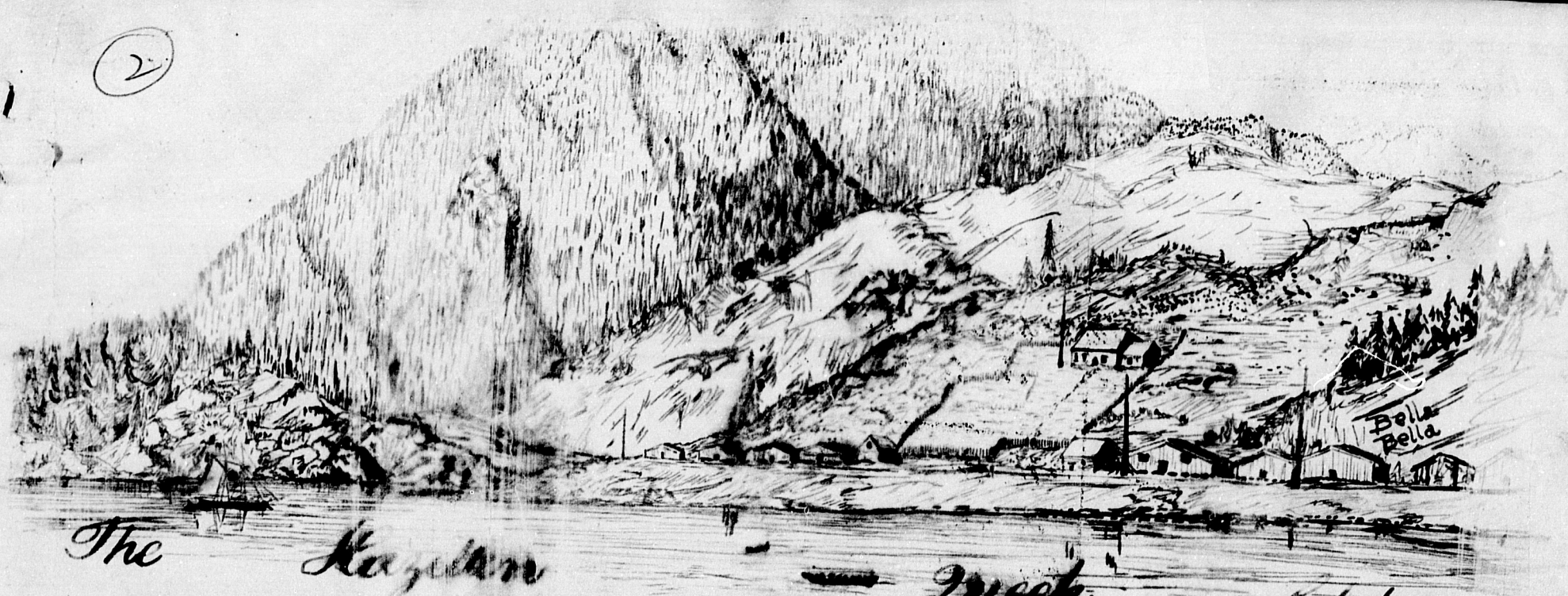

The Hazelton Queek

Caledonia Bl.

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Something favours us, No point of disagreement can be found for debate. Happy folk: Is it because we have used the same infallible guide to knowledge, the "Queek"? Or still happier has the same fount of wisdom instilled so much of mutual regard that we tenderly shrink from every subject likely to provoke controversy? The first reflects credit on the intelligence, the second on the sympathies of the community, Whichever is the true cause it manifests qualities as honourable as rare. But the public are beginning to see that the finer feelings must be sacrificed or the world will conclude that we agree because we know nothing worth knowing, We will only suggest and not discuss the following subject for debate - "Which preponderate, the advantages or disavantages of our still life compared with the life of those bound together for good or evil by the double cord of post and telegraph" We have pros and cons to dispose of. The proceeds will fit out a prospecting party under the guidance of the "Queek" which has a clue to the whereabouts of a creek rich in opinions and richer as they are found near the Bedrock of Truth. —

— His Level Best —

If he'd a regular task to do.
He never took no rest
Or if 'twas off and on - the same
He did his "level best".

— " —

Whatere this man was sot to do
He done it with a zest
No matter what his contract was.
He'd do his "level best"

— The White Otter —

Many years ago on one of the Islands now surrounding the Metlahcatlah Mission lived a portion of the Chymseans, and among their number was a noted Sea Otter hunter whose name was "Scowdow" for these waters and the adjacent Sounds were celebrated in those days for this valuable fur-bearing animal - but as the best of hunters sometimes come back empty handed, so it was with Scowdow. he now frequently returned without any otter. till at lasts his attempts were rewarded and he returned to the village with a beautiful snow white otter - his wife came down on the beach to meat him, and he handed the otter to her telling her that as there was a little blood on it where he had struck it with his spear, to take it into deeper water and wash it, so she went into the water till it was up to her armpits and taking the otter by each hand she dipped it, in and out of the water to cleanse it from the blood, while she was doing this a Fin back whale swam close in to shore and diving under the woman took her up on his back and dived into deep water, all the canoes of the village followed in chase, but her husband "Scowdow" was the first, and he was alone in little canoe, he paddled a long way, when at last the whale rose to the surface and he saw his wife sitting on its back and holding on by the fin - Scowdow paddled as hard as he could, but just as he came up to the whale down he dived again, this occured two

or three times, when at last he died for good and came up no more. All the other canoes had long before turned back and "Scowdow" was all alone out in the middle of what is now called Chatham Sound. Soon the wind rose and blew a gale, poor Scowdow could do nothing against it, the canoe was too small to live long, a big wave put an end to his troubles and upset the canoe, down, down he went till at last he arrived at the bottom and found it a beautiful green plain, he walked some distance when he saw a large flock of geese he stopped and asked them if they had seen his wife that the fin back whale had carried off, they said if you cut our eyes open we will tell you, for up to this time all geese were blind, so he picked up a flint and slit the skin of their eyes so that they could see, some commenced laughing at the others, telling them their eyes were not cut evenly, and to this day there are "laughing geese" and one of the eyes of the grey goose is larger than the other. So the geese told him that the fin back whale and his wife had "just gone round that stone ahead" so he ran on but could see nothing of them, but on the other side of the stone he saw a big crane, who at once commenced to cry out, but Scowdow put a little piece of "wundaw" into his mouth and he became quiet at once,

To be Continued in our next.

To the Editor of the "Queek"

"Ignoramus" is in error in supposing that the enormous yield of gold mentioned, occured in California. it was in "Opher." I would further ask "Ignoramus" if he knows any one who could give a description of the terrific storm that occured at "Tallan Lake," when it was so rough that "No Ship could live in it" "Til for Val."

The usual Thursday evening meeting was not well attended, The subject for discussion mentioned in our leader of to day, was proposed for next Thursday evening and it is to be hoped that the debaters will muster strong on both sides. Mr. Hankin gave two readings the first being on "Newspapers" in which attention was directed to the faults of Newspaper writing and management everyone felt that there is only one paper in existance, when adverse criticism is unmerciful, that paper is the "Queek". The next subject was "Love" treated (we suppose) in a way which gives a good idea of the tender passion indeed the accomplished readers and several of the audience implied as much as they acknowledged to having been "there themselves". Mr. Clifford gave an entirely new recitation entitled "Lord Ullins daughter" the proceedings terminated with a most interesting description of a trip from Manson Creek to the Ucon, by the Omineca, Peace and Mackenzie Rivers - given by Mr. St. Hale. —

The oldest inhabitant declares, that such mild weather has not been known for years, No rhyme intended.

We cannot admit anything into our columns which is not original, We do not wish to be misunderstood, We know that "there is nothing new under the sun" and even some of the weekly whistlings of the "Queek" bright and sparkling as they are, may have been heard before, for this we offer no excuse, the mere fact of publication in the "Queek" throws a halo round the tritest utterances, but we wish our numerous correspondents to remember, that we expect their best efforts, and that by opening our columns to them we are offering them a passport to immortality. More anon —