

Canada's Loup Cervier.

Among the remaining denizens of Canadian forests most feared by man in a personal encounter none is now more likely to be met than the huge cat like Lynx Canadensis or loup cervier of the French Canadians, paysho of the Montagnais Indians. Of enormous strength and agility, the Canada lynx, the largest and most ferocious of its species is a stupid brute so far as escape from danger is concerned. A loud and sudden cry from the hunter pursuing it is sufficient to arrest its course for a time long enough to permit him to fire, and sometimes several shots are obtained at the same animal in this manner. Wee to the unfortunate hunter, however, if the wounded lynx succeeds in springing upon him. Its ferocity is only equalled by its strength and agility. One of the most desperate personal encounters between a man and a loup cervier on record is that in which Peter MacKenzie, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, came near losing his life on an island in Mingan Bay, on the coast of Labrador.

It was in the spring of the year, shortly after the ice had parted that Mr. Mackenzie went across the bay in his canoe, more for exercise than anything else. Consequently he had no gun with him—nothing but Montagnais bow and arrow, a knife and snow shoes. Landing on the island opposite Mingan, he saw the fresh tracks of a lynx. He adjusted his snow shoes, soon found the animal and followed it closely several times round the island without coming within bowshot of it. Toward evening he saw that it was getting very fatigued, for he got two opportunities of striking it with the heavy Montagnais arrow which is used for killing smaller game. At last he came within twenty yards. The cat turned round, rose on its hind legs, snarled and began to paw the air. Mr. Mackenzie discharged another arrow, but at the same moment his snow-shoes tripped him up, and he fell headlong with his face in the snow. The cat instantly sprang upon him, tearing with one stroke the coat from his back. Mr. Mackenzie turned round at once, caught the cat by the throat by a lucky plunge with one hand, and with the other drew his knife; but as he made a lunge, they rolled over together, and he received some very severe scratches. Still holding on firmly to the throat of the animal, he avoided being bitten, although he was in danger of having his bowels torn out by the hind feet of the cat, which was making a vigorous resistance. A second lunge with the knife was fatal; the blade passed through the animal's heart, but the struggle left Mackenzie exhausted and bleeding on the snow. It was some time before he recovered, but he finally carried his booty in triumph to the post.

Some hunters have proved less fortunate in their hand-to-hand encounters with the Canada lynx than Mr. Mackenzie was. A Montagnais Indian known as Pierre was visiting a line of marten traps near the forks of the Moisie Labrador, when he met an Indian with a sledge drawn by two dogs. It was a heavy load, and as it was growing dusk, he asked permission to take the sledge into the lodge of the hunter. 'For said he, 'I have a body there and I am afraid the dogs will eat it if it is left outside.' After the two had smoked together for sometime in silence according to the Indian manner, the visitor was induced to tell his story.

'Did you bring the body far?' asked Pierre.

'Six days up the St. Marguerite, eight days in all from here.'

'How did he die?'

The other looked at the fire and for some time said nothing. It was evident that he had a very sorrowful tale to tell or he would have spoken at once. After a long pause he said. 'He is my cousin. I promised him. It is a long journey in winter but he wished it, and he will soon be there.'

Then he told how it had happened. 'He and I,' he said, pointing to the body, but mentioning no name, 'were hunting together, when we came upon the track of a loup cervier and followed it. My cousin was first and he turned round and said to me 'I'll go round that mountain if you go up the valley with the dogs and we are sure to get him.' We separated. In an hour I heard a gun, and then sat down and waited long. As night was coming on I thought I would look. I could find nothing so it was getting dark I fired my gun. No answer. 'Something,' I said, 'has happened to my cousin. I must follow his tracks as soon as it is daylight. After sleeping

that night on a number of spruce branches spread on the snow, I followed the tracks early in the morning, and before I got half way round the mountain I saw my cousin. He was nearly dead, and could not speak. Close to him was the loup cervier frozen stiff. My cousin had slipped into a cleft of the rock just after he had fired and wounded the lynx and when he was within twenty yards of it. One of his legs was broken. As soon as he told the lynx sprang upon him, and tore off part of his scalp. He killed it with his knife but could not get out of the hole in the rock on account of his broken leg. Nor could he reach his gun to fire it off and let me know. There he must have remained and died alone if I had not chanced to come. I lifted him out of the crack but his fingers snapped off—they were frozen.'

The lynx plays an important part in Montagnais mythology. The heathen Indians suppose that the world was created by Atahocam, and that a ditty named Messon was hunting with dogs instead of dogs. His savage companions swam into a great lake and was lost. Messon searched for them everywhere without success, when a bird told him that he would find them in the middle of the lake. He entered the lake to bring back his lynxes, but the lake began to overflow its banks and finally deluged the world. Messon astonished sent a crow to bring him a piece of earth from which he intended to reconstruct the land, but the crow could not find any. He made

an otter dive into the waters, but the otter was as unsuccessful as the crow. At last he sent the muskrat who brought him a little bit, from which Messon reconstructed the earth as it now is. He presented an Indian with the gift of immortality, enclosed in a little box, subject to the condition that he should not open it. As long as he kept the box closed, he was to be immortal but his curious and incredulous wife was anxious to see what the box contained. She opened it and ever since the Indians have been subject to death.

In size, a lynx is between a fox and a wolf. Its tail, which is exceedingly short, even shorter than its head, is thickly furred and tipped with black. Its paws are large and heavy, densely covered with hair and armed with strong claws. In winter it is of a silver gray on the back, paling toward the belly, which is sometimes white. It is about three feet in length. In some specimens, the dark stripe down the back would not disgrace a silver fox. In summer it wears a rusty look and the hair is short and thin. In appearance, it is very formidable. Its teeth are long and sharp, while its powerful claws and immense spring render it a dangerous opponent to any animal that it encounters. In its habits it is predatory. It is charged with attacking the young of the red deer, and hares it devours with avidity. It pursues partridges and other birds to the tops of the loftiest trees and it even kills fish in their native element. It has no regard whatever for family ties, and interprets the privileges of maternity pretty much as Count Ugolino did, and like him devours his children to preserve for them a father. In winter its flesh is by no means bad to eat and is much used by both white and Indian hunters. Its skin is worth from two to four dollars, according to the season in which the animal is killed.

The loup cervier is frequently met with by American anglers in Canada, by the edge of some fishy pool, and I. H. Stearns of Montreal shot one by the banks of the

Reservoir. Wallace Durand of Newark N. J., was equally fortunate by the shore of Lac Commaire, and tells a thrilling account of his adventure. One of the most curious of the idiosyncrasies of the loup cervier is its passion for perfume, and particularly for the odor of castoreum, which forms the basis of all the medicines used by trappers in effacing its capture. When shot in a tree, in which it frequently takes refuge when chased by dogs, the death grip of its powerful claws is so tenacious that it is sometimes necessary to fell the tree in order to obtain the body.

The Strenuous Life.

A small son, aged three, turned up the other afternoon with a black eye, and crying piteously.

'What's the matter?' asked papa.

'Somebody hit me,' answered Johnny.

'Did you hit him back?' asked the stern parent.

'No,' sobbed Johnny.

Then followed advice, which ended impressively with the words: 'Remember Johnny you are a big boy, and when anyone hits you, hit back and as hard as you can.'

Two days later came sonny, with his head high in the air and a blatant swagger.

'Well how goes it?'

'Someone hit me,' said the proud boy, 'but I hit back harder anyway.'

'Good!' said papa; 'was the little boy bigger than you were?'

'It wasn't a boy,' calmly answered John, 'it was a girl.'—Life.

PLUM PUDDINGS AND MINCE PIES often have bad effects upon the small boy who over indulges in them. Pain-Killer is a household medicine for all such ills is unequalled. Avoid substitutes. There is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Imaginary Ills.

'Do you know,' said the man in the gray ulster, 'that police statistics show a total

of nearly 20,000 persons who are reported missing every year?'

'I'll bet more than half of them aren't missed at all. They only think they are,' responded the pessimistic man with a boil on his neck.

SIDES SORE FROM A HACKING COUGH.—Take Piny Pectoral, it will cure you quickly, no matter how bad the cold. Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

One Grateful Son.—This, said the guide, is the grave of Adam! With reverential awe, the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the Orient, drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. Erring ancestor, he murmured, I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory! To your sin I owe my prosperity!

THE JAPS DID IT.—They supplied us with the menthol contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Mystified.—Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?

Yes, dear.

And last year it was on Sunday wasn't it, dear?

Yes, dear.

Did it come on Saturday the year before last?

Yes, dear.

Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits most those having Lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

'I believe,' said Jacktar to his mate, 'that the foreigner over there has designs on you.'

'I know he has,' replied the mate, showing his arm, 'he's a tattoo artist.'



VISITORS IN LONDON.