

# STORY OF THE HUNT

## The Reporter Hunt Club

### At Lah-ne-o-tah Lake

In the Valley of the Magnetawan

In the Fall of 1899



Long before daybreak on the first day of the hunting season, the camp was astir. Breakfast over, the guns were taken from the rack and carefully examined to make certain that they were in proper condition. The belts were filled to overflowing, and Len, to make sure that he had not been short of ammunition, took his pockets with an extra supply. The stars had not all disappeared when the president gave the orders and those going to the stations took boats and started. Some went up the lake, some down stream, and Byron was in the post of honor, i. e., the best watch known to the party. The stars and the Scrib's were to go with him to the old camp landing and then to the little mountain stream to spots where the runways crossed. It was a bright, clear morning and the landing was made just as the first grey streaks of dawn appeared in the east. They had to go about a mile up stream and followed an old trail for about half the distance when they struck down to the side of the little stream which meandered through the hills. Owing to the dry season, this stream was little more than a babbling brook,

observe, as he swung out from shore, no less than three more deer also in the water, and all making lively time towards the opposite shore. He gave a short but rapid pull towards the nearest one and raising his Winchester he sent a ball through the animal's head, killing it at the first shot. Without stopping to take any further notice than to see if the animal was dead, he started out in pursuit of the other deer nearest to him. He made a lively run for a few rods when he snapped an oar off near the middle and came very near being precipitated into the water. Fortunately he had an old paddle in the boat and quickly shoving the boat off from the rock he partly rowed and partly paddled the boat out towards where the deer was swimming. Seeing that the deer was likely to get to land if not checked in some way, he took his rifle and fired a shot a couple of rods in front of the deer, which had the desired effect of turning the game from shore back towards the centre of the bay. For fully twenty minutes he varied the work of warping the boat along towards the game with an occasional shot in front to keep the

couches and enjoyed a good night's rest, preparatory to the laborious work of the following day.

#### TEMPERANCE LAKE.

MONDAY, Jan. 1.—Mr. Bennett Cavanagh succeeds Mr. T. J. Earl, retiring trustee. Miss Emma Kinsaid of Caintown is engaged to teach Temperance Lake school.

Mr. Fred Mansel has returned from Chesterville where he has been helping Mr. Chas. McClary in making cheese. He is an industrious young gentleman, ever ready to earn a dollar. He shot 7 foxes lately.

Mr. Eli Mansel, whose health and weight are greatly improved (the latter very fairly representing the surprising figures 260) has been turning out some fine work from his blacksmith shop which he once in a while explores to see if he keeps his hand.

Mr. Bennett Cavanagh and his boys, three deserving, worthy young gentlemen, are constantly improving their fine farm by ditching, fencing, repairing, etc. Their intention is to make the farm worth a little more

all the worm-eaten trees on his beautiful mountain.

Our mail service will be changed in a short time, and instead of starting from Caintown will commence the journey from McIntosh Mills. This will give two mails per day. It may cost more for carrying, but it will be pretty generally accepted by the people in the surrounding district.

Could old boss Joe come back again, Some traders here he'd find— Lots in Caintown still remain, Although they may be blind. Caintown keeps a blooded stock, Kickers, cribbers, not a few— Bloods that came from Plymouth Rock And there ages still renew.

Mr. C. Slack will find an acrostic on his name in these verses on Old Joe the trading horse.

#### NERVES PARALYZED.

Nervous Prostration So Severe, Lost Power of Hands, Side and Limbs, But South American Nervine Beat off Disease and Saved Her.

Minnie Stevens, daughter of T. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., of London, was stricken down with a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which resulted in her losing the power of her limbs. She could not lift or hold anything in her hands, and other complications showed themselves. Her parents had lost hope of her recovery. She began taking South American Nervine, and after taking twelve bottles she was perfectly restored, and enjoys good health to-day. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

#### Set the Bulldog on Him.

Here is a late swindle, one that may profit our farmers to keep an eye open for: A "farmer-looking" fellow may call, having samples of corn. The ear will be from five to eight times the size of ordinary ears of corn, which he alleges he raised from seed sent him by his brother who is engaged in farming in a foreign land. He offers to sell a 100 grains for twenty-five cents, or the whole ear for two dollars. The victim buys, only to find, later on, it is nothing but ordinary corn. A number of ears of corn are dexterously cut and the sections glued together to form one large ear. If the swindler comes boot him off the premises.

#### WHEN HEART FAILS.

Life's Charm Vanishes—No Case of Heart Disease Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Will Not Relieve in 30 Minutes, and Permanently Cure.

Thos. Petry of Aylmer, Que., says that for about five years he was a constant sufferer from acute heart derangements—endured untold pain, was unable to attend to his daily work, any exertion caused great fatigue. He was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One bottle did him great benefit; four bottles drove every symptom of the trouble away from him. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

At the Lett Kelly farm, near Washburn's Corners, on Jan. 15th Mr. Joseph Pullah will offer for sale by auction all his farm stock and implements, including 10 milch cows 3 horses, implements, vehicles, harness hay, oats, corn, straw, potatoes etc Sale at 12 noon. D. Downley auctioneer.

#### "500 ACRES FOR MY HEALTH."

Piles Were Sapping the Life From Him—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cured.

Mr. M. Beemer, of Knotmaul, Mich., says: "For seven years I had suffered from itching and protruding piles. I tried all kinds of cures, but got no relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application did more for me than any remedy I had ever tried. I have been such a sufferer that I would willingly give my 500 acres of land rather than have a return of my suffering from those tormenting things." 35 cents. Use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills for liver ills. 20 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

#### Opens Another Sale.

Mr. Gravelle, editor of the Renfrew Journal who has become famous owing to his ability to open intricate combination locks, has again demonstrated his skill in that direction. Mr. McCue, barrister of Carleton Place, recently purchased a Taylor safe of the latest design from Mr. H. C. Small. The latter went with the Canadian Contingent to Africa a few weeks ago and neglected to leave the combination figures with any person. Mr. Gravelle was sent for a few days ago to try his skill on the lock, which was a three-wheel combination, and in a little more than an hour succeeded in swinging open the heavy doors of the safe, using his own system of calculation in working out the difficult problem.

#### What Everybody Knows.

One ought to know, is that health and even life itself depends upon the condition of the blood. Feeding is not all, the organs of the body, it must be rich and pure in order to give proper nourishment. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and nourishing, and in so doing strengthens the nervous system, awakens, tones the stomach, builds up the health, wards off sickness, pneumonia,

## The Ragmuffin's Prayer.

(A CHRISTMAS STORY)

Far away in a beautiful city, where is splendor and wealth and estate, Where the ceaseless cadence of commerce beats time to the trade-hammer's stroke, And the great tall factory chimneys are constantly vomiting smoke— Where the toilers slave on the benches for the life-saving wages they give, Where the one great half of the people care not how the other half live, Where the clang of the bell or the whistle shrieks out on the chill morning air And awakens the slaves from dream-land back to a world of care.

Just back from the street, down an alley, where the poor and the wretched abide, Where misery goes to make merry and criminals run for to hide, Where at midnight the concert is jolly, where the wretch and the outcast entice And smother the last spark of virtue in iniquity, curses and vice— Where the knaves divide up their plunder and petty thieves skulk from the toils, Where riot stands ready to kindle as gamblers fight over the spoils— Surrounded by sin and the sinning, in a tumble-down tenement row, With a brother and sister some older, lived poor little Ragmuffin Joe.

Joe's parents were dead and were sleeping far out in a potter's field lot, But the kindness and love of his mother little Joe had never forgot. When the spring returned with its flowers, little Joe would wander away To God's acre, out on the hillside, and sit by her grave through the day. The poor folks that strolled from the city would share their scant morsel with Joe, And when night hovered over God's acre he returned to the tumble-down row. When Winter's chill blast nipped the willows and flowers he loved for the while, He played with the lads in the alley and brightened the place with his smile.

His sister sewed round for a living, but her wage was uncertain and low And although surrounded by vices her heart was as pure as the snow. His brother was just a poor "sweater" that toiled for a wage low as sin In the factories of trusts and combines where the slaves throw their life's blood in. The kind-hearted folks of the alley, they loved and befriended poor Joe, He had nick-named the little ragmuffin the Sunshine of Tumble-down Row, He would chide the three misdoings with kindness, and outcasts and criminals they Would softly steal up the attic and list to the ragmuffin pray.

One night came the sweet sounds of pleading, they silently stole up the stair, Little Joe, kneeling down by the cot-side, was lisping this innocent prayer: "Old Santa, I thought I would ask you and good Santa, please let me know, "When you come to this great big city, will you drive down to Tumble-down Row, "I ain't got no father nor mother to buy me no nice little sleigh, "And Santa, the toys that I play with are some that was thrown away. "If you'll only drive down through the alley, let me look at your toys and deer, "I know it will make me so happy and I'll be a good boy next year.

"And Santa, if you can afford it, bring sister, so kind and so true, "A nice little hat with a feather or a nice little jacket of blue, "And, dear Santa Claus, please remember my dear good brother, that's Jim, "If it ain't askin' too much, dear Santa, bring something along for him. "If you have any toys that's left over, or any that's broken and worn— "You know, Santa, I ain't particular— a little shell drum or a horn, "A sled or a kite or a shiny, or maybe a nice little knife, "I will, 'pon my word, dear Santa, be a good little boy all my life."

It was holiday time in the city and Christmas was drawing near, The gladdest time of the season, the merriest time of the year. In the great cathedral vestry, the Christmas carols were sung, And down from the frescoed arches the ivy and holly were hung. The memorial windows were lighted, the altar festooned with care With beautiful lilies and roses, their fragrance filling the air. The silvery chimes in the steeple rang out a harmonious strain That floated away o'er the city and echoed again and again.

The streets were all of a bustle, and from out the great thoroughfare Could be heard the shrill pipe of the news-boy as he whistled a popular air. The novelty stores were in splendor and high pretty toys they were piled, And everything there put in order to please the heart of a child. The shops they were all of a glitter, the windows they gaily were dressed, And the children to look at the treasures, their noses against them pressed. There were playthings of every description for the dear little girls and boys, Skates, bats, base-balls, and shinneys, and dolls that would make a noise.

Now the kind-hearted folks of the alley, being touched with little Joe's prayer, Had fixed up an old junker's window and had an old Santa Claus there. Little toys were hung round in abundance to please and delight the child, And picture books printed in colors—little Joe with delight he was wild. And when the old window was lighted with tissue and toys, it looked gay, They dressed up the junker as Santa and bid him give them away. The jolly, kind-hearted old junker loved the children all in the row, And a nice little present he'd bought for the favorite, "Sunshiney Joe."

The children were gathered around him to receive a nice book or a toy And little Joe next to the window was laughing and crying for joy. The junker, disguised as old Santa, was giving the things to and fro, And a little red sleigh and blue jacket he handed over to Joe. He gave a loud cheer for old Santa, then ran off his sister to tell, But he swooned as he ran through the alley and down in the pavement he fell. Loving hearts were soon to his rescue, but the dear little spirit had fled— The jacket held close to his heart and his hand on the little red sled.

They lifted his form from the pavement and carried him in to the light And a doctor that chanced to be passing said the little heart broke with delight. It cast a sad gloom down the alley, and the good and the bad of the row Went up to that tumble-down attic and wept over poor little Joe. They laid him away in God's acre where his dear, kind mother was laid. Where the flowers will bloom that he treasured, where time after time he had played. And they put up a nice little head-stone that told of the sad Christmas night Of the sleigh and the little blue jacket and how little Joe died of delight. CRAWF C. SLACK

#### "A Heart as Sturdy as an Oak."

But what about the blood which the heart must pump at the rate of 70 times a minute? If the heart is to be sturdy and the nerves strong this blood must be rich and pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes sturdy hearts because it makes good blood. It gives to men and women strength, confidence, courage and endurance. Hood's PILLS are non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

#### Kittie Mission.

On Sunday next, Jan. 14th, services will be taken by the Rev. Chaplin Wilkinson of Parham as follows: 10 a. m.—St. Thomas' church, Frankville. 3 p. m.—All Saints, The Redan. 7 p. m.—St. Ann's church, Easton's Corners. Rev. Mr. Harvey, whose sudden and serious illness was reported a few days ago, is recovering slowly. He has regained his voice.

## Wonderful Self-heating Flat Iron.

We guarantee its merits superior to any other iron, and claim it is the only successful self-heating iron on the market to-day. It is almost indispensable in Tailor Shops, Head Dressing and Millinery Establishments.

No waiting for irons to get hot. No fire needed in the stove or range.

No walking between the ironing-table and stove to change irons or stimulate the fire.

The construction of the iron is very simple and being nickel-plated and highly polished it presents a handsome appearance and is easily moved on the table.



Manufactured by the Grover-Richards Supply Co., Toronto, Ont.

E. D. WILSON, Agents

SOLE AGENT FOR BRANT COUNTY

## 'XMAS GENTS

can supply at 'Xmas, boxes of R. tions, Violets, &c. to be delivered. Beautiful blooming plants, Azaleas, Cinerarias, Hyacinths, well-filled.

Wholesale and Retail

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