

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.

I have hunted and trapped for years in the Rocky Mountain and coast ranges, the home of the grizzly, just for the money that I made by it, and in all my experience I have never killed nor even seen a bear that I thought would weigh half as much as some I have read about, and I have never known any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1500 pounds, says a writer in Forest and Stream. Nine out of every ten bears that are reported as weighing all the way from 1000 up to 2300 pounds were killed many miles away from a pair of scales.

The largest bear I ever killed, or rather helped to kill, was when my partner and I were hunting and trapping on the Yak river in northwestern Montana, in the winter of 1889. We had had very good luck with beaver, marten and lynx, and other land fur. Along toward spring we took a pack of grub and blankets on our backs and went up a creek that empties in the Yak. We intended to hunt in that locality for bear; and as we always take the easiest way to hunt, we kill an elk, deer, or any kind of game we run across for bait, then wait for the bear to come. We had lots of bait up that creek, and killed some more on another creek. Then our grub was about out, and we had to go back and pack up enough grub to last us through the hunting. When we got through packing our grub we began to see where there had been a bear taking the bait. A warm Chinook wind at that time did the work, for we were killing one now and then. We had traps and guns for bear, also four good dogs, so we were kept hustling taking care of the hides.

I had not been up to the farthest bait for several days. When I had time to go D. said that he would keep me company, as he wanted to raise a cache of traps he had made in the fall when trapping for beaver. We had got almost up to the bait when I saw a bear track. It was a whale. I told D. that most likely the old boy was handy around the bait, for the tracks were fresh. When we came in sight of the bait the bear had either heard or smelt us, for we saw that he had been eating on the bait. We put the dogs on the track and followed after them as fast as we could travel, over windfalls and through underbrush, with snowshoes. We have shoeing away into the spring in the mountains. We had not gone more than half a mile when I heard one of the dogs howl. Then I knew that the bear was our meat. We went down to where the dogs were, and there was a bear that was the grandpa of all the bears either of us had ever seen. It was a bald-faced grizzly. He was fighting the dogs. He would run after one, when one of the others would bite him on his heels. It was laughable to see him. He did not know what kind of a jackpot he was in. Finally he thought it was getting too warm for his rear end, so he sat up on his haunches. That was the opportunity we were waiting for. We both "turned loose" with our 40 90 Sharps, and the bear tumbled all in a heap. We skinned him and found where one of the bullets had broken his neck, and the other his shoulder.

I had never seen such an animal before for size. I asked D what it would weigh. D said he had no idea, but we could try and pull him; we could just move him; he was lying on snow that was pretty solid. We had a stick through his gambrels, so we had a good pull at him. Both of us were over 6 feet tall and weighed over 300 pounds, so we were not very weak. We talked about the weight of the bear, and we thought he would probably weigh 800 pounds. His hide when stretched measured 10 feet 3 inches from tip of nose to the tail and was 8 feet 9 inches wide. When we went down in the spring we showed the hide around, and the old hunters said that it was the largest bear hide they had ever seen.

We killed sixteen bears that spring, but none of them was as large by one-third as the big one. I do not believe that the big one would weigh at the very most 900 pounds and he was very fat. I think he had not been out very long, as it was in April when he was killed. Now my notion is that all these bears that weigh from 1500 pounds up have been killed at and a camp fire. I would like to hear from any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at

1500 pounds. A person who has never seen a bear running wild would say on seeing his first that it was the biggest thing ever wrapped up in hide. The first bear I ever saw looked as big as a mountain, but after I had killed him he shrunk down to a small black one. I could pack him all around, he was so small.

THE ORPHANS.

There are still ten orphan boys at the Catholic Protection Home on Thomas street. The boys are all about 8 to 10 years and consequently are too small to be put directly at heavy farm work; this however, is little obstacle to them procuring homes, as there are many country people who would adopt a bright Catholic boy and bring him up as if he were their own child. One of these little fellows was adopted in this way the other day and during the summer a very large number of these young orphans have experienced the same good fortune.

A FEW LINES

From the pen of the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. brother of Lord Russell, of Kilowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, the first Catholic Irishman who has held that exalted position, and the first Roman Catholic, I believe, who has held it since the Blessed Martyr Thomas More, tempus Henry VIII.

The world shines bright for inexperienced eyes,
And death seems distant to the gay and strong,
And in the youthful heart proud fancies throng,
And only present good can, nature prize.
How, then, shall youth o'er these low vapors rise,
And climb the upward path, so steep and long?
And how, amid earth's sights and sounds of wrong,
Walk with pure heart and face raised to the skies?

By gazing on the infinitely good,
Whose love must quell or hallow every other—
By living in the shadow of the Good,
For He that hangs there is our Elder Brother,
Who dying gave us Himself as food,
And His own Mother as our nursing Mother.

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Men's complete Suits, Shirts and Drawers, from \$1 up.
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Ladies' Wool Vests, worth 75c. for 49c.
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Children's White Wool Vests, 35c. each.
Men's Heavy Wool Socks, 22c. pr.
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Men's Fine White Shirts, all sizes, 75c. \$1; very best qual., \$1.50.
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FALL FUN.

Figg—"Tell me, is there anything crooked about Gay?" Fogg—"I don't know, unless it is a corkscrew."

Stella—"Just look at Miss Desplaine and Mr. Baldy over there!" Miss Potter—"Yes; a romance of the middle ages, so to speak."

Foggyduff—"I have no money to spend in advertisements." Pacer—"Of course you haven't and that's just the reason."

Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.

"Don't talk to me about compulsory vaccination!" exclaimed the man who had his arm in a sling. "I'm sore on that subject."

"Well, you may talk as you like about Mrs. Lissener, but she's a woman that knows her business." "I admit that, and I have no objection to her knowing it, but I object to her knowing mine."

Consolation—"Papa (after the seance in a back room)—"Do you know that it pains me more than it does you to have to whip you?" The Terror—"No, papa, I didn't know it; but now that you have told me I feel better."

A POSTMASTER'S STORY.

A STRANGE ATTACK AND THE
DIRE RESULTS THAT
FOLLOWED.

MR. ROBERT SHARPE OF STARKVILLE TELLS OF HIS SUFFERINGS—LOST THE USE OF BOTH HANDS AND FEET AND WAS FORCED TO GIVE UP BUSINESS—THE TIMELY ACTION OF A FRIEND POINTED THE WAY TO RENEWED ACTIVITY.

From the Bowmanville News.

Mr. Robert Sharpe is a well known resident of Starkville, Durham County, who has been living in Canada for about thirteen years. He is by trade a blacksmith, and on coming to this country located in the township of Haldimand, in the County of Northumberland. After working there for a time he purchased a residence and shop at Starkville, where he worked at his trade and established a nice business. Being both courteous and obliging he was well liked and was appointed postmaster for the place. He was in the best of health and with the exception of a slight asthma trouble had no complaint of any kind. In the month of March, 1892, he attended an auction sale in the neighborhood and came home in the evening apparently all right, but during the night was taken with a chill, accompanied with a violent pain which gradually grew worse and before morning he went into convulsions and became unconscious. A doctor was summoned who bled him freely, which seemed to relieve him for a time, and next day he seemed better, and the doctor told him he would be all right in a few days. This, however, was not verified, and although he could go around he was fast failing in health and at times would be in an agony of pain. One doctor said he had sciatica, and another told him that his trouble was rheumatism of the spine and that he would never be better. He tried many medicines but all failed to do him any good. At this time he was so weak that he could only hobble around with the assistance of two sticks, and had to give up work. The pain continued day and night and finally he lost the use of both hands and feet and often longed for death to relieve him of his suffering. About this time Mrs. Sharpe wrote a letter for him to a friend for whom he had worked when he first came out to the country, and this friend sent him a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urging him to give them a fair trial. Before the second box was done he felt somewhat better and purchased another supply. To hasten the story, Mr. Sharpe continued the use of the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, by which time he had completely recovered and is now as well as ever he was, and has lost all the asthma trouble as well. He is now able to do a hard day's work, and is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills. As the reporter was leaving a Mr. Stark, an intelligent farmer who lives close by, called, and verified all that Mr. Sharpe had said, and referred the reporter to others in the neighborhood who knew the circumstances as well. One who had never seen Mr. Sharpe before would not think, looking at him to day, that he had come through the ordeal he has, as he seems the very picture of health and both he and Mrs. Sharpe attribute the whole cure to Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Scherectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

"Japan says she proposes to demolish China," said Mr. Blykins. "She ought to have our servant girl," replied his wife wearily.

Clara—"Dear me! Those toilet things I ordered haven't come." Maude—"Then I don't suppose you'll have the face to go to the ball to-night."