

A DAY IN A CANADIAN SWAMP

It is autumn that, to French Canada at least, brings the full glory of the Canadian year. The wandering Englishman sings of the joys of an English spring. "Oh to be in England now that April's there," forgetting, under the touch of homesickness, that April may be very tedious and chilly and disheartening, and that the joys may have more poetry than reality about them says a writer in Chambers's Journal. But spring in eastern Canada scarcely exists. The loops at a bound as it were, from winter to fall summer; and it is only afterwards one recalls that there were days full of "the infinite expectation of the dawn," when one watched the exquisite little waves of warm, light green breaking over the trees, and welcome the robins back to the garden, full of the business of life and mating; to see them later settling down to the responsibility of the worm winner of the brood. Summer in Quebec is a warm, light green breaking over the trees, and welcome the robins back to the garden, full of the business of life and mating; to see them later settling down to the responsibility of the worm winner of the brood.

At Ste Anne, Grande Riviere, which is of considerable size compared with the numerous little runnels that flow down the hillsides, and almost deserves its name, divides the swamp by its several channels. At high tide the delta is full of islands frequented sometimes by men in "bunches" who use the local term—of golden eye or mergansers. The general color of the swamp is brownish-gray, yellowing in the distance. On a clear day, as one looks down towards the end of the Island, the water is of an intense ultramarine blue, and the bold promontory of Cap Tourment is backed by almost summer-like masses of white cumulus clouds. Strange and wonderfully beautiful mirage effects are seen near St. Joachim, and through the crisp air one can hear the church bells of Chateau Richer and Ste Anne for miles. The shining spires of the great church, to which thousands of pilgrims make their way every year, are clearly visible lifting into the sky.

One leaves the town about a quarter of eight in the morning for a goodly flock in the marsh. It takes a little less than an hour to get to Ste Anne by electric tram; but a favorite device is to shoot for an hour or two in one place, and then take the tram which runs hourly for three or four miles, and try the swamp again farther down. It is a clear, almost windless day in early September, with a slight haze hanging about marsh and river, that will and softens all marsh outlines without obscuring the view.

The Swamp is Full of Birds. but so early in the season snipe are few, and those found are small, breeding birds, very generally distributed. Later on in October, when the duck are arriving in flocks, the larger snipe come from the north in pairs or small groups of four or five. The migration of the jacksnipe or pectoral sandpiper is just commencing, and the yellowlegs, young turnstones, black-breasted and ring-necked plover are still to be found. Sandpipers and plovers are on the beach early in the day, but about eight o'clock snipe seem to drop in from nowhere. They flush zigzag and curving, uttering a harsh "escape! escape!" as they do so; but at this season the snipe shooting is nothing to what it will be in late October, when no other shore-birds, except perhaps the jacks and a few greater yellow legs remain. Even the commonest shore-birds, the least and semi-palmated sandpiper, of which at the very beginning of the season one may see flocks of hundreds swinging up the river, wheeling alighting, feeding, and upon being disturbed taking flight again, always up, are almost all gone, but a few raggers, Sora rails are very common, but Virginia rail the larger cousin of the sora, is rare; one seldom sees more than two of three in a season. Bittern are numerous, and put up with a frightened squawk. Sometimes they fly to the hills, and are lost to view in the trees. The inhabitants make them into a not savory pie, and are very glad of a present of a couple, when at midday one finds one's way up to a cottage to get a cup of coffee and a huge bowl of real habitant soup—almost a stew, and extraordinary good. The French-Canadian farmers in this locality are extremely well-to-do, and live very comfortably. "On mange comme il faut chez nous" was the dignified reply of a farmer wife to a young and hungry hunter who demanded rather magnificently.

What He Could Have to Eat. and after partaking of their good fare he felt inclined to agree heartily in the vernacular "Beau domage!" which is equivalent to "Rather!" The least bittern, not inaptly described as resembling a bit of yellow

and youthful sportsman. Below the swamps are the Beauport Flats proper—wide, level stretches of mud, inland, as it were, with pools which are full of curious reflections of form and color, and broken by sudden, angular ridges of silty rock. It is here the plover feeds. Beyond the flats are huge boulders on which numbers of great blue herons—very picturesque in spite of their poker-stiff necks and various mechanical movements—and gulls of various species sit to feed at low tide. With the herons it is a case of distance tending enchantment, and it is perhaps as well that they are difficult to approach, for their ungainly legs and neck, and their loose, dull gray plumage infested with parasites, at close quarters detract somewhat from the effect gained by their remoteness.

The natural beauty of the swamp is very great. Behind, in the north, are the hills ablaze against the clear blue sky with the transforming fires of autumn; and parallel with the swamp from Montmorency to Ste Anne runs the Island of Orleans, separated from the mainland by a shallow channel three quarters of a mile wide. In late October and the beginning of November great numbers of thousands of ducks of many species gather in the channel; and though the Quebec game laws distinctly state that no wildfowl of any sort may be shot from a motor-boat, yet the duck are constantly being stalked by men in gasoline-launches, and this in broad daylight, under the eyes of every sportsman on either the Island or the Ste Anne swamp! The island swamp closely resembles the Ste Anne side, except that, on account of the small size of the Island, there are no streams.

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Knee Joint Stiff Three Years

CURED BY NERVILINE

Anyone would marvel at my recovery, writes Mr. Leonard Lotham, a young man well known about Chatham. I had inherited a rheumatic tendency through my mother's family, and in my early days suffered frightfully. About three years ago the pain and stiffness settled in my left knee joint. I was lame and walked with a very distinct limp. Nerviline was brought to my notice and I rubbed it into the stiff joint four or five times a day. It dispelled every vestige of pain, reduced the swelling, took out the stiffness and gave me the full use of my limb again. I don't believe there is a pain-relieving remedy, not a single liniment that can compare with Nerviline. I hope every person with pains, with sore back, with lameness, with lumbago, with neuralgia—I do hope they will try out Nerviline which is a pain-relieving remedy, not a single liniment that can compare with Nerviline. I hope every person with pains, with sore back, with lameness, with lumbago, with neuralgia—I do hope they will try out Nerviline which is a pain-relieving remedy, not a single liniment that can compare with Nerviline.

HON. CHAS. JOSEPH DOHERTY

The Canadian Minister of Justice Is a Gentle Man.

Hon. Chas. Joseph Doherty, Minister of Justice and member of the House of Commons for the St. Ann's District of Montreal, is acting as Premier while Sir Robert Borden takes a rest in Muskoka from the worries and labors of that position. From the worries particularly would Sir Robert be delivered.

NEWS ACROSS THE BORDER

WHAT IS GOING ON OVER IN THE STATES.

Latest Happenings in Big Republic Condensed for Busy Readers.

The Grand Truck docks at Seattle have been destroyed by fire. Twenty persons were injured in a panic on a Newark street car, when a fire blew out.

When a Woman Suffers With Chronic Backache

There is Trouble Ahead.

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion.

DOWN BY THE SOUNDING SEA

HITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped by Waves of the Atlantic.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some profits are not without dishonor. Theories cause us more worry than do facts. Dead men's shoes seldom fit those who wait for them. The charity that begins at home also covers a lot of sins. Boat rockers on the sea of matrimony deserve their fate. Some men carry their courage around in a pocket flask. Many a man learns something every time a fool blunders. A woman's strength lies in her knowledge of a man's weakness. Some men are honest because they are too poor to be otherwise. It sometimes happens that the chap who hesitates doesn't get lost. A man is known as his mother's son until he becomes his wife's husband. A good woman may be talked around, but she doesn't talk about others. Be sure you are right, but don't be too blamed sure that everybody else is wrong. Don't think because a girl's complexion is a dream that all dreams are hand-painted. Of course, a married man can live on less than a bachelor—if his wife takes in washing. No, Alonzo, a girl isn't necessarily stone blind just because she doesn't care for diamonds. Occasionally a girl marries a man just to keep him from hanging around the house every evening.

WHY WORRY?

Choose your variety and ask your grocer for "Clark's".

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We Do the Cooking

You avoid fussing over a hot stove— Save time and energy— Have a dish that will please the home folks! A package of Post Toasties and some cream or good milk—sometimes with berries or fruit— A breakfast, lunch or supper Fit for a King! Toasties are sweet, crisp bits of Indian corn perfectly cooked and toasted— Ready to eat from the package— Sold by Grocers. Canadian Postum Cereal Co. Ltd. Windsor, Ont.

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