is no law to prevent it, and "everyone to their taste" as the old maid said when she kissed the cat.

"Charioteer" say that a friend of his residing at Weedon, purchased a horse in Montreal, which was represented to him to be perfect in all its parts and in a "state of nature," like some of the lots of land in Weedon Township. The horse has proved deficient in some respects and he wants to know if he has any recourse against the vendor.

Ans.—Certainly. If the horse is in any way deficient or isn't the entire horse he was represented to be, he can compel the vendor to make good the deficiency, and still it is a matter that the purchaser ought to have been able to see for himself. Such a deficiency would have been more apparent than the defect in the Frenchman's horse, which he declared didn't "look very well," and when he was returned to him as being stone blind said "Begar me tole you he no look very well. Fo' su' he no look at all."





[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

## Marguerite de Roberval.

A LEGEND OF FRENCH CANADA.

BY MAUD OGILVY.

### CHAPTER III.



HE harbor at the then important seaport town of St. Malo was all life and excitement that bright morning. Crowds of sailors of all nationalities were gathered in little knots chatting together and discussing this wonderful expedition to the New World.

"Tis strange that De Roberval takes with him such a motley crew. Methinks had I the command I would leave the women behind," said one of the sailor who had seen many an adventure on the Spanish Main and considered himself competent to give advice on any subject.

"You would," retorted his companion, "doubtless make a better viceroy than the count but unfortunately the king has not chosen you. The ambition of M. de Roberval is to found a colony in this new country they call Canada and then to spread the faith and build in America a rival to the Spanish conquests."

"This is a bold scheme," said the other, "and M. de Roberval is a bold man. Look, do you see over yonder, there is his niece, the fair Mademoiselle Marguerite. 'Tis said she will accompany her uncle to the New World."

"She is a beautiful lady," said the second sailor, "and young but she has an air of sadness which ill befits her youth."

Yes, Marguerite had indeed an air of sadness. Her uncle was to sail on the morrow, there was no word of Alan, she had only had one letter from him for the last month, although he had bade her hope. The ship was to sail to-morrow and yet there was no word of him. She was well-nigh in despair. She had left their lodging that morning to get a little fresh air and to try and divert her thoughts by exploring the quaint old town with its queer crooked streets and its churches, from which issued long processions of black-robed priests and acolytes. No, nothing would change the current of her thoughts for everywhere she saw signs of preparation going on, everywhere she heard people talking of this wondrous expedition, but a presentiment came over her that some evil would befall her, she knew not what. She would

fain have disobeyed her uncle's command and remained in France, but she had nowhere to go. She was alone in the world, an orphan, and she had no news from Alan. That day passed slowly, it was the longest she had ever spent, and at length when night came she retired early, though not to sleep for many hours. It was late, when after tossing about she sank into uneasy slumber, haunted by horrible dreams. She thought she was with Alan in some great peril, she hardly knew what, only that he clung to her and bade her stay with him. And her uncle looked at them and laughed and moved away without stretching out his hand to aid them. She felt that Alan was slowly leaving her, being swallowed up by the nameless horror and she screamed aloud. Her cry wakened her and she saw that it was broad daylight and that the summer sun was streaming in through the casement. She rose and dressed and went into the adjoining room, where the wife of mine host informed her that M. de Roberval had breakfasted an hour ago and that he had gone to mass in the Cathedral. Madam, after delivering this message, looked mysterious and said in an undertone:

"Here, Mademoiselle, is something which came for you this morning."

It was a small roll of parchment tied up with blue ribbon. Marguerite took it eagerly. Who could be writing to her save Alan?

"A messenger brought it this morning," went on the voluble landlady, "he had ridden in hot haste from Paris and said I was to give this into no hands but yours, Mademoiselle."

Marguerite hastily pulled the ribbon off and unfolded the roll which contained these words:—

"Be of good cheer my darling. All will be well and I shall be with you soon. Courage. A. DE L."

"A. de L." there was no mistaking that signature. Then he had not forgotten her after all, he would be with her soon, in truth, it must be very soon else it would be too late. The ship was to sail when the Cathedral bell struck four. A ray of hope entered Marguerite's heart, she regained her trust in Alan, all would yet go well.

This day passed more quickly than the previous one, for each moment Marguerite expected to see Alan appear. She was restless and could not remain in the house, so went to hear High Mass in the Cathedral. It was an imposing spectacle this Cathedral of St. Malo at any time, but today the place was brightened with the presence of the soldiers, sailors and daring adventurers of M. de Roberval's crew. They had all come to hear mass said in a consecrated church for, for aught they

knew, the last time in their lives. That day they were to face unknown perils by sea and the attack of the Indian they went forth to convert. Who knew when they would ever worship again in this holy temple?

But such considerations as these weighed but little with Marguerite, a great human passion had, for the time driven out the calm religious instincts of early youth. Alan was her one thought, Alan and Alan alone. As in a dream she heard the priests' chant, the response of the great multitude, saw the sailors bow their heads in reverence at the elevation of the host.

The day wore on, twelve o'clock struck, one, two, three from the belfry of the Cathedral and still no sign of Alan. M. de Roberval at three o'clock came into her apartment and told her that it was time to make their way to the harbor for their ship, the largest of the fleet of five, would weigh anchor in half an hour.

Marguerite hastily donned her long grey travelling cloak and hood and accompanied her uncle through the straggling streets of St. Malo down to the quay. Here everything was life and color, men and women were rushing up and down the long wharves excitedly, bidding farewell to their friends, sailors were scrambling about, soldiers were quaffing great mugs of beer and here and there a black-robed friar was exhorting the travellers to continue steadfast in the faith in that new land to which they were about to start. At the appearance of M. de Roberval and his niece a little thrill of excitement ran through the crowd and subdued conversations relating to them were heard from many lips.

"In good sooth," said one woman, "Mademoiselle de Roberval looks unwilling to depart."

"As she is," rejoined her companion, a soldier who had seen much hard service in the king's wars. "Know you not, Nannette, that it is sore against her will that she leaves France?"

"I did not know," returned Nannette, "tell me," woman-like scenting a romance from afar.

"Bah! you are behind the times. All the world knows it is to tear the maiden away from her lover that M. de Roberval takes her to the New World."

"Poor lady," said Nannette compassionately, "she looks full of grief."

Soon the pinnacles were laden with passengers and on the largest ship, the "François," the commander and his niece embarked. The wind was favorable and soon St. Malo's piers and quaint gabled dwellings were far out of sight. It was a lovely evening and Marguerite sat on deck watching the fast receding coast of France with tear belinned eyes. Alan had broken his faith to her, he had not come in spite of his assurances, but perhaps he had been wounded, killed, such things were of daily occurrence in these troublous times in sunny France.

She was alone on deck save for a few sailors who were standing at the stern of the vessel, for M. de Roberval had gone below to give orders to his motley crew. By this time they were well out on the Dover Channel making for the western coast of Cornwall. Suddenly one of the sailors at the stern started up and cried out excitedly:

"See there—there is a sailing boat and by'r lady she is making signals to us to stop."

M. de Roberval was told of the strange sailing vessel and quickly came on deck, ordering the "François" to be stoped at once.

"No need of this excitement," he said, "it is only Paul de Rocheblave, a goodly seaman whom I engaged some weeks ago, but who I feared had been detained."

Marguerite raised her eyes with languid interest as the little skiff came alongside the "François." There were two men in the boat, the rough seaman whose jovial voice she could hear saluting M. de Roberval. The face of the other man she could not see for he was enveloped in a long black cloak and wore a black peaked cap pulled down over his face. Paul de Rocheblave sprang forward to grasp the rope thrown out to him and the black cloaked figure made a movement to assist him. Marguerite trembled, there was something familiar in that tall, graceful figure. Could it be?—

## CHAPTER IV.

The sailor they called Paul de Rocheblave sprang on deck and was warmly greeted by M. de Roberval, who drew him aside and questioned him as to the reasons of his delay in joining the expedition. All being satisfactorily explained the sailor informed the Viceroy that he had taken the liberty to bring with him a friend, who was a well-tried and courageous youth desirous of seeing the New World, of which he had heard many wondrous tales from Cartier, the Captain of St. Malo.

"Any friend of yours is welcome, my good Paul," said M. de Roberval, warmly. "I must go below now, but will speak with your companion later. He is nobly born, you say?"

The Viceroy hurried off to give some necessary orders and that night did not encounter Paul Rocheblave's friend, nor for several days did he see him, for the sailor reported that the young man was suffering severely from mal de mer and could scarcely lift his head from his pillow. He shared with him the dark uncomfortable corner hardly to be dignified by the name of cabin and the "François" was far out in mid-Atlantic before any one but Paul saw the face of the black-cloaked stranger.

The morning after his arrival, Paul de Rocheblave met Blanche, an old woman who had spent her life in the service of the De Roberval family, on the narrow stairway leading to the deck.

"Where is Mademoiselle Marguerite?" he demanded.

Blanche looked surprised as she answered stiffly,

"Mademoiselle de Roberval is on deck."

Marguerite was sitting in her favourite place at the stern of the ship watching with lack-lustre eyes the monotonous roll of the great Atlantic breakers. Her spirits had sunk to the lowest depths and she had quite abandoned any expectation of seeing Alan again. The thrill of hope which ran through her at the momentary glimpse of the cloaked stranger in the little sailing-boat had passed away, leaving her more despondent than before and she told herself angrily that the resemblance was

merely the result of her morbid imagination.

"Mademoiselle," said Blanche approaching her, "Paul the sailor, who came on board last night, desires speech with you."

"With me?" said the girl, languidly, "what can he want with me?"

"I know not, Mademoiselle, but he came to me just now and whispered mysteriously in my ear that he wished to speak with you without the knowledge of M. de Roberval. What shall I say to him, Mademoiselle, he awaits your answer."

"I will see him, Blanche. Ask him to come to me."

Blanche departed with her young mistress' message to the sailor. The old woman had been Marguerite's nurse, later on her maid and was devoted wholly to her interests. She knew all her secrets and sympathised with her in her troubles, considering M. de Roberval an unreasonable tyrant. Alan de Longpré, by virtue of a few judicious compliments and gifts had completely won her heart and she was ready to lay down her life to save him and Marguerite. Needless to say M. de Roberval knew nothing of her devotion to the course of true love, else he would summarily have dismissed her from his niece's service in spite of her long residence in his family.

On receiving Marguerite's permission Paul de Rocheblave came on deck glancing cautiously around to see if there was any sign of the Viceroy. The coast was clear, only a few sailors were about and he quickly reached the spot where Mademoiselle de Roberval was seated.

"Mademoiselle," he said doffing his cap and bowing low, "I have the honour to wish you good morning."

Mademoiselle de Roberval inclined her head and motioned the sailor to take vacant seat near her, saying:

"Blanche told me you desired to speak to me."

"Yes Mademoiselle," lowering his voice "I have a most urgent message to deliver. I saw M. de Longpré yesterday."

"What Alan de Longpré?" and Marguerite rising and laying her fair white hand on the sailor's rough weather beaten one. "Tell me I implore you my good sir, if you have news of him."

"Softly Mademoiselle, we must not be overheard. Your uncle must not see the sailor talking with his niece else his suspicions will be aroused."

"Quickly then tell me of Mr. de Longpré," said Marguerite impatiently.

"I had speech with him at St. Malo. He bade me beseech you to be true to him."

"Yet he broke faith with me," said Marguerite bitterly.

"Nay, Mademoiselle judge not so harshly. Alan de Longpré is as true as steel. He also bade me— Ah, there is M. de Roberval, I must go."

M. de Roberval was not in the best of humours that morning; circumstances had conspired, it seemed to provoke him. There were pretty jealousies amongst the members of the crew and constant bickerings between the military and naval factions. Then one of the fleet of five ships had dropped far behind the others and was nowhere to be seen. More than this, his niece's, what he was pleased to call sul- lenness, annoyed him excessively although

he flattered himself that he had got rid of her objectionable suitor and that change of scene would soon cause her to forget Alan.

Impatiently Marguerite waited for another opportunity of questioning Paul but it never came; he seemed to avoid her and she dared not seek him. The days passed slowly in monotonous similarity and the ships made good headway for those days of primitive navigation. They had been out nearly eight weeks when a sailor who had accompanied Captain Cartier on his first voyage of discovery up the St. Lawrence, announced that they would see land in less than twenty four hours. The air grew very cold and chill winds blew on them from the ice-fields of the far north; the sky was gloomy and threatening and the welcome to the New World was not inviting to the voyagers. Nevertheless M. de Roberval was in the highest spirits at the speedy manner in which the passage across the Atlantic had been accomplished.

That night a terrible storm broke over the deep and far away could be heard the breakers dashing on the coast, judging from the sound evidently a rock-bound and inhospitable shore. The timbers of the "François" creaked and shivered but she rode the huge waves gallantly and it was not till towards midnight that any real danger was apprehended. Then the storm seemed to redouble its fury, the lightning cleft the sky, revealing a wild, angry sea beneath, the thunder clashed and reverberated in deafening peals. The crew was in confusion, women shrieked and prayed, all lost self-control when it was most needed. All did I say? No, there was one exception. M. de Roberval was perfectly calm and self-controlled and his example did much to bring the sailors to a sense of their duty. But all effort of man seemed vained, the elemental war raged above, beneath and around the devoted ship and threatened every moment to overwhelm her.

Marguerite and Blanche clung to each other in the crowded cabin murmuring prayers and certain that their last hour had come. It was indeed a very pandemonium in this cabin crowded with terror-stricken men and women expecting every moment to be launched into eternity.

Suddenly the ship seemed to be rent in twain with an awful crash, Marguerite was violently thrown from one side of the cabin to the other and after that she knew no more. A merciful oblivion came over her and it must have been several hours before she came to herself. Had she died and was she even now at the gates of Paradise? It must be so for there was Alan de Longpré standing near beseeching her to speak to him. Slowly her benumbed senses came back, she stretched out her hand and Alan came forward and clasped her in his arms kissing regardless of on-lookers, her cheeks, her hair, her lips.

This was no phantom, no ghostly spirit from the land of Hades, nor was this Paradise for she could hear the clamour of the tempest raging without, the creaking timbers of the "François." What mattered the storm to her, what mattered the howling of the winds, the raging of the storm. But Alan was beside her. With him she could face eternity with calmness, and fear not what death might bring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AN ONTARIO HOMESTEAD.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

**A**LTHOUGH some of the incidents contained herein have been briefly alluded to in former contributions to the LAND WE LIVE IN, I have thought it advisable, in view of the centennial demonstration to take place in 1892, to again refer to them in connection with other incidents which have taken place in the early settlement of the Township of Newport.

In the year A.D. 1791, Alured Clarke, the Governor of the Province of Lower Canada, issued a proclamation offering to grant the waste lands of the crown, in townships of ten miles square, and in free and common socage to parties desirous of occupying the same, on application to that effect. In consequence thereof, Stephen Williams, of Danby, in the State of Vermont, petitioned for a township by the name of Newport, to be granted to him and his associates, forty in number, which petition was approved and the prayer thereof granted. Williams, however, neglected to come forward as he was expected to do, but Edmund Heard, one of his associates, in the year 1793, in company with Josiah Sawyer, set out from Missisquoi Bay, on Lake Champlain, with tools, provisions, etc., made their way through the woods—ninety miles from any inhabitants to the westward—and after travelling and exploring the woods for thirty one days, arrived on a hill now called Pleasant Hill, in the Township of Newport (and where I lived from 1832 to 1839), where Sawyer began to make improvements. This was distant twenty-five miles from the nearest inhabitant to the south, and seventy miles from the French settlements to the north.

In the year 1794 Josiah Sawyer started his family, and coming as far as West Stewartstown, N. H., remained through the winter and until the summer of 1895. Here his youngest daughter, Abigail, was born in the early part of this summer, and when she was six weeks old her mother took her in her arms and rode on horseback—her horse being led on a blazed line—a distance of thirty miles to Lot No. 6 in the 9th Range of Newport.

This line passed over or near the Herford Mountains, over streams and swamps to the place above mentioned, now owned by Dudley Williams. Sawyer had been on before and built a log house, and raised some grain and potatoes. This daughter Abigail, when of mature age, became the wife of Asa Alger, and died a few years ago in her ninetyeth year. For nearly fifty years I was a near neighbor of hers, and had frequent conversations with her and her husband relative to the early settlement of the Townships of Newport and Eaton. In the year 1815 she attended a school at Cookshire taught by the late Rev. Jonathan Taylor. She was then a woman grown, while I was a boy of seven years old.

In the year 1795 Edmund Heard moved his family into the town-ship, and finding that Williams did not come forward, Heard on the 24th June, 1797, petitioned the Government for a grant of the Township of Newport to him and his associates. Sawyer and Heard had agreed to separate, Sawyer concluding to petition for the east half of Eaton. Accordingly, on the 22nd March, 1800, an Order in Council was granted in favor of Heard, which—omitting the preliminary portion—read as follows:—

“And whereas, the Executive Council of the said province having duly and maturely considered the said petition, have in

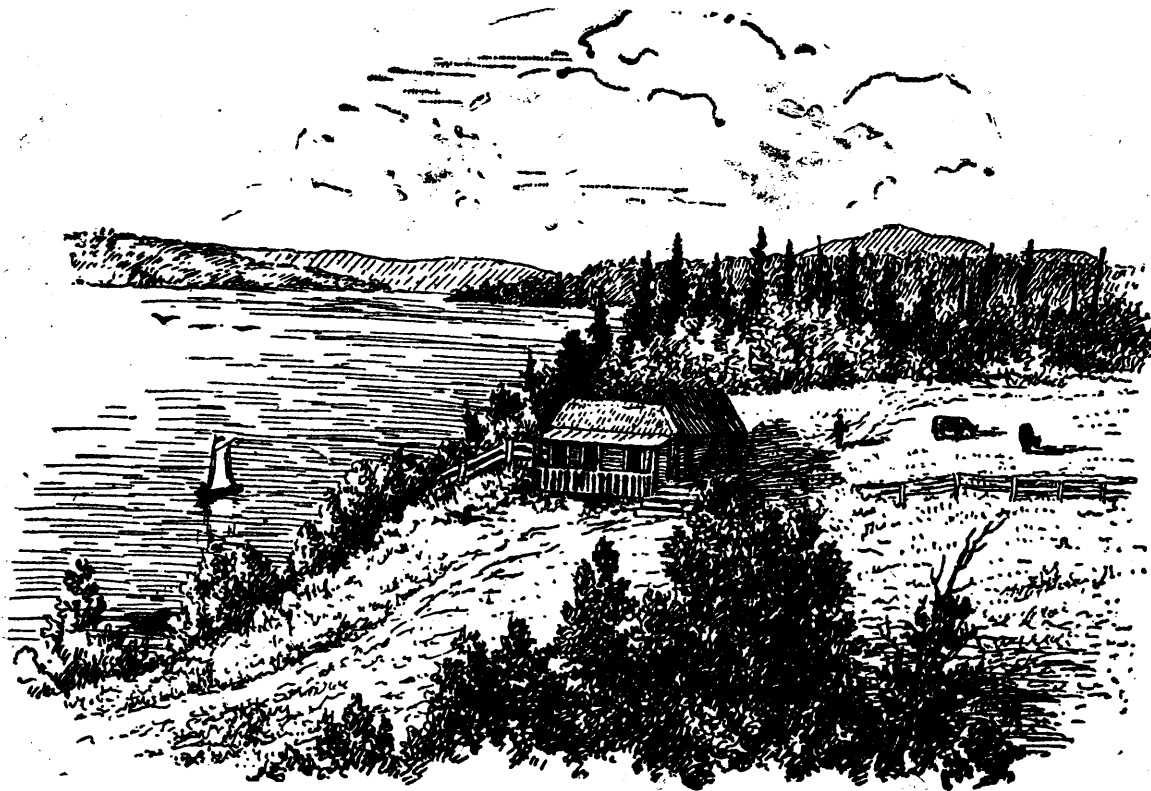
part approved and have adjudged it to be reasonable that one quarter of the said tract or parcel of land so situate as aforesaid, should be granted to the said Edmund Heard and his said associates, and his heirs and their heirs and assigns forever, upon the terms and conditions prescribed by His Majesty's Royal Instructions in this behalf.

“Now therefore, having taken the premises into consideration by this warrant of survey, I do empower and require you, at the proper costs and charges of the said Edmund Heard and his associates to make a faithful survey of the said tract or parcel of land, described as above set forth, to be hereafter distinguished by the name of the Township of Newport, and to subdivide the said township into lots of 200 acres each, and in the execution of this warrant I do require and command you to lay out the said township of Newport conformably to His Majesty's Royal Instructions in this behalf, that is to say, of the dimensions of ten miles square, as nearly as circumstances shall admit, provided the said Township of Newport be not intersected by nor be situated upon any navigable river or water, and of the dimensions of nine miles in front by twelve in depth of the said township. (Here follows the reservations to be made, viz: mines, ship timber, clergy and crown reserves, to be reserved for the Protestant clergy and crown purposes.)

“Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at the Castle of St. Louis, in the City of Quebec, in the said Province of Lower Canada, the 25th day of September, in the year of Our Lord (1800) one thousand eight hundred, and fortieth year of His Majesty's reign.” (George III.)

HIRAM FRENCH.

Eaton, Oct., 1891.



MEGANTIC LAKE.—LOOKING NORTH, FROM "CHERRY BANK."

**End of the Memphremagog Season.**

It is always sad to contemplate the fag end of anything, especially the fag end of a watering place season, and I am sure the Lake seems deserted, and the Owl's Head and Mt. Orford more than dreary, since the Lady of the Lake hauled off. The islands, also, have a weird and lonesome look as they loom up in the mirage of the autumnal haze which rests on the water, and the long, gaping galleries in front of the hotels seem like ghost walks. The low of the cattle along the shores has a hollow sound, and the moon rests on the water like a phantom. Few rowboats are afloat, and there seems to be no life stirring anywhere—no ducks, no fish leaping, no restless sandpipers on the land wash, not even a kingfisher. And appearances do not belie the facts. You cannot stir a fin in these waters while the sun is crossing the equator, and all the birds in the woods lie low. Even the crow and the bluejay hold their tongues, and the tap of the woodpecker is not heard. The sportsman may skitter for pickerel along the lily pads of ponds and rivers and evoke no sign. He may draw his troll along the lake shore without tempting the smallest response. Black bass, pickerel, perch, masalonge, lake trout, even shiners, all lie *perdu*. I doubt if even the baby trout in the brooks would look at the juiciest

job ever offered. In the woods it is the same. The partridges hug the cover, and not a rabbit crosses the road. Why is this thus? Verily, why do cocks crow?

All that any naturalist knows about it is that at this off period everything is in a state of quiescence or lethargy. A brisk blow, usually represented by the equinoctial storm, is needed to stir up the dormant energies. This year there has been no such meteorological disturbance, and the transition from summer to autumn has come so gradually as to be hardly noticeable, except by the cooler nights and the less fervid noonday sun. The ducks will now fly one by one as the season passes, and there will be no rushing flight to escape a sudden visitation of nipping frost. The broods of partridges will gradually separate in quest of favored places where the rose buds and high bush cranberries still cling to the twigs; there will be no hustling among the squirrels and rabbits to gather forage for winter hoards; the high-holders and creepers won't have to prod the trees for grubs, because there is plenty of free insect life as yet: and the giant "lunge" will quietly come out of the depths of the lake a month hence to deposit their spawn on the shallows at the outlet, and no one will know of their coming or going unless he is constantly on the alert.—From "By Memphremagog" by Chas. Hallock in the *American Angler* for October.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.  
**AS FALLS A LEAF.**

BY DOROTHY FORSTER.

Another leaf falls to the ground,  
Softly and silently down. —  
To crumble into dust,  
And mingle once again  
With mother earth from whence it sprang  
Thus back and ever back,  
Back to the source of life.  
Thus dies another man,  
The body crumbles as the leaf,  
And mingles with its native clay.  
The soul goes back to God  
The Almighty source of life,  
Who called it into being,  
Who gave it life, and sent it forth  
To do His will on earth,  
And to fulfil its destiny  
According to His holy word,  
Till He should call it Home.  
He sent it forth for His wise end,  
Which it knew not, nor understood,  
Its duty lay, in doing faithfully  
The work its hand found out,  
That which lay nearest to it,  
In humble trust in God.  
That He knew what was best,  
And ordered all for its eternal good.  
When life is ended here,  
Then will each living soul  
Know well the reason of its being,  
And bless its Father, God.

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To every new or renewal subscriber, to this Journal who pays the \$1.00 subscription price in advance, we will give as a free premium a year's subscription to any one of the following publications:

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- The Echo, monthly, Stratford, Ont.
- Vade Mecum, monthly, Salina, Kansas.
- Corona News Letter, semi monthly, Haverbrook Heights, N. J.

# THE BIRDS OF CANADA

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

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

## PART I.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

With your permission we shall spend a social hour, and hold confab with the friends of your youth and of mine—the birds. Nor need you doubt me when I tell you that it is not in the spirit of exact science, but rather with the freedom of an old acquaintance that I shall to-night introduce to you some of the most notable species found near your city.

Do not expect a highly scientific discourse on ornithology: stray jottings—rambles amongst birds and books—that is all I can promise you to-night.

That branch of zoology which treats of birds is denominated ornithology. It is beyond a doubt that this department of the animal kingdom attracted the attention of mankind in the remotest ages; several birds, as you are aware, are indicated by name and their peculiarities alluded in Holy Writ. Mention is frequently made in the earliest and best of books, the Bible, of the soaring eagle, the dismal raven, the tiny sparrow, the grave-looking owl, the migratory stork. The care taken of the Prophet Elijah by our sable and far-seeing friend the raven, you all remember reading of.

The dove and the raven were both honored with important missions by that distinguished and most successful navigator, Capt. Noah. You know how much the ibis was petted, nay honored, in Egypt; the white ibis was in special veneration in Thebes—had the run of the city. The stork was sung by Herodotus, the swan by Virgil and by a host of other poets: Aristophanes, some twenty-three hundred years ago, celebrated not only the croaking of frogs, but also the melody of birds.

It was reserved to one of the loftiest minds of antiquity, Aristotle of Stagyræ, to furnish the world with the earliest methodical information on zoology. This great man was the first to observe and attempt to explain the organization of animated nature. His treatise will ever be regarded as one of the masterpieces of antiquity. The generation of animals, their habits, their organs, the mechanism of their functions, their resemblances and differences are therein discussed with astonishing clearness and sagacity. Aristotle may be reckoned as having established a solid basis for natural history, and his principal divisions of the animal kingdom are so well founded that almost all of them are still substantially admitted. In arranging facts he carefully goes back to causes from general results.

We next come to the Roman, Pliny the Elder, born A.D. 23, who died, as you may have read, in the year 79 of our era, from the noxious fumes of Vesuvius during the eruption which, it is said, destroyed Herculaneum. Having the charge of a Roman fleet, he had, in attempting to succor some of the unfortunate inhabitants, ventured too near the scene of the calamity. He

died during the following night. I presume some of you have perused the very interesting letter recording the event, written by Pliny, the Younger, the nephew and adopted son of the Roman naturalist.

As a laborious, but not always reliable compiler, you have heard of Aldrovandus, born about 1535. I said not always reliable. To illustrate this latter point, I shall now quote from the 1st vol. *Canadian Naturalist*, an extract purporting to describe one of our most beautiful winter visitors, the Bohemian Chatterer, or Wax-wing. A specimen is in your museum. I was once fortunate enough to snare three very fine birds of this species—this is the only time I saw them round my house, at Spencer Grange. I kept them all winter in my aviary, and they soon became so bloated, so uncommonly portly from good eating, that they were struck down by apoplexy, and one after the other died. I need not tell you the sorrow such a catastrophe brought to my family circle.

That the Bohemian Chatterer was known to the ancients there can be little doubt, but a great deal of obscurity prevails as to the names by which it was distinguished. Some have taken it to be the *Inculcivaria avis* of Pliny (book x., c. 13), the inauspicious bird, on account of which appearance Rome more than once underwent lustration, but more especially in the consulship of L. Cassius and C. Marius, when the apparition of a great owl (*Bubo*) was added to the horrors of the year. Others have supposed that it was the bird of the Hercynian forest (book x., c. 47), whose feathers shone in the night like fire. Aldrovandus, who collected the opinions on this point, has taken some pains to show that it could be neither the one nor the other. The worthy Italian gravely assures his readers that its feathers do not shine in the night, for he says he kept one alive for three months, and observed it at all hours (*quævis noctis horâ contemplatus sum*).

Here is the mysterious stranger who appears to have startled antiquity. See how silky his plumage! mark the waxlike tips of his wings! this is no doubt the portion which was supposed to shine at night. Be careful, however, not to confound him with the *Cedar* or *Cherry Bird*—our summer visitor. He resembles him much in plumage, but is twice his size.

Nor should we omit the names of Redi, Swammerdam, Willoughby, John Ray, and especially of Francis Bacon, amongst the laborious tillers of the soil of natural history.

Next to Aristotle and Pliny ranks the great botanist and naturalist Linnaeus, who devoted a lifetime to reforming and rearranging the history of all natural productions, and lived to see his method triumphant and almost universally received. Nor was he a mere nomenclator; his vast genius led him to take the most elevated views of nature. He penetrated with a glance into causes which were the least obvious on the surface. Order, precision, clearness, exactitude of description and accurate knowledge of relations in detail distinguish his works. He it was who sent to America, to Quebec, the eccentric Peter Kalm. Every guide-book reminds you of the amusing account Kalm wrote of Quebec and Montreal society, in 1749; what a fine fellow Count de la Gallisonnière, the Governor-General in those days, appeared

to the Swedish traveller;—how our respected grandmothers chatted, frolicked, dressed, danced;—how well he related all he saw, and some things he did not see. We are led next to consider the brilliant career of a French naturalist, an elegant writer and profound philosopher, Buffon. Possessed of a vast fortune, moving in the highest circles of a nation famous for its civilization and learning, Buffon, during half a century, from his *chateau* of Montbard, promulgated his canons to the scientific world. He tells us he spent forty years in his study, perfecting and rounding the sentences of his immortal works, but when bearing in mind the lifelike sketches of birds written by Buffon's successors and contraditors, the field naturalists of the new school, such as Alexander Wilson, Audubon, Chas. Bonaparte, one is inclined to regret that the pedantary philosopher should have spent so much time indoors describing his favorites, instead of ransacking the woods, the fields, the seashore, to see for himself, like Audubon and Wilson and other more recent field naturalists, how God's creatures lived, loved, sang and died.

The natural sciences have had, in the United States as well as in Canada, rude beginnings. Catesby (1731), Edwards; Forster (1771), Pennant (1787), Latham, Peale, Bartram (1791), might be considered the pioneers of this branch of study in the American Union. Vieillot's French illustrated work, published in France in 1807, on the birds of San Domingo and North America, drew the eyes of European savants towards the American fauna. Until 1827, Wilson's treatise on the birds of Pennsylvania and New Jersey was the sole authority. That year Audubon commenced his lifelike drawings of American birds, which, with their biography, he completed twelve years later, in 1839. An octavo and more complete edition of the work was issued between 1840 and 1844. In 1832, Nuttall published that portion of his manual descriptive of the land birds of the United States and Canada. The part relating to winter birds appeared in 1834. In 1840 a second edition was put forth. In 1858 appeared the celebrated ninth volume of "Pacific Railroad Reports," a robust quarto of 1,000 pages, which revolutionized American ornithology. Several thousand specimens, furnished by the different surveying parties, accompanied by their reports and notes, had been sent to the Smithsonian Institution and placed in the hands of its assistant-secretary, Spencer K. Baird, who, with the able assistance of John Cassin and George N. Lawrence, revised the whole subject, reconstructing classes, orders and families, re-christening new species, setting forth in this splendid volume the entire avi-fauna of America, north of Mexico, and bringing up the list of birds described to 744. Important additions have since been made to this list by the learned Dr. Elliott Coues, a surgeon in the United States army, by R. Ridgway and others, so that American ornithology, from the time of Alexander Wilson (1814) to 1887, shows the following progressive increase:—

1814—Wilson .....	283	1881—Ridgway .....	930
1838—Bonaparte ..	471	1882—Coues .....	888
1840—Brewer .....	491	1884—Coues .....	902
1844—Audubon .....	506	1886—A.O.U. Com.	960
1858—Baird .....	778	1887—Coues .....	960
1874—Coues .....	778	1887—Ridgway .....	1,028

"This list," remarks Mr. Chamberlain, "requires some explanation, for the apparent increase has not been wholly due to the discovery of new species, as might be inferred. A portion of the increase is due to the extension of the territorial limits embraced under the term 'North America,' when used for ornithological purposes." Lower California, Greenland and Guadeloupe were included in some and excluded in other lists."

Doubtless several here present would like to hear more about the leading ornithologists on the continent.

Were I merely to be guided by brilliant scholarship I should point out as *facile princeps* the erudite Dr. Elliott Coues, unrivalled as a Hellenist.

I however think myself safe in adopting Mr. Chamberlain's estimate concerning these *savants*, and would set forth the six eminent writers whose names follow as likely to hold the possible relative rank in the future:

Allen  
Merriam  
Brewster  
Bendire  
Ridgway  
Coues.

In a recent letter from Mr. Chamberlain, from Harvard University, to which he is attached, Mr. Chamberlain expresses his opinion that Mr. Allen is reckoned the very ablest of American ornithologists. He will probably, he thinks, stand at the head of them, forming years to come, "a most diligent and careful student." His position in the American Museum in New York, gives him unusual facilities. Dr. Merriam, he says, is rapidly advancing, and his exceptional opportunities, with his ability and energy, will doubtless soon place him by the side of Allan. Ridgway and Coues must always be counted among those who have advanced American ornithology to its present high position. The works that are being prepared by Brewster and Bendire, backed by their past records, will cause them to be ranked by the side of Ridgway and Coues, if not by the side of Merriam.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

### The Monster of Moffatt Lake.

For the information of those ignorant of the fact, we may say that Moffatt Lake is situated in the Township of Lingwick, Compton County, Quebec, and that a veritable sea serpent, or some other aquarian monster, is said to have been seen there on several occasions. By some it has been attributed to a flock of duck's, dimly seen in the morning fog, as they followed each other from some marshy retreat into the broad expanse of the lake. Others have supposed it to be an otter, followed by her young ones, returning from a nightly fishing excursion, and anxious to reach their burrow before the early morning light became too bright. We do not know whether every Eastern Townships lake has its monster, or not, but one is said to exist in Dudswell Lake, which has the appearance of a large alligator. Perhaps some Saurian escaping from a travelling menagerie, may have found shelter in the lake, and

hunts the muddy bottoms where eel spears claim to have seen him, when pursuing their nightly avocations. If so, he must be a *sorrow 'un* when he feels that he has to "go it alone," in those waters. As to the Moffatt Lake monster, we fancy our contributor is "poking fun," at some one in the vicinity, but we give his version of it, without recognizing him as an authority on such subjects, or as one who has "seen snakes," much anyway. *Ed.*

Mr. Editor. I will tell you for the benefit of those of your readers who take an interest in such matters, the origin of the Moffatt Lake Monster, or Sea Serpent, as termed by some, although it is a question of the day how a veritable sea serpent, could be found some hundred miles distant from its natural element. But to proceed. Once upon a time there was an eastern poet. When about half way up the ladder of fame, he was troubled with gas on the brain. One day he received a few lines of kind advice from a friend, and warning him of his untimely end. His ire was so great that he suddenly filled with gas, seized his pen to write a reply, lost his hold on the ladder, fell and exploded. Passing through the air so rapidly created such a friction that he caught fire and would have inevitably been burnt to a cinder; but as he looked downward and beheld Moffatt Lake, he made a head, foremost dive for it. Being in such extreme heat and striking the water so rapidly, it spun him out as the spinner draws a thread from the roll. The lake being a great fishery, he started fishing on his own hook, and has grown to be such a monster, that he is a terror to the surrounding country. But he's harmless, as the sting was blown out of him when he exploded. The following verses will more fully explain the matter:

#### Origin of Lake Moffatt's Monster.

The Monster of Moffatt, I will say for the profit

Of those whom I truly regard—  
And others as well, who would thank me to tell,—

Is the ghost of an Eastern Bard.

When he went off a flying, and bitterly crying,

And gazing down sadly below,  
He said I'm dying, there is no denying,  
And into Lake Moffatt I'll go.

Better crawl round its ma'shes than burn down to ashes,

And consume by the heat of my ire,  
Although round my ashes, the dudes and asses,  
Should mournfully chant my best lyre.

Then there was commotion upon this small ocean,

With fear all the fishes did quake,  
Not in form of a lobster, a reptile, or monster,

A "header" he took in the Lake.

Now in every gale, with his hard horny tail,  
He lashes this once placid lake.

Till fearful to tell, the waves rise and swell,  
And even the shores seem to shake.

He's lost his ambition, since changed his condition,

He knows he is now a queer fish,  
In order to beat me, he gladly would eat me,  
"Monster Poet! you'll not get your wish

"You can flounder away when the small fishes play.

And like a horned whale you can spout.

But there you must stay, for you can't get away!

You're so clumsy you cannot crawl out."

"Though even the nation in great estimation,

Held your name once, your glory is gone,  
You could rhyme so bewitching, but now it is fishing,

From evening until the day dawn."

"Were it not for division, it would not be in vision

Alone, you'd be dreaming of yore,  
And like a huge snake have to wallow the lake,

And frighten the loons from the shore."

This monster's been seen round the margin so green,

On the shore, of that wondrous Lake Moffatt,

Thus endeth his fame, and he's now changed in name,

To a monster, from a great poet prophet.

JAMES OWENS.

Johnville, Que., Oct. 1891.

#### WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

More than 15,000,000 feet of lumber will be used in the construction of the huge building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts.

The Agriculture and Arts Association and the Stock Breeders' Association of Toronto have voted to urge the officials and government of Ontario to take measures to have the province properly represented at the Exposition.

New South Wales, Australia, has decided to participate in the Exposition, and has appointed a commission of twelve to collect exhibits.

Exposition stock subscriptions have now been paid in to an aggregate exceeding \$3,000,000, although only 60 per cent has thus far been called for. The \$5,000,000 of city bonds voted by Chicago are now available and will be put on the market soon.

No Japanese goods or exhibitions will be permitted at the Exposition unless they have first received the approval of the Japanese officials in charge of their government exhibit. The Exposition Directory rendered this decision at the request of Japanese Minister Matsui, who is the Japanese imperial commissioner to the Fair. A similar rule will be enforced in the case of other foreign nations.

A Turkish flag was hoisted at the World's Fair ground on Sept. 20 with appropriate ceremonies. It was raised on the site which Robert Levy, of Constantinople, has secured for his Turkish specialties. He will reproduce a Constantinople street, show most of the striking features of Turkish life and have a novel and interesting collection of Turkish goods and curios. The flag was raised in conjunction with the stars and stripes and is the first one of the scores of foreign flags event ually to enliven the Fair scenes

## A DAY'S BROOK TROUT FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

BY EDMUND JENNER.

By referring to my diaries, I find that the brook trout fishing is at its best about May 20th. A good deal of my brook trout fishing has been done in the country to the south of the Annapolis Valley, and there the season is a little earlier than it is in the eastern counties of Nova Scotia. This year the spring is very late, and to-day (May 25th) the trees are perfectly bare, and the grass has hardly commenced to start.

During the last ten days we have had heavy rains and bitter northeast winds, and though the trout find abundant food under such circumstances, they will not rise to the fly. Even if they would, the extreme unpleasantness of the weather keeps most men at home.

Last Saturday was a better day than usual, and a couple of friends who had long been intending to try their luck at the brook trout turned up. We started for the fishing grounds about seven o'clock in the morning.

The best pools lie about four miles from here; there is no road, but the fire has cleaned the barrens, and anyone who knows the way can get there without very much exertion. We had the whole day before us, so we took our time, and it was nearly nine o'clock when we reached our fishing ground. I may as well state that the stream divides about four miles from the sea. The east branch has two large pools in it, and numerous runs and rapids which hold some nice fish in warm weather. The west branch has four pools, about half an acre in size on the average, and a large, still water or small lake about half a mile long. There is a dam on each branch, but both dams are broken; they were put there when the gold mines were flourishing; at that time the brook used to run between seventy and eighty stamps. The lowest pool on the west branch is a nasty place to fish and the fish do not seem to lodge there until June, so we commenced work on the second pool. It is an ideal trout pool, surrounded with alders, tamaracks and spruce bushes. When the water gets low, say the first week in June, the trout assemble in dozens in this place. The stream swarms with the larvæ of insects, the bushes overhang the water, and the fish can lie under them secure from the heron and the osprey; and when they have gorged themselves with the flies which drop from the alders, they can retire into ten feet of water.

As there is only room for two rods,

I took charge of the landing net, and my friends tried their luck at the mouth of the brook. Only one fish, and that a small one, responded to their coaxing; the wind was very high, and made casting any distance a difficult matter.

After ten minutes' fishing we decided to move on and try our luck upstream. McD—and I walked up to the two upper pools, whilst A—stayed behind to fish the rapids. The first pool we reached was a failure. Only one fish rose to the fly, and he didn't seem very anxious for it. The second pool is a very nice spot to fish. There is a strip of wild meadow on one side of it, it has been "burnt off" several times, and the alders are all killed, and there is a nice clear space to cast a fly in. As there is plenty of room for three rods I put mine together whilst McD—was fishing the foot of the pool. A—turned up about this time with three very fair fish. McD—whipped the waters most carefully, but not a fish would rise. He then moved up to the mouth of the brook whilst I put on a different fly, and prepared to go over the same ground. Just as I had got out a good length of line a splash from the head of the pool announced that McD—had got hold of a respectable-sized fish. The landing net was on my side, so I reeled in my line and went to McD—'s assistance. The fish gave some very good sport, and when I landed him we found he had taken the "dropper." I made the fly myself, and I may as well describe it.

Red body, red hackle, gold tinsel and white wings (see duck feathers).

I find this an excellent dropper for brook-trout. They often prefer it to the "red palmer" and "silver doctor." McD—caught four nice fish in quick succession; they all rose to this particular fly. None of them were much under a pound in weight, and one of them was a little over. They are game little fellows, and they show a great deal of sport on light tackle. A friend of mine has often described them as "pig-headed." It is a most appropriate epithet.

Former experience had taught me that when the fish got alarmed and quitted the mouth of the brook, they retired into the deep water under the eastern bank. So when the fish ceased to rise to McD—'s flies I went back for my rod, and after a few casts I secured a pound trout.

Having cleaned this pool out, we proceeded up the run to the foot of the big stillwater. This run has several nice eddies and small pools in it. A—lost two fish on the way up. One was a very large one; it carried

off his fly and two feet of his cast.

There are two logs across the brook here, and many a fox and wild cat has been snared on them. The big stillwater is a great breeding place for black ducks, and a favorite fishing ground for the others. The lower part doesn't hold any fish at this time of year, so we made our way round on the barrens. The head of the stillwater was exposed to the wind, and we had very bad luck there. The two or three fish we caught were full of dragon-fly larvæ and caddis worms. When they are feeding on the bottom it is almost useless to coax them with the fly; even the natural May fly is disregarded. We ate our luncheon and enjoyed a pipe; my friends were very much taken with the place. It is admirably suited for a camping ground. There is lots of wood, any amount of shelter, and the best fishing on the stream is within a mile. It is not a bad place for hunting either; there are lots of birch and spruce partridges, and several broods of black ducks have been hatched out this spring. Last summer a cow and calf moose spent several months in a hardwood hill not half a mile away. Probably the cow is back there now. They will return to the same place every spring if they are not molested. There is any amount of feed there, and no one goes up the stream from March to November with the exception of myself.

Our pipes finished, we made our way across the barrens to the east branch of the brook. The divide is very narrow, devoid of trees of any sort, and strewn with quartz boulders from some large leads which crop out. I have passed a good many day spropping up there, but with very little success. The east branch is larger than the west, there are numerous rapids, and in June the trout seem to prefer them to them to the pools. The day was too cold for the fish to be up there, and we made our way down to the first big pool. There is only casting room for two rods, so I did not put my rod together. The pool was full of fish, and McD—managed to raise one the very first cast. Fortune did not favor A—at all on this occasion, but McD—did very well; I think he got eight fish there—one weighed very nearly two pounds.

The man who first introduced me to this pool said he had seen a four-pounder taken there, and I have myself taken a three-pounder with the spinning minnow. The next pool threatened to prove a total failure, but at the last moment, I managed to catch a very decent fish. He rose to my dropper, and by some chance I fouled him about two inches below the

dorsal fin. He made a very plucky fight of it, and I expected a much larger fish. Having landed him, we made our way down stream for about a mile. There was a very heavy ice freshet this spring, and all along the banks the trees had suffered severely. It is curious what a difference this makes in going *up*, and *down* a stream. You can go down stream with the greatest ease, but a short walk upstream will give you an incredible amount of labor and vexation. Every bush is bent down and catches in your clothes, and if the alders are at all thick, you feel like a person in a nightmare who dreams he is trying to force his way through an interminable *chevaux de grise*. We rested for a few moments by a little brook which comes from a small lake about half a mile back in the hills. This lake literally swarms with small trout. None of them weighs over half a pound, but they will rise to any kind of fly. They are game little fish, but a fly only lasts a short time with them, as they have teeth like small pike. We did not think it worth while to visit them, and after trying one or two eddies and small pools we arrived at the head of a mill pond. This is the best place on the whole brook. On May 6th my host's little boy—a youngster not twelve years old—caught four nice fish in as many minutes (using a worm), and pricked and lost six or eight more. On this occasion the brook was too high for fly fishing, and after some fruitless endeavors we took our rods to pieces and made our way homewards across the barrens. We reached home before five o'clock; our bag consisted of twenty-one fish, all caught with the fly. Had we cared to use worms we could have easily doubled it. Half our time was taken up in traveling from one pool to another. I have often spent three or four hours at a single pool and taken two dozen fish to my own rod, but they are not in condition yet, nor will they bite well until the warm weather and the May flies come.—*Amateur Sportsman*.

GOLDENVILLE, N. S.

### A Letter from Mexico.

The following is an extract from a letter received by us from an old friend and contributor, "Nomad," dated at Sultepec, Estado de Mexico, Mexico, 28th August last, and which was crowded out of our September issue. We feel confident that the glowing description of the scenery which he gives will prove interesting to many of our readers. We hope to hear from him

frequently, and think we can safely promise in the near future a description of the mines with which he is connected:

"My present surroundings are beyond anything I had ever seen before in this country, if I except some parts of the Rocky Mountains that lie between Sonora and Chihuahua, which I visited in the year 1881, and if I were to attempt a verbal description of the mountainous region in which I am now living, I should utterly fail to convey to your mind anything beyond a very faint idea of the reality, as I do not think you have ever seen any portion of this globe with which I could compare it for your benefit; mountain appears to rise above mountain, and so crowd each other that there is no room for a piece of flat land big enough to set up a Punch and Judy show on, while the roads, oh dear, you should see them, and then you would wonder how any human beings could be such fools as to risk their lives by walking or rather creeping on them, still less by riding over them on horseback; but one soon gets accustomed to such acrobatic performances, and even to utter occasionally a very weak jest about them, such as my telling some of the people here that the goats that left Noah's Ark after the deluge had made these roads, and that they had remained in about the same state ever since. I think some of them had heard about Noah's Ark, and could appreciate the justness of my remark, but I think others are still wondering what I could have meant.

I am on the slope leading down from the table land of the interior of the country towards the hot country on the side of the Pacific. The place is reached from the City of Mexico, first by a few hours ride by rail, then followed by two days on horseback, which may be considered as riding on a rail also, with the pleasant idea added that an unlucky stumble of your horse might possibly precipitate you over his head down the ravine below for a few hundred feet or so.

The houses in the village, for we have a village, are built of adobes (sun-dried brick), generally left of their own natural color inside the house and outside as well—it would be too aristocratic to plaster and whitewash them. The roofs are some of them covered with red tiles which are not bad, others are covered with a very long and extremely thin split shingle, which keeps out the wet admirably when it does not rain, and rots in about four or five years. The aristocrats have brick floors, the "oil polloi" being content with their mother earth. To find room for these houses the hillsides generally have to be cut into for some distance. Every house is, as the auctioneer would say, self-contained, and is surrounded by a garden which usually contains a number of fruit trees, oranges, limes, peach, guava, banana, custard apple, etc., which at a distance, and in the rainy season, when everything of a vegetable nature is at its best, make the cottages look very romantic and even cosy, but the looker on should know how to keep his distance and be satisfied with a distant view. Of course by the "village" I do not mean the town of Sultepec, which is distant from here about 2½ miles, perhaps, and at an elevation of 2,632 feet

above us (I like to be particular in such cases). In that town there are several well built houses that, with a slight outlay of money, could be made tolerably comfortable for this temperate climate.

The people in this village, so far, have behaved remarkably well, and I hope and believe will continue to do so. I don't know if you have read a novel called "A Queer Race," where the people are all spotted. Well, in this place quite a large number of the inhabitants are spotted. The ground color is generally a dull brown, and the spots or patches are either much darker or much lighter in color than the rest of the body. In one of our mines I saw one man who had rolled the legs of his loose cotton drawers a good distance above his knees. His natural brown color was relieved by a plentiful and tolerably regular supply of spots so much lighter than the rest of the skin as to appear almost white. The spots, though, are generally very large, and neither the large nor the small ones add anything to the beauty of the possessor, notwithstanding their singularity.

The office where I am writing is built against the side of the mountain, a piece of which had to be cut out to make sufficient level ground for it. The top of the mountain is more than a mile from here, and would take a long time to ascend. The ravine is about one hundred yards below, and so steep that the roof of the storehouse is some yards below the level of the floor of the office, and the roof of the stable is on a level with the floor of the store—very romantic and perhaps pretty in a picture, but rather inconvenient for business and trying to one's wind.

To compensate in a slight degree for these inconveniences, we have some very lovely views close by. One in particular, a deep gorge overtopped by a series of immense precipices of porphyritic rock, clothed with luxuriant vegetation, down which a lovely stream of sweet water plunges in a series of small cascades. Several very beautiful pictures might be made of this spot by varying the point of view, but it would require the talents of a good artist to give anything like an idea of its sublime beauty.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN came to hand regularly up to the June number, since which date I have not received any.

I have not mentioned the climate of this district. It is very pleasant, neither hot nor cold. I have no thermometer, so cannot give you any precise information as to the temperature, but I am sorry to say it is slightly malarial and quite debilitating to new comers especially.

I shall be glad to hear from you, and with kind regards to all acquaintances,

I am

very truly yours,

NOMAD.

An advertisement in our columns calls *Attention!* to the merits of the "Monroe Ink Erasing Pencil." It is indispensable in every well regulated family, and in every place of business where ink is used. It is a bonanza for agents. Write to the publishers of this paper for particulars.





### To our Subscribers and the Public.

Only those who have tried it know the difficulties which attend the publication of a class journal. In this province it is almost impossible to publish one which will adhere closely to any particular class line with any prospect of pecuniary success, hence we have been obliged to introduce under the title of descriptive articles a great deal of matter which would be foreign to an exclusively sporting journal. That Canada should be able and willing to support a paper devoted entirely to the interests of sportsmen goes without saying, but it *don't* do it, and we question much if such a publication could be made a pecuniary success unless the publisher had capital enough to back him while he educated those more particularly interested, to the necessity of supporting it, and when speaking of those interested we do not alone refer to the rod and gun fraternity, but to those whom they benefit. Railway and steamboat corporations, hotel keepers and dealers in sportsmen's supplies are those who derive the greatest pecuniary benefit from the nomadic sportsman, and they should contribute most liberally to the advertising columns of such a journal, as it mainly on the revenue derivable from this source that the publisher must base his prospects of success. Of course, in the interests of the advertiser, it is essential that the paper should have a fair circulation, and that, more than the amount of the subscription is the object of the publisher in endeavoring to add to his subscription list, as in many cases the aggregate amount of subscriptions does not pay the actual cost of paper and printing. Recognizing this fact, and that the advertising space is sparsely filled during the winter months, *The American Angler*, New York, the leading journal of its class in America, has "closed down" on its weekly issue, and with its October number commenced the publication of the *Angler* as a monthly, to be increased by supplementary editions during the summer months if circumstances appear to require it. While thanking our friends and patrons for the excep-

### THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

tionally large subscription list which we enjoy, we feel that we are entitled to a great deal more advertising patronage than we have succeeded in securing, particularly local patronage. Outsiders form an opinion of the enterprise of a locality from the advertising columns of its local papers, for it has become a recognized fact that the individual who does not believe in the efficacy of printer's ink is a long way behind the times, and cannot compete successfully with those who let the world know what they have to dispose of—and after nearly four years of experience in the publication of *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, we can flatter ourselves on having secured a pretty good foothold in many outside localities, in addition to a more than average local circulation. Those who have seen our mailing list, and every one may see it, and welcome,—have expressed surprise that our circulation should be so general, considering the comparatively short period that our journal has been in existence. Now, we know from the complimentary letters we are receiving from all quarters that our publication is appreciated amongst a class of readers whose good opinion we appreciate, and that many of our subscribers preserve each number for reference, and that although we have offered much more than the original cost to secure back files of the paper for recent subscribers, we have been unable to secure them. Advertisers and intending advertisers should make a note of this. It happens very frequently that parties see something advertised which they do not happen to want at the time, but when they do, it is a great satisfaction to them to be able to place their hands on the paper containing the advertisement. Our personal experience enables us to speak feelingly on this point. Another thing which we are obliged to refer, and we do so with regret, is the fact that a large amount is due us in the way of subscription arrears. Quite a number have received the paper from the commencement, and failed to remit any part of the subscription. We know they are perfectly good for it, and with some the amount is considered so paltry that they do not think the want of it causes us any inconvenience, but they forget that the aggregate amount of these small items is an important matter to us. Rather than subject them to any annoyance we have seriously encroached on other sources of income to keep our paper running, much to our own discomfort and to the detriment of those dependent on us. It is now of almost vital importance to us and the continuation of our publication that these arrears should be collected, and we sincerely hope and trust those of our subscribers who receive an intimation of the amount of their in-

debtedness will not delay in remitting us the amount. The alacrity with which they respond will govern our actions in the preparation of our Christmas number, which we hope to make in every way an improvement on all previous issues. Elsewhere in this issue we offer most liberal inducements to those who will pay up all arrears and their renewal subscription for the current year, as well as to new subscribers, and hope that these will be an incentive to our friends and the public generally to assist us in continuing the publication of the *LAND WE LIVE IN* to ultimate pecuniary success, and place it in a position which will reflect credit on its patrons and supporters. It is a *sine qua non* to the continued publication of this journal that our present subscribers should respond to this appeal without any unnecessary delay.

In its issue of the 2nd inst. the *Gazette*, of this city, publishes a lengthy editorial which is entitled, "A Few Words on Temperance and Purity." It commences by publishing a letter addressed to the Secretary of the United Lodges of Gloucester and Albert, of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, which its editor appears to think was intended to cast personal reflections on himself. We understand that the society is a secret one, and it is quite evident from the nature of it, that the writer of the letter did not intend it for publication, nor that the orthographical and grammatical errors should have been pointed out to the public through the medium of a newspaper editorial. We question the propriety of such a course, to say nothing of the secrecy which is supposed to attach to the proceedings of such societies, or the wisdom of the editor in airing his personal grievances by way of an editorial. We have been for years connected with secret societies, but we fail to recall an instance in which any of the proceedings or communications pertaining to the society were given to the press or the public without a resolution to that effect. The portion of the editorial which refers to temperance, is appropriate and to the point, but the *Gazette* regrets the fact that in Sherbrooke young men of some position and a little education rather glory in indulging in vices which can barely be alluded to. While crediting this journal with being "edited by a man of considerable ability," it accuses it of making more than a passing reference to the evil and making capital out of it, and insinuates that our "line of action gives rise to the suggestion that for ten cents a month it is willing to open peep holes in a poppet show of prurience." We thank the *Gazette* for its recognition of the "considerable ability" which it

credits the editor of this journal with, and will go "one better" by referring to its editor as a "man of A-VERY considerable ability," besides acknowledging the benefits we have derived through the *curiosity* of its readers inducing them to invest in the WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARIES which we offer as a premium to new subscribers. The *Gazette* unwittingly endorses our action by referring to an individual who bore a "rather shady reputation as to his dealings with the other sex," and who was refused an invitation to a party at her house by a lady who said, "I do not open the front door of my house to any gentleman who sneaks in at the back door." We claim that our remarks anent the vices referred to were of such a general application as to excite the *prurience* of the female community, with the result that the "shady reputation" of certain individuals in their dealings with the other sex became known, and that these individuals could be admitted by the front or back door, or both, or refused admission, at the option of the "lady of the house." However, as the remarks of our contemporary are only expressive of an opinion as far as our action is concerned, we shall let the matter drop, consoling ourselves with the reflection that even doctors differ, and that the editor of the *Gazette* is "nothing if not critical."

Our reporter has discovered that an isolated house on a prominent thoroughfare leading into as well as out of this city, and on the outskirts thereof, is partly occupied by a rather attractive grass widow, and that until lately, when a slight *denouement* took place, a certain gentleman with whom we are to some extent familiar, has visited the place at different hours of the day and night, on which occasions his business appears to have been altogether with the lady in question. He mustn't do so "never, no more," and when we tell him that "walls have ears," he will probably surmise what we mean. Besides, we have had an inkling that if his visits are continued, his wife will be made cognizant of the fact. Now, as only one individual is referred to here, we hope that half a dozen will not consider it necessary to call upon us and "acknowledge the corn," with a request to "let them down easy."

Mr. J. J. Burbeck, of this city, spent the last day of the open trout fishing season (Sept. 30th) on the Moe's River, and secured a fine basket of trout weighing from 1 lb. to 1 lb. each. They were all caught on the lower two miles of the river.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the adv. of H. A. Carhart, engraver, Syracuse, N. Y., in another column. Mr. Carhart has done considerable work for this paper, and we can vouch for the excellence of his work and his very reasonable charges. Similar work done in New York city has cost us usually a third more. Those in want of advertising cuts would obtain most satisfactory results by communicating with Mr. Carhart, 30 Snow Building, Syracuse, who will submit designs for their approval.

Mr. Pamphile Biron, of this city, caught a maskinonge' at Lake Aylmer, the early part of this month, which measured 3ft. 7in. in length and weighed 22 pounds. He was caught with minnow bait, and the rod used was a birch sapling, without reel, and with an ordinary line and hook. The truth of this statement can be vouched for by well known residents of this city, who happened to be there when the fish was caught. About the same time last year a son of Mr. Biron caught four fish one day at Lake Aylmer which weighed 48 pounds.

Those individuals who so industriously circulated a report that this paper had been suppressed on account of what they were pleased to consider sensational items, which appeared in the last two or three issues, are advised in their own interests, to exercise a little caution in future. It is bad enough for them to display their ignorance, without rendering themselves liable for damages in circulating malicious reports.

Messrs. Bishop & Brown have opened a first class fish stall and green grocers' shop in the basement of the City Hall building on the market-place, where they will keep a choice assortment of all varieties of fish in season, Caraqueet, Malpeque and St. Lucian oysters, etc. Those in want of anything in their line should give them a call.

THE PASTIME PACKAGE contains Chess and Checker Boards, Dominoes, Nine Men Morris, Game of Fox and Geese, Mystic Age Tablet, Game of Fortune, Improved Game of Perfeit, Language of Flowers, Morse Telegraph Alphabet, Game of Authors, Pantomime, Shadow Buff, The Clairvoyant, Album Writers' Friend, 50 Conundrums or Riddles, 13 Magical Experiments, 11 Parlor Games, Magic Music, Game of Letters, etc., only 12cts. Mailed prepaid. Address this office.

We have to apologize for the delay in the publication of this issue of our journal. Our printers have had an unparalleled rush of business, which has necessitated alterations in, and additions to their plant and machinery, and although the matter contained in this issue has been several days in type, it has been impossible to sooner complete the press work and finish up of the paper. Under the circumstances we have thought it advisable to amalgamate the October and November issues and publish them as one number, and thus be enabled to issue our December number on time. Our subscribers will lose nothing by this "doubling up," as October, and November will count as one number only. We shall endeavor to make our December and January issues more than ordinarily attractive, and with this view solicit the assistance and co-operation of our friends and patrons.

There is a steadily increasing demand for OXLEN, the *Great Nerve Food*, amongst those acquainted with its merits in cases of insomania and nervousness. It is a wonderful invigorator, and makes an elderly person feel ten years younger. By mail, 40 cents per box.

Erastus Wiman, Esq., 314 Broadway, New York, has our thanks for a pamphlet entitled "Impossibility of Canadian Annexation," in which he treats this subject at considerable length, strongly advocating such a commercial union as unrestricted reciprocity would afford between the United States and Canada. We make the following extract:

"My position in this matter is simply this: That annexation is unnecessary, is undesirable and is impossible. It is unnecessary, because all that annexation would achieve so far as trade and commerce is concerned, would be effectually achieved by unrestricted reciprocity. A commercial union such as unrestricted reciprocity would afford, instead of a political union, is all that is needed to open up a market continental in its extent for the manufactures of this country. It equally opens up supplies of raw material more productive of prosperity in the United States than anything else just now needed. Of all things it opens up territory for the accommodation of the emigration that is pouring in upon us, and which such scenes as that at Oklahoma in the current week show there is no more room for. The 'land hunger' which these scenes indicate shows the need of wider areas, especially wheat-producing territory. No one thing in all the category of events possible to happen, would be of greater advantage than to have the 1,000 miles square of wheat-bearing territory in Canada to the north of Minnesota and Dakota filled with emigrants who would be ready-made customers of the United States."

The Ladies' Newspaper Word Contest closed on the 15th Sept. We were successful to the extent of a silver bake dish, valued at \$16. The Ladies' Newspaper Co. is prompt in announcing and forwarding prizes, which is more than we can say for some other companies which use this method of increasing their subscription lists.

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.

## EXCHANGES.

*Vade Mecum*, published by F. F. Oakley, Salina, Kansas, at 50 cents, per year,— continues to be one of our most acceptable exchanges. It fearlessly attacks and exposes all Frauds, Swindlers and Humbugs, and there are very many persons who might be saved ten times the cost by subscribing for it. We know this from personal experience. A glance at its columns has saved us from depositing money in banks "Whereon the wild thyme blows." In its Sept. issue it passes some remarks on a certain Montreal "word contest" paper, and on the members of a certain firm which formerly existed in Toronto, of both of which we have had some personal knowledge. We will furnish a year's subscription free to new subscribers to this journal or to advance paying renewal subscribers, who remit direct to this Office enclosing 25 cents additional.

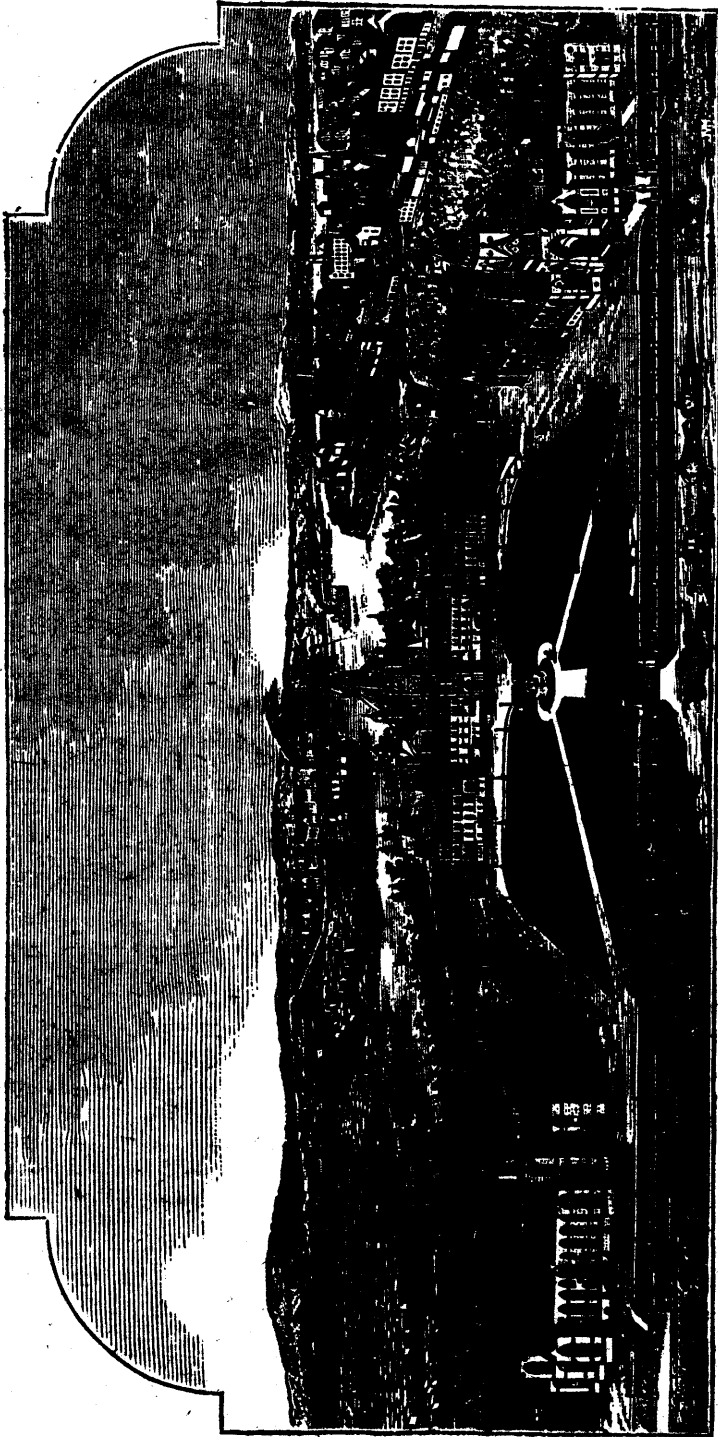
Canada, Benton, New Brunswick, \$1. per year, continues to increase in interest and helps to foster our interest in this *land we live in*. The September issue contains the concluding chapter of "Head or Heart," by Maude L. Radford, a chapter so expressive and affecting that we almost wish that we hadn't reached the end,—or that it had a different ending; "A Memory," of Carillon, on the Ottawa River; A third chapter of "Montcalm and French Canada," A continuation of "The White Cottage, or Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada," by Mrs. S. A. Curzon; "Surprise," a poem, by the editor; "The Flowers," a stanza by J. H. Chant; "The Mother," by William Wilfred Campbell, with a sketch of the Author's works, from "Wives and Daughters," London, Ont.; "A Canadian Heroine," by Edmund Collins; Editorial notes, &c. Clubbed with *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* to new subscribers only, for \$1, to renewal advance paying subscribers, \$1.50.

In its' September issue *Everybody's Journal*, says:—

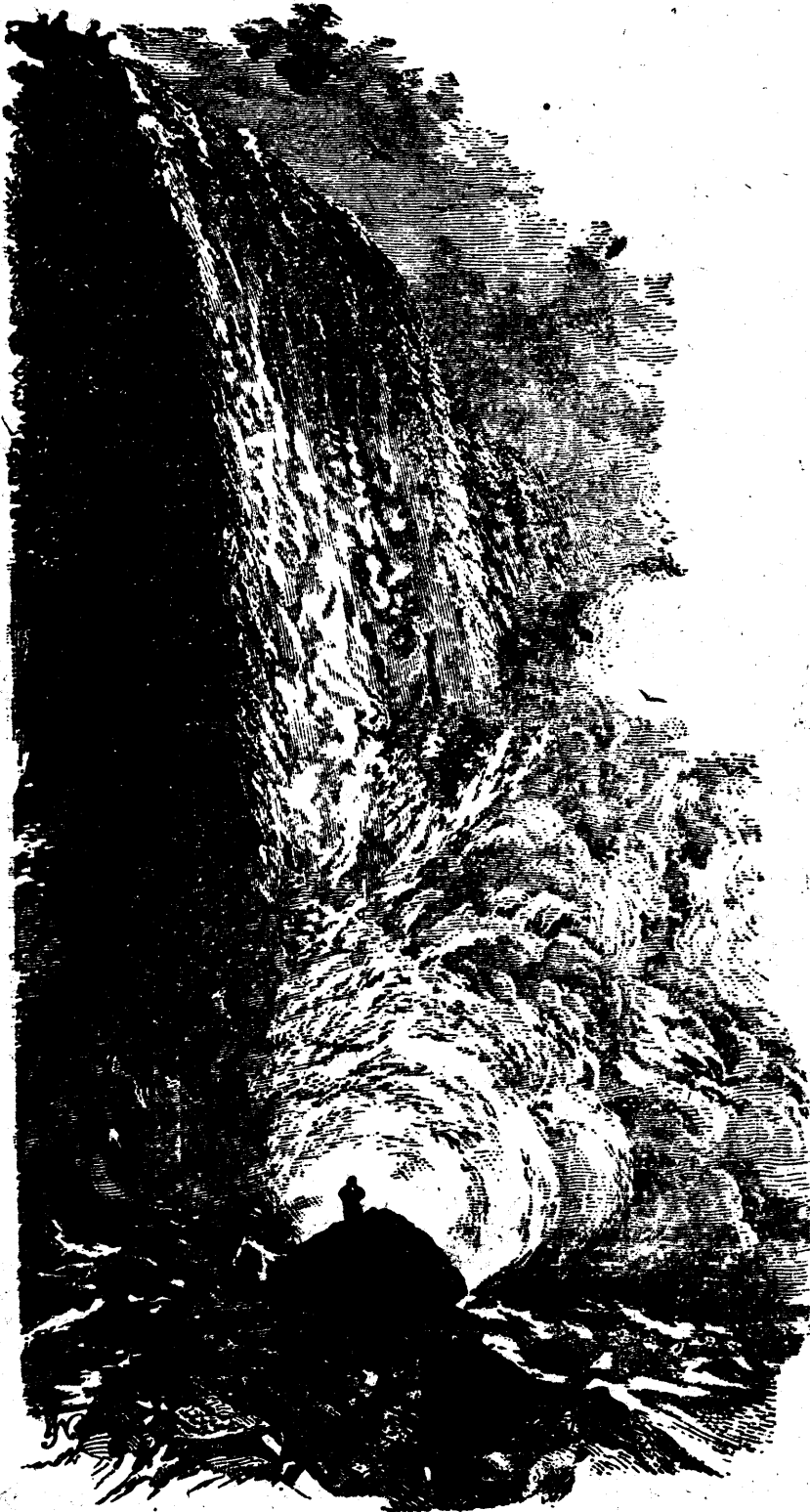
In our judgment the latest number of *The Land We Live In*, (Sherbrooke, Quebec,) excels all other publications of its kind as well as its own past numbers.

Thanks! We consider your judgment an excellent one, Bro. Snyder, and one which cannot be reversed by new trials.

The following publications have been denied the privilege of the Canadian mails, on account of the immoral influence of the advertisements they publish: *American Fireside and Farm*, *The American Homestead*, *The American Household Journal*, *The American Cottage Home*, all printed at



VIEW OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.



VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS.—AMERICAN SIDE.

Jersey City, N. J.; *The Police Gazette*, *Our Country Home*, *The Welcome Friend*, *The Illustrated Companion*, all published at New York; *The Home*, published at Boston, Mass.; *The Saturday Blade*, published at Chicago; and *Comfort*, *Golden Moments*, *Vickery's Fireside Visitor*, *Happy Hours*, *Sunshine*, *Hearth and Home*, all published at Augusta, Maine. Such publications as the above are a curse to the homes of our country, and it is to be hoped that the commendable step taken by our Post Office authorities will have the effect of very largely diminishing their circulation in this country. Of course they will be brought in by other means, but we trust that the eyes of parents will be opened, and that they will prevent the papers in the above list from bringing their defiling influence into our Canadian homes. The land has been flooded with this trash, and it is about time for the flood to find an outlet.—From "*Canada*," for September.

We have no dearth of writers in Canada, although many of our best have gone where they could find the market for the product of their brains and hearts which their own country denies them. If such a market were to arise, most of these would come back to us. But we have still in Canada a number of names that would be an honour to any country, and if our people would evidence the reality of their patriotism by subscribing for and inducing others to subscribe for such publications as *The Week*, *The Dominion Illustrated*, *The Land we Live In*, and *CANADA*, the publishers would be enabled to employ all our best writers at home. To do this, they must have a large circulation. If our people want *CANADA* to be the equal of the leading American and English magazines, they can have it so; it rests wholly with them. Subscribe and canvass for the magazine, take as much interest in its success as the editor does, who has no private ends to serve in its publication, and you will soon have a magazine that the whole Dominion will be proud of.—From "*Canada*" for September.

We have received from W. D. Boyce, Esq., publisher of the *Saturday Blade* and *Chicago Ledger*, a beautifully illustrated catalogue, showing interior views of his extensive printing establishment, interspersed with exquisite half tone engravings of works of art, one of which is from a painting by Bryson of "Psyche by the Seaside," and is a perfect gem of artistic beauty. A very characteristic engraving is one styled "The Man that Don't Believe in Advertising," and from the seedy

appearance of the individual one could almost guess at the title. The circulation of the two papers referred to is over 300,000, and we see that Mr. Boyce has instituted an action for damages against Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York, for under-rating his circulation in their "American Newspaper Directory." The circulation of the *Saturday Blade* has increased from 25,000 in Jan., 1889, to 210,000 in Oct., 1891.

The October issue of *Canada* contains, amongst other racy and interesting matters, "Shan McGann's Toboggan Slide," by Gilbert Parker; "Una in the Wilderness," by Thos. C. Robson; "The Heart on the Sleeve," by Pastor Felix; "The Waterman," by Matthew Richley Knight; Chap. IV. of "The White Cottage," by Mrs S. A. Curzon; and Biographical Sketches of Francis Blade Crofton, Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia, and J. M. Lemoine, F.R.S.C. of Quebec; also a short article, "On the Gatineau," descriptive of an incident connected with the early history of that district. In a few years volumes of *Canada* and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* will form admirable reference books for matters connected with the early history, growth and progress of various parts of the Dominion, and we can furnish a year's subscription to both for \$1.50, or to strictly new subscribers who subscribe between now and 1st January next, for \$1.00.

Many of our subscribers will notice that we are placing facilities in their way for the transmission of their subscriptions, and we hope they will not hesitate to "catch on."

#### NEW TIME TABLE.

The Quebec Central Railway will adopt winter time table on Monday November 2nd. On that day the express train will leave Sherbrooke at 8.00 a.m., arriving at Quebec 2.30 p.m. Returning, express will leave Quebec at 1.30 p.m., arriving at Sherbrooke 8.00 p.m. The night train service will be discontinued for the winter months.

#### A Beautiful Souvenir.

Splendid illustrations, supplements, literary features and artistic arrangement; beautiful engravings, charming stories, sketches and poems, wit and humour, in delightful combination in the Christmas number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* for 1891. No expense will be spared to make it the most magnificent holiday souvenir ever issued in Canada. Published by the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

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

In translating from "*En Racontant*" by J. U. Gregory, Esq., certain articles which appeared in our June and July issues our translator made several most absurd and ridiculous blunders for which we trust the author will accept our most ample apologies, and that his friends will saddle the blame where it belongs, on our translator. An implicit confidence in the ability of our translator to render a faithful translation prevented us from giving the matter the personal attention we should have done and for this we express our sincere regret.

#### The World's Columbian Exposition, Illustrated.

Is the only established organ entirely devoted to the interests of the World's Columbian Exposition. It is published monthly, commencing with February, 1891. No library will be complete without it. The illustrations are in half tone, and the finest enameled paper is used. Each number will contain 32 pages, 11x16. Every six issues will form a volume. The subscription price is \$3 a year, or 25cts. a month. Yearly or monthly subscriptions may be sent to the publishers of *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, Sherbrooke, Que., or to Jas. B. Campbell, president and general manager, 218 LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill. Get all back numbers, and have every six succeeding issues handsomely bound. You will then have a complete illustrated history of the Great Exposition, and you and your children will be able to REVIEW the GREAT FAIR in years to come. Sample copies can be seen at the office of this journal. Beautifully bound vols. supplied at \$2.75 per vol. As soon as the interests of the Columbian Exposition demand it, the publication will issue semi-monthly, and during the six months of the Exposition, May to November, 1893, it will be issued weekly, when the annual rate will be advanced. Subscribers remitting \$8 before January, 1892, will receive a copy of every issue of the paper from its first number (Feb., 1891), until the close of the Fair in 1893.

Do not fail to call at this office, and subscribe for the *World's Columbian Exposition Illustrated*, the only authentic organ of the *World's Fair*. Subscriptions received from month to month, or by the year, or until the close of the *Fair* in 1893. Copies may be seen at this office.

It will pay you to become a subscriber to *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, for the premiums alone, some of which could not be obtained for the price at which we offer paper and premiums.

There is nothing a canvassing agent can handle so profitably as the Ink Erasing Pencil advertised in another column.

## 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. Caldor, 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 Cyclopædia 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 5c cents each.



MEGANTIC LAKE.—SOUTH FROM CHERRY BANK.

## SPARKS FROM TOMMY'S PEN.

The Worldly Smart Man Gets it Right and Left—Perfection is All Right in Butter and Eggs—We Make Mistakes. So Do Others.

Young man, when you get so smart that you have nothing left to learn, the best place for you would be on a book shelf in one of "Carnegie's free libraries." And when you get so cunning that we can never catch you napping, the best place for you is among the stuffed owls in the National Museum. The world has no need of such fossils outside of caves and archaeological collections. What a dried-up channel is to a landscape, such to the world he lives in, is a worldly-smart nature which has become invulnerable to a sensation and incapable of a mistake or an enthusiasm.

He has outgrown his chief charm who has outgrown his freshness; and he has become a mere petrification who has attained unto a state wherein he is unassailable by the blunders to which other men

succumb. We don't need such people any more than a full-mooned August night needs signal lights. Better fall down once in a while than to get so ossified that you can't even bend yourself out of the perpendicular.

I know perfection is all right in butter and eggs, but a man to be a good comrade wants enough of the imperfection of human nature left to him to render himself capable of an occasional blunder. I would rather live with the Status of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island, than attempt to dwell with a person who has outlived the possibility of being "taken in," or has soared above the weakness of once in a while taking a leap without knowing exactly where he is going to land. Why, bless your heart, my dear, the man who always looks before he jumps, misses a fine tumble in the clover! Yes, and children playing together in the haymow, would miss the best elixir of their sport if they measured every distance and computed the safety of every risk. And life, a good part of it anyway, is nothing more than the venture of children romping in the

dark. A preternaturally wise child and a smart man make poor comrades in either play or work.

What gives childhood its first and greatest charm? What more than its freshness—and its capacity to enjoy a delusion? When the child outgrows its belief in Santa Claus and fairy tales, it ceases to have the nature of a child, and the wiser it gets and the further from the humbuggeries of youth the more of that belief it loses, until it becomes like too many of us older cranks, a withered old corn stalk, with neither dew nor blossom left upon it. When we pray for pure hearts, let us add to our petition from now on, that in the grind and turmoil of sordid living we may all preserve a little of the "greenness" of life's springtime in our nature. Keep us, good Lord, from too much conceit in our own cunning. Help us now and then to take the attitude of little children. Make singing birds of us rather than sly old foxes, shrubs of living verdure rather than dusty specimens' mummaged inside of a herbarium.—Tommy Mice in the Homestead, Pa., News Boy.

## Market Sketches



"Good mornin', Pather! Excuse me Pather for callin' you Pather, but sure didn't I know you afore you wor Mистер Coot-yoor? Yes indeed I did so I did." "That's all right Mulligan. It's market fees I'm after now, not names, an' if you were to call me an extortionate *ould pather*, it would't hurt my feelin's a bit, so take the hint and be feelin' for yer ten cents." "Och! Its' that yer dhrivin' a', is it. Faith I'm that mortal cowl'd that I can't feel tin cints." "It's not tin cents I want, its' a ten cent silver coin I want, but I s'pose you left it over at the Magog House as you came by." "That I may niver sin Pather, but I've the greatest mind to give you the lie, so I have. The sorra a shtop I had since I left home, except to shoot these two partridges the other side of the Kay Brook, and to wather the owld horse down by the Brewery. Here's a quarter! Take it out of that Pather! Bad cess t'ye for insinuat'n that I shtopped at the Magog!" "Don't get mad, Mr. Mulligan! I didn't say what you shtopped at the Magog for." "Bad scran t'ye, I tell ye I didn't shtop!" "I didn't say you did." "No faith, I don't b'lieve ye said it in as many words but ye insinuated it, an' that's worse nor sayin' it." "Here! stop your jawin' you two, till I see if I can't buy them partridges. I suppose they're shot full of lead to make them weigh." "Well they're not Mr. Presby. You'll not find a mark on them below the neck, so you won't. I've shot too many partridges not to know better nor that so I have. I'll howld you the price of a noggin that it's the thruth I'm tellin' you, an' no lie, an' by the same token you can have them for fifty cents, or lave them. There's plenty 'll be glad to git them at that, but by the powers Mистер Presby, there's not a man in the City I'd sooner see atin' them than yerself, I thank ye! Mистер Presby. Now jst take them down to yer p'cther saloon an' git some misfort'it shtportsman to howld them till you take a p'cther of him, so he can show his frinds that he's the divil an' all to shoot. I'll howld ye, ye'll make money out of the copies he'll want."

"What's that silver cup that Spearing has on exhibition in his window over there?" "Oh, that's a cup won by the 53rd Batt, for proficiency in drill or something of that kind, I don't think it has any name as yet." "Hasn't ay? Well I would suggest that it be named *Stirrup Cup*, as exemplifyin' the proficiency of some of its officers in connection with equestrian performances." "How's that?" "Why they say, at the Quebec camp, one of them had a chair provided, to assist him in mountin, and another got a spill from his horse in the street." "Oh that's nothing! Perhaps some of that smuggled whiskey may have been at the bottom of it." "Hello! Didymus?" "Hello yourself!" "What do you think of the verdict of acquittal rendered in that case of Beaulieu for murder." "Think! I think the jury ought

to be indicted for high treason, in conspiring against Her Majesty, Her Crown and Dignity, by rendering such a verdict" "Well, perhaps that would be going further than the circumstances would warrant, but no sane man who heard the evidence, can say that the verdict was in accordance with that evidence."

"Non, M'sieu! no for dat. Dat jury she'll be 'fraid dat of she'll say dat man she'll mek *le meurtre*, she'll come hang fo' sure. She'll be one Franchman, she'll don't stan' no show, fo' su'. She'll be hang all-a-sam' lek Blanchard et Lamontagne. *Oui, c'est vrai*. Biel, *par exemple* Hang Franchman every tam. Fo' su' no hang H'angleesh-man lek dat" "Well no, I'll grant you that, Baptiste. But do you know why?" "Non, M'sieu, *sais pas*." "Well its because there aint so many Englishmaen that deserve hangin'." "Oh you *sacré* dam. M'sieu Merrill! You know morz bettere dan d.it. Planty H'angleesh-man all-a-sam bad luk one *tres mauvais* Franchman. N'vare min' M'sieu Merrill, no use for *parler* wit you, fo' su'. You one dam Yankee. Mak de nutmeg *en bois* hey? *Le jambon en poplar*, hey? Heat le ponkin pie, hey? all-a-sam lek one hog, one *cochon*, *par exemple*. Bi gosh me n'eat ma peeg, hon the ponkin." "They're a darned sight better'n pea soup, anyway. No wonder they call you a peasouper. But see here Baptiste! You hurry up and sell them that blood puddin's o' yourn, an' get that bottle o' whiskey 'at you use Sunday's in place ov holy water, an' git home afore night overtakes you, or the ole woman 'll dose the whiskey so you won't get much comfort out'n it to-morrow sure." "Tonnerre! Guess dats so M'sieu Merrill. *Boudin! Boudin! Bien bon boudin! Douze cents le livre!* Mek heem mase'f. Planty pork, planty ognon, *avec le sang fraiche*, goat blood, fo' su', *c'est vrai* Douze cents *la livre*. Twal cents par pound. *Je vend à bon marché*. Ma sell sheep, fo' su'." "Sell sheep! You d'ough-head it's blood puddin' a' yer sellin' or fryin' to sell, for no one can onderstan' such gibberish as you're gettin' off." "Never pain' me, M'sieu Merrill! You'll don't see me tek *le monnaie* lek *de* *rien*. *Merci Madame!* *C'est correct*, *Cinq lires*. *Soixante cents*. *Merci!* You no can *sole* heem mo' bettere dan dat, aint it? *Un autre chaland*, M'sieu Merrill! *Another custom*. Ten poun' *oui*. Yes Sir! One dollar an' twanty cent. *Merci M'sieu!* Thank you! Wot for you can say nothin' mo' you h'ole ponkin, M'sieu Merrill, hey? Yo go home get your *souper* M'sieu Merrill! *Votre thé!* Your tea, wot you call, all-a-sam lek *Hirishman, Irlandais*, she'll say, one *quart de l'eau*,—watare, wot you call, mek heem *bouillir*, *se diminuer*, for mek heem come strong, *bien fort*, *oui*. *Bon soir mon ami!* *Bon soir M'sieu Merrill!*

## 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 orsiring with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children 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.

## A GREAT INK ERASER.

The following is a copy of a letter received by the Monroe Eraser Co. from its San Francisco Agent:

OFFICE OF W. M. TALBOTT,  
General Agent for High Grade  
Novelties, 320 Hayes St.

SAN FRANCISCO, Apl. 20, 91.

GENTLEMEN:—Please ship me 10 gross Erasers, assorted sizes, in one two dozen agents outfit cases per week until notified further. From the first week I commenced handling the erasing pencil my sales have averaged 6 gross and 7 dozen per week, up to date. By 30 or 60 days more I am satisfied my orders will be for not less than 20 gross per week. I have been eight years in agency business, and am familiar with about all novelties on the market during that time, and I must say I have never as yet seen any novelty to compare with your invention as a seller or money maker.

It is something that no office man for any person that uses ink will be without after they have seen it operate. All I ask now is that you fill orders promptly, and I will sell the goods.

Yours respectfully,  
W. M. TALBOTT.

The following is in reply to a letter asking for information respecting the Monroe Ink Eraser advertised in another column. The name of the correspondent is purposely withheld:

Office of Consulting Physician and  
Medical Electrician, the De Groot  
Electro-Medical Institute, 66 Liberty  
Street, New York.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1891.

DEAR MADAM.—I am at length able to write you concerning the matter of the Monroe Patent Chemical Ink-Erasing Pencil. You inquire as to whether it is what it is represented to be, and as to whether an agency would pay. I answer both questions affirmatively. It will erase French copying, ineradicable and non-fading ink—a feat impossible to accomplish with any other chemical of which I know. It does it, moreover, without injuring the paper in the least.

You can take an agency conscientiously. I have personally solicited the company's "terms to agents," and find them both fair and reasonable.

I have no acquaintance with the company.

Truly yours,  
W. H. MORSE, M.D.

Anyone sending us March, 1891 copies of this paper with address, will receive other satisfactory reading matter in exchange.

A blue cross opposite this paragraph signifies that your subscription expires with this number. We shall be pleased to have it renewed.

CARDS SAMPLES & Agents Outfit FREE  
W. J. Kenrick, 744-9ts at Milwaukee, Wis.



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Cannot Escape Notice,

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AT LOWEST PRICES.

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Furnishes first class accommodation to permanent or transient guests, and is situated at corner of Terrace Street and Market Square, convenient to Post Office Banks and Court House. Table and bar supplied with the best of everything in their line. Particular attention paid to sportsmen. In convenient proximity to Stations of the Grand Trunk, Quebec Central, Boston and Maine, and Canadian Pacific Railways. Sportsmen's supplies of all kinds in close proximity. \$1.50 per day to transient guests.

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Improved Plasters.

WILL CURE

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Lamé Back or Side, Neuralgia, Cramps, Lung, and all Bronchial Troubles, Sprains, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Heart Disease, Sore or Weak Eyes, and Female Weakness, in a short time.

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Out of several hundred sold in Canada, we know of only two cases, where they failed to relieve, and these were cases of muscular rheumatism

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We guarantee these Plasters to relieve every case for which they are recommended, if used as directed, or will refund the amount paid.

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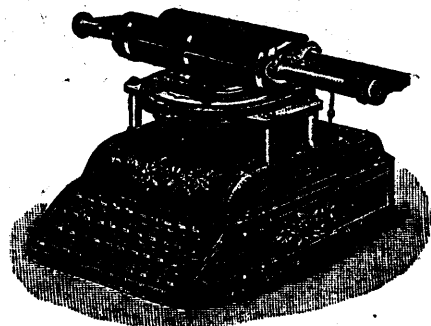
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An established favorite in thousands of families. The recipes in it are all the result of practical experience, and there is beside a useful chapter of recipes for dishes of Hebrew families. Containing 1200 choice and carefully tested receipts, embracing all the popular dishes and the best results of modern science reduced to a simple and practical form. Cloth, \$1.00, Illustrated.

D. THOMAS & CO., Publishers, Sherbrooke

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## The Ladies Interested in the Distribution of \$1,500.00!

A Spirit of Friendly Rivalry Stirred Up!—The Ladies Alive to the Great Importance of the Undertaking!

The ladies of Canada are delighted; husbands note with pleasure smiling faces of wives and daughters; indeed, the whole country is stirred up with a pleasurable excitement.

It simply amounts to this,—that the manufacturers of the celebrated and universally used Diamond Dyes have inaugurated a grand competition, scheme known as the "Diamond Dye Competition" which is freely thrown open to every mother, wife and daughter of our broad Dominion.

No less a sum than \$1,500.00 will be distributed to the mothers, wives and daughters of Canada, in first, second and third prizes. This sum is really being returned to the consumers of Diamond Dyes. Every lady in Canada can afford to become a competitor, and has sufficient intelligence and ability to make up some of the articles mentioned in the long and varied list. Ample time is afforded to all for experimenting and becoming perfect as competitors for the large cash prizes offered.

It is an unprecedented act of liberality on the part of the wealthy manufacturers of Diamond Dyes, and never before attempted by any similar institution in the world; and the public have the most ample proof that every promise will be faithfully carried out.

During the season the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes have contributed liberally to country fairs, in order to encourage Household Economy and Art. Small and almost unknown concerns have tried to stimulate this character of work, by the offer of insignificant sums of from one to three dollars, that would not in any instance defray cost of dyeing and the making up of goods called for. We fear these small imitators have not yet discovered the fact that the ladies value too highly their time and materials, to be lured by such trifling and miserly prizes.

The fairs of our country having closed for the season, the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes mean to keep the ladies busy during the long autumn and winter evenings, by offering large and substantial prizes in keeping with the character of work asked for.

The production of every competitor will form an exhibit in the large and well-equipped Diamond Dye establishment in Montreal, and three of the largest and best known Dry Goods firms in Canada have promised experts to award the prizes. These well-known houses are: Henry Morgan & Co., Henry & N. E. Hamilton, and John Murphy & Co.

Graham & Co., proprietors of the Montreal Daily Star, and Family Herald and Weekly Star, have signified their willingness to act as judges on the various Essays sent forward for competition.

Young and old, rich and poor, have an equal chance in this magnificent and novel competition scheme; therefore all should willingly enter. If you have not yet received a book giving full particulars of the scheme, write at once to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, who will send it post free.

We are asked to remind our readers of the fact that all intending competitors should at once signify their intentions of becoming competitors, by sending in the form, properly filled up, which is found on page 15 of the book referred to. We wish to impress upon

our people the fact that this contest is absolutely free to all. There is no cost for books, no entrance fee, and no money to be sent forward; it is as free to all as the air we breathe. We trust our people will do what they can in this competition, and thus sustain the reputation of our women and girls as adepts in household work and art.

We are sorry to learn that the Laurentides House, Lake Edward, Que., has been destroyed by fire. It was a great resort for anglers.

## Subscribers' Directory

For Month ending 1st October 1891.

### SHERBROOKE.

G T Armstrong, A D Burnes,  
Henry Davidson, L A Dastous,  
G G Bryant, N G Bray,  
E G Wiggett, James Mundell,  
James Mundell, Harry E Page.

### PARTOUT.

E J Hale, Quebec.  
Dr Rooney, Auburn, Placer Co., California.  
Geo S Flanders, Waterville, Que.  
John Hughes, Stanhope, Que.  
J Rowley, St. Vallers Toll Gate, Quebec.  
Geo M F. Irchild, jr., Valcartier, Que.  
A H Cummings, Coaticook, Que.  
E Le Sauter, L'Anse au Foin, Saguenay, Q.  
H O Ayearst, DeClare, Manitoba.  
Wm Edwards, Agnes, Que.  
H A P Holland, Melboro, Que.  
W G Murray, Massawippi, Que.  
John Harrison, Brompton Falls, Que.  
W Drysdale & Co, Montreal.  
Dr E B Bush, 1920 Division St., St. Louis, Mo.  
Rev Thos Blaylock, Danville, Que.  
John McCreavey, Perryboro, Que.  
Thomas Hall, Capleton, Que.  
Mrs Wm Little, Massawippi, Que.  
Rufus A Putney, North Hatley, Que.

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THE LAND WE LIVE IN for one year and six great books, viz., The Standard American Poultry Book, The American Live Stock Manual, Everybody's Law Book, Condensed Cyclopedia of Useful Knowledge, Modern Cook-Book, and Medical Guide, and Artistic Embroidery for \$1.25.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN, for one year, and ten of the greatest novels ever written, viz. East Lynne, Jane Eyre, John Halifax Gentleman, Adam Bede, The Woman in White, Lady Audley's Secret, Vanity Fair, The Last Days of Pompeii, The Three Guardsmen, and "Put Yourself in His Place." for \$1.50.

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Remit direct to the publishers of THE LAND WE LIVE IN, Sherbrooke, Que.

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

**10 Cents will do it. Do What? start you making every day 3.00 Dollars.** Send at once. Howard Manufg Co., 789 Broadway New York.

**BOTTLED** Electricity cure Catarrh, Colds etc. Address LITTLE & Co, Chicago, Ill.—etc

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We will print your Name and Address in 5000 copies of The Yankee Name Directory, which will bring you hundreds of Samples, Catalogues, News-papers, etc., And in addition, we will send you "THE YANKEE YOUTH," a nice story paper one year on trial, and a copy of The Directory with your name and address printed therein free. Send 10c. to day to, JEFFIE R. HUDSON, Hardin Springs, Kentucky

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And all whose business requires writing, do not deface your books by scratching, use

## The Ink Erasing Electrosine Pencil,

Which works instantaneously and does not abrade the paper.

Manufactured by

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A Neat and Clean Set of Books is appreciated by good business men.

It Erases Ink in two Seconds.

The Eraser is in size and shape similar to a common lead pencil, and is used in connection with a small vial of common water which has a few grains of Chloride of Lime dissolved in it. The Pencil absolutely contains no poison of any kind, and is perfectly harmless when tasted. It is absolutely safe to use, and removes ink blots, fruit and other liquid stains without injury to paper or other delicate white materials, without abrasion. Writing can be erased in part or entirely, errors corrected, blots removed and the paper can be written on again as perfectly as though never used. To erase writing simply moisten the writing by wetting end of pencil and passing over it. Then apply a drop of the liquid either with reverse end of penholder or the cork which is in the vial.

### PRICE OF ERASERS:

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No. 1, extra large, 75 cents each; No. 2, medium size, 50 cents each; No. 3, smaller size, 40 cents each.

Agents wanted to handle the Eraser, either upon salary or commission. Will pay good live agents a liberal salary.

For terms and full particulars send stamp and address to

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A \$350 Sealskin Coat for the Lady Coming Nearest the Requirements.

Every lady sending fifty cents for a three months' trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY, may enclose a sample of her handwriting (not less than six lines), for the delineation of her character in Prof. Wickle's Graphological Prize Examination. The single or married lady possessing, according to delineation of her handwriting, the most characteristics necessary for the making of a good wife, will be presented by the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY with an ELEGANT GENUINE SEA SKIN COAT, costing \$350.00.

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An elegant SILVER TETE-A-TETE KETTLE is given each day to the lady whose handwriting is received, and upon delineation, is pronounced the best of those received that day.

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BIG Package colored samples, Fountain Pen, Paper 3 mo. 10c. EMPLOYMENT GUIDE, LaMars, Iowa.

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Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors!

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Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written

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is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

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| <b>EAST LYNNE,</b><br>By Mrs. Henry Wood.         | <b>LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,</b><br>By Miss M. E. Braddon.       |
| <b>JANE EYRE,</b><br>By Charlotte Bronte.         | <b>VANITY FAIR,</b><br>By W. M. Thackeray.                   |
| <b>JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN,</b><br>By Miss Mulock. | <b>THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII,</b><br>By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. |
| <b>ADAM BEDE,</b><br>By George Elliot.            | <b>THE THREE GUARDSMEN,</b><br>By Alexander Dumas.           |
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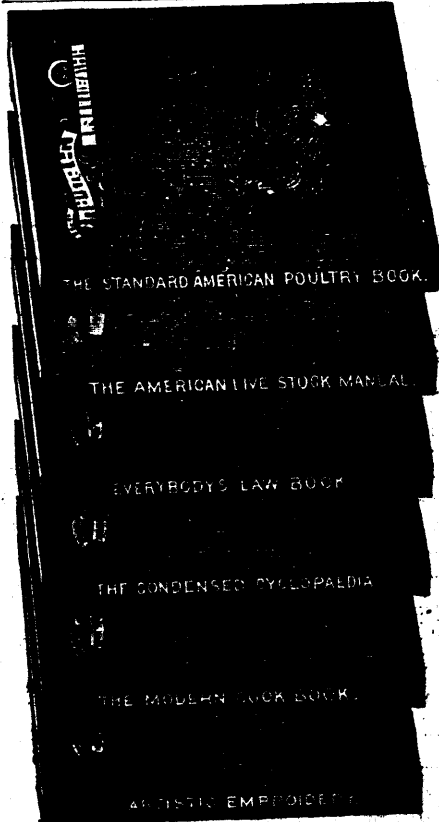
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The most interesting and instructive monthly magazine for the country boys is

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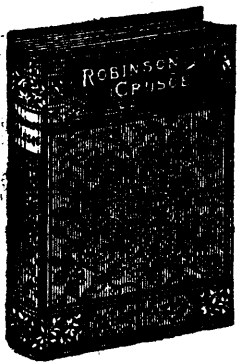


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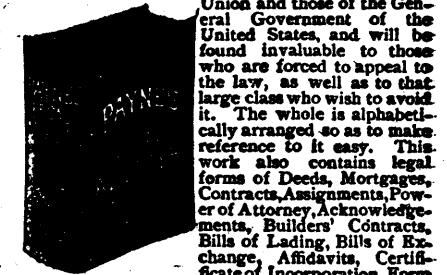
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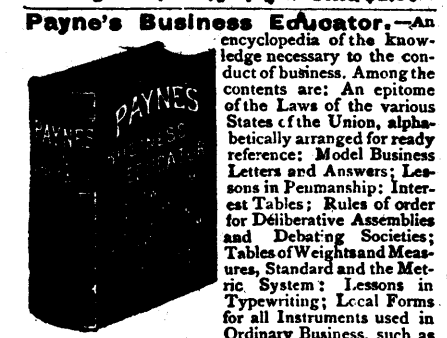
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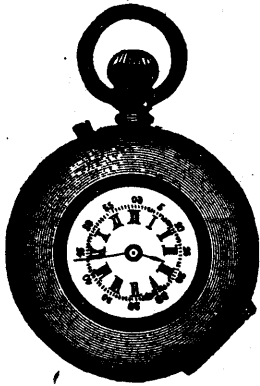
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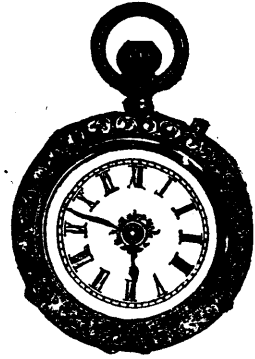
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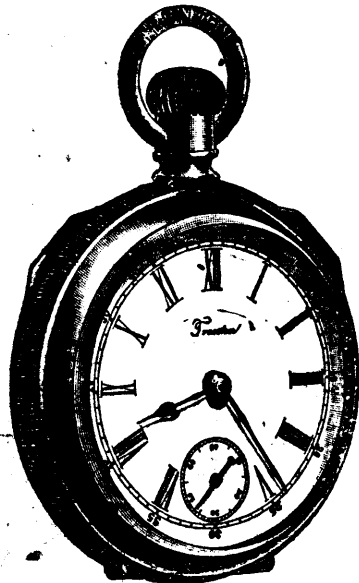
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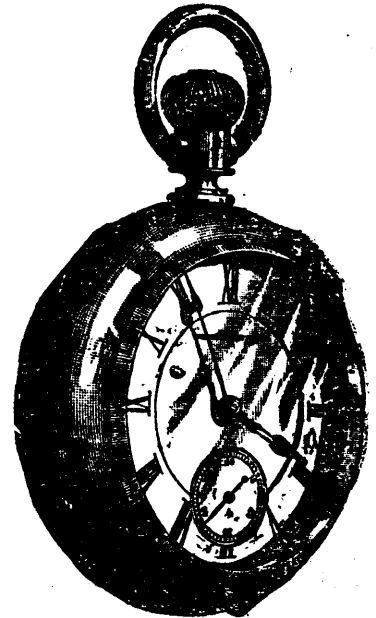
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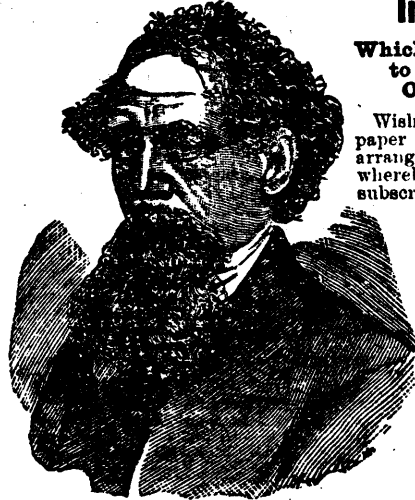
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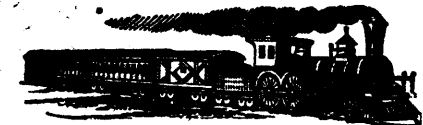
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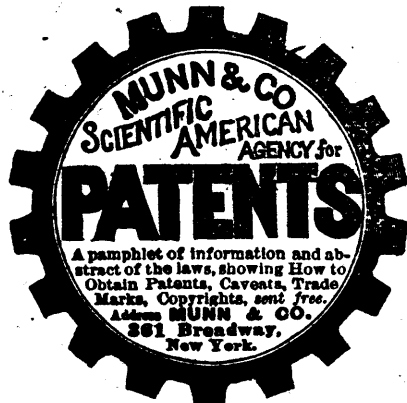
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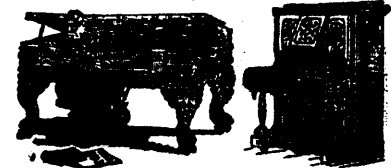
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