The work or the past lew days had been very ardons and by universal consent the part decided to drophunting for a lay and sile the Ploughboy and Rete was out to the settlement for supplies and the mail, the Agent, Doc, and Scribe would go up the river to where the railroad up the river to where the railro up the river to where the railroad crossed it to ascertain if that would be a better way out to civilization when leaving for home than by the way they came. The Dominie and Bertrenained in camp to look after the culinary department and take a well earned rest. Both the parties got way in good peace as they knew it earned rest. Both the parties got away in good season, as they knew it would be an all day's trip for each, it being a four mile row and tramp to the river, then a row of two or three miles to the lumber depot, where they hoped to find the mail for the party, but on reaching there they four the mail had not been brought in for some four or five day, and the Plonghboy tramped it far miles out and back to the post office. On the way back he found an accumulating settler who sold him a bushel of potatoes and a couple of pans of bread which he backed down to the of bread which he backed down to the landing. It was dark when they got back to camp bringing a large amount of mail matter for each of the party. This was the first batch of papers that had been received in camp and they were eagerly scanned for news from home and the outside world.

In the meantime, the party going up the river had their share of experiences. For more than half the distance the river was broken up with



rapids, in many places being so shallow and rapid that two of the party had to get out and hitch a long rope to the front of the boat and drag it up through the swift current to the head of the rapids while the other kept it clear off the rucks with a pole. It clear off the rucks with a pole. It not nearly four bours to make loss a five miles, and all thoughts of ting out to the railway by that te were abandoned before half the

ance was made. The party at gth reached the bridge spanning the er, near by being the railway track. couple of shanties occupied by rail-y navvies were built near the river d the party were hospitably reed and given a seat near the stove to dry their socks, mittens and clothing which had been pretty well soaked with water by wading and hauling wet rope. No signs of anything larger that a muskrut were seen on where some animal had crossed the river and clambered up the bank. There was about two inches of snow on the ground and on making an examination, the tracks were found to be those of a very large bear. Taking their rifles the Doc and Agent started distance in the direction the bear was supposed to have taken. On going up on the mountain he could see the men going directly apposite to the way it was supposed the animal had gone, and they, seeing that the trail led away of mourtains some three or four miles farther on, abandoned the pursuit and started ack for the boat.
This took sheen a fill hour to reach
when they all embarked and swiftly glided down stream, in many places going at race-horse speed and requiring great care in keeping the boat from running on the many boulders, some y covered and others just under Our artist's penal gives a very fair illustration of the ranning of th rapids in the accompanying cut.



the eye could reach

On reaching camp the party found that the Dominie and Berth had not been idle. Some eight or ten partridge hung from a peg at the camp door when the party left in the morning; these rid been nicely cleaned and ing these rid been nicely cleaned and so the camp deligible at the camp of the camp ing these rid been nicely cleaned and ing these rid been nicely cleaned and ing these rid been nicely cleaned and in the camp in the made into a delicious stew or pot pie.
The frying pans were filled to over-The trying paus were unled to over-flowing with savory trout, a large pot of potatoes hung over the fire, while



plenty of sugar, with plates of pie, fried cake, mollasses and cunned fruits were spread out in bounteous profusion. It was a supper fit for an epicure, and the avidity with which all partook of the delicious viands was a tribute to the skill of the butler and his assistant for the day, as well as convincing that their appetites had been well shar-pened by the arduous work of the

day.

The next morning the camp wa astir at an early hour. The remnants of the last night's feast were spread out and hurriedly disposed of and provision pouches packed, and long before daylight the whole party was on before daylight the whole party was on their way to their different stations. The Agent and Dominie started by trail for the lake watch, Doc and Bert went to the rapids, while the Scribe, Ploughboy and Pete took the boat with the dogs down the river. Scribe, Ploughboy and Pete took the boat with the dogs down the river. They reached the ox bow or portage and Pete branched off to put part of the dogs out in that direction for a start towards the rapids. The Plough-

the stream and not more than five or six rods away he saw a fine yearling swimming directly towards the bot. The dogs saw the game at the same moment and the bugling that went up long distance without being tired and

The dogs saw the game at the same moment and the bugling that went up from that gang of dogs was nearly emough to scare the lite out of any kind of game Wigh an exclamation of (th, look, there's deer! the period of the game with a deer! the period of the game. In the mean time the Ploughboy had sprung over the beak of the perp in the beat and landed on shore firing at the rate of 60 sbots a minute. The momentum given the boat by his springing out caused it to swing off from shore and the movements of the dog running from end to end combined with the current of the stream soon sent the boat out into the middle and so on down towards the wonderful prefer the provided and young a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful prefer to the said of the game. They are said. end combined with the current of the stream soon sent the boat out into the middle and so on down towards the lake. About fifteen shots in all were fired and it remains a disputed point to this day which marksman fired the lucky shot. The animal was struck in larger that a muserit were seen on the up journey, but when about half way on the return the party saw where some animal had crossed the river and clambered up the bank. There was about two inches of snow the new rate of the deer was on the opposite the party saw where the fatal shot had from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, the party saw where the fatal shot had struck. The deer was on the opposite the party saw where the fatal shot had struck. The deer was on the opposite the party saw where the fatal shot had struck to have the party saw where the fatal shot had struck to have the party saw where the fatal shot had struck. The deer was on the opposite the party saw where the p struck. The deer was on the opposite shere, the boat fast disappearing down stream, and there was no other course but to go over and portage the other boat across, which after a lot of off on the trail while the Scribe took hard lifting, pulling and bauling, was the boat on down the river to a high bluff from where he could see a long deer and dogs taken aboard and following the other host which had floated down nearly a quarter of a mile. It was taken in tow to the landing and the regular hunt taken up, just as the sun rose over the top of the eastern hills.

In Their Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarr

Taking the Bishop of Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweatmen, D.D., D.C.L., three of the leading men of the Faculty of McMaster Hall, and men like the Rev. W.H. Withrow, D.D., and others as representing the Methodist Church, all of whom have spoken in high praise of the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and unite with these the warm endorsement of this medicine by the well known Toronto Jour alist, Mr. W.L. Smith, as representing the Laymen, and it must be granted that clergymen and laymen are of one mind touching this truly meritorious The truth is that everyone nedicine. who uses the medicine has a good word

to say for it. One short puff of the breath the blower supplied each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the Drieless and delight Mrs. Printps, so, Mrs. Printps, s and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 60c. Sample bottle and blower sent on recipt of 10c. in stamps or silver. SG. Detchon, 44 Church st., Tcronto. Sold by J. P.

When electors have learned to re their professions on "the supreme el the respect of politi itness the decline of ce in politics.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY IN SMITH'S FALLS.

fered from a Bad Cough and Constant Pain in the Side—Pale and Almost Bloodless—Her Health Again Restored.

rom the Smith's Falls Record.

"I know that if I had not begun king Dr. William's Pink Pills I taking Dr. would not have lived much longer,"
These words were uttered by Miss.
Mossop, daughter of Mr. Johnston Mossop, daughter of Mr. Johnston Mossop, of this cown, and a young lady extremely popular among her friends and acquaintances. Miss Mossop had been ailing for several years, and her recovery to health is a matter of great recovery to neatth is a matter of great rejoicing among her friends. To a re-porter she gave the story as follows: "I scarcely know how my illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tired-ness upon the slightest exertion. The rejoicing among her friends. To a reporter she gave the story as tollows:

"I scarcely know how my illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tiredness upon the slightest exertion. The color left my face and I became as pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with a pain in my left side and coughed a great deal. At first home remeded a great deal. At first home remedies were tried, but as they did not do any good a doctor was called, and I was under his care for about a year.



Could not Go up Stairs Without Resting. But the treatment did not do me any good and I was steadily growing weak-er and weaker. I was unable to go up the dogs out in that direction for a start towards the rapids. The Ploughboy with three dogs went on to where the other boat lay to continue down stream a mile or so farther. The boat was shoved off and the Ploughboy seated in the stern was getting the dogs in their places, while the Scribe with one foot in the boat and the other on land was reaching for his gun preparatory to shoving off. The Ploughboy chanced to cast his eyes up the stream and not more than five or six rods away he saw a fine yearling swimming directly towards the land.

HEART DISEASE OF 20 YEARS STAND-ING RELIEVED IN A DAY. Mr. Aaron Nichols, who has Lived on One Farm for 70 Years, Tells What He Knews of Dr. Agnew's Cure for tan Reart.

"This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's bought two bottles of Dr. Agacw's Cure for the Heart for my wife, who has been troubled for the past twenty years with heart disese. The first few doses gave her-relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on the diseased heart. CLERGYMEN AND LAYMEN UNITE I am pleased to give this certificate. Sold by J.P. Lamb.

AARON NICHOLS Peterboro

W. C. T. U. Notes.

Don't treat lightly the moral qualications of candidates for municipal honors and responsibilities.
"The wisdom that cometh from above is first pure," declares the Apostle.

So it should be a first requisite in can-didates for public honors that they have good moral character. If the prohibitionists would always register their convictions when they

vote, would the politician so slavishly serve a trade that votes only for its business interests.

recommended to me I procured a bottle and obtained perfect relief from the first few doses. It is with out doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this disease. Sold by J.P. Lamb.

The Prizes Awarded The final awards in the literary co

petition offered by Dr. Williams' Medieine Co. of Brockville, Ont., have just een announced. the order of merit of the five stories selected was left to the vote of the readers, and that great interest was taken in the matter was shown by the fact that 16,728 votes were recorded. "A Night on Crookback," by Dua, (Mrs. R.S. Smellie, Toronto) received 4655 votes, the largest number cast and was awarded first prize. "The Lady of Beauce" by Othmas, (Thos. Swift, Ottawa,) comes sesond with 4403 votes. The Fall of York,"by Allen Douglas Brodie, (T. Herbert Chestnut, Toronto) s the third with 3004 votes of Eulalie" by Margery er Halifax,

with 2500 , (C.B.

A BACHELOR'S CHRI

Christmas party, and, no doubt,
A loaded Christmas tree;
And girls and boys and toys—and noise;
What do they want with me?
And yet her friendly little note
Declares—thrice underlined—
f anust not fail. Well, well, I won't!
She's always sweet and kind.

Now, let me see. I had not thought Upon my wardrobe's state : Upon my wardrobe's state; I must look up my evening vest— By Jove!it's rather late

To rummage for a satin tie
And fish out gloves to match.
Great Scott! my best shirt's at the
And this one needs a patch. I'll thread a needle—if I can—

(I am the man who brags
Of single blessedness I) and see
If I can't mend these rags.
This thread's too coarse; or else, perhaps
My needle is too slim.
The light is poor or it may be
My sight is getting dim.

The clock ticks on. I must make haste Since she desires—alas
For those lost opportunities
Our thoughtless youth let pass!
But, as she's single still, who knows,

Some joys we may retrieve.

Perhaps she'll mend up life for me
Before next Christmas eve.

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge.

ARTHUR'S CHRIST-MAS LETTER.

Arthur seated himself upon the floor, Arthur seated himself upon the floor, in a corner of the room farthest from his mother; he wrinkled his eyebrows, puckered his mouth and cramping his little fingers around a statuby-lead pencil beganto write; and this is what he wrote:
"DEARSANTY CLAWS.—Pless dont for Get to Fill my stockin. An Id like A Sled an a par of skaTes. An pless giv MOTHET the vEry nicEst thinG you go?. We Live on French street, First ChimBly dowN 2 FLight's.
"ARRIUR HILL."

He stretched out his little numb fingers

Jack Frost played coarse practical jokes upon everybody and everything within his freach, so that the market boys felt obliged to run with the turkeys and turnips, blowing the while upon their aching fingers or rubbing their smarting ears.

The newsboys, with mufflers and caps pulled closely down, held-their papers under their arms and their hands in their pockets, and thrashed one foot against the other, while they called in cold voices to loaf of cake: another of breads with the day of rest below they will be compared to the control of the day of rest below they will be controlled in cold voices to thought Mrs. Hill. Two pies a loaf of cake: another of breads with the day of rest below they will be controlled to cold voices to the controlled to the cold of the c

other, while they called in cold voices to the passer-by; "Paper, sir, paper?" The heaven@were studded with gleam-ing stars which blinked merrily down on ing stars which blinked merrily down on the hurrying throug; and through un-curtained windows were glimpses of gay Christmas trees with happy children danc-ing around them, and smilling fathers and mothers looking on.

Holly wreaths hung in 'profusion and festoons of evergreen and mistletoe adorn-ed the walls; and over these happy scenes played the flickering light of the "yule" log's glow.

layed the flickering light of the "yue og's glow.

The church bells rang merrily, and the agan's deep note peeled forth upon the hight winks; lights streamed from the vindows and through the doors as they wung to and fro, while softly on the lis-ening ar stole the sound of voices sing-ng, of "Peace on earth, good will toward was."

But the peace and warmth and glow had toot reached French street, first chimney, wo flights down.

There was a little fire—just enough to give it the name—but it seemed an empty

tle.
The curtain was not drawn—what need The curtain was not drawn—what need of that? since the frost had worked so thick a screen that not even a loving star could peep in with a happy Christmas greeting. Mrs. Hill, with an old shawl over her shouldeas, sat close to the table, with a dim kerosene lamp beside her.

She was blue with the cold, and her flugers were so stiff that the needle went laboriously through the heavy seam. Her tired eyes filled with tears now and sgain, but she dashed them away—every minute was precious; hat if the cont was not finish eldto-night and taken back there was a sorry outlook for to-morrow. And the thought of the empty larder and coal-hod nerved her to frantic efforts at faster working; and when the clock outside told the hour of eight it sent a colder tarill through

hour of eight it sent a colder thrill through her frame.

Arthur, in spite of the cold, had pulled off one of his stockings, and was looking ruefully at a large hole in the toe.

"Look!" he said, holding it up before his mother, with a comical expression on his little mottled face.

"O. Arthur, how you do wear your stockings out! I mended them all up last Saturday night."

"But it comed right through again!" and Arthur glanced from the yawning stocking toe to his mother's tired face, then back again to the stocking.

"Do you spose the presents will come through?" feet it be nearly then would be some through?"

through?"
"No, I am afraid they won't," she said, "No, I am afraid they won't," she said, half bitterly.

"But I don't want'em to!" and he looked up with a perplexed expression at his mother, who was afraid his presents wouldn't come through.

He examined the hole again, taking its

He examined the hole again, taking its dimensions by thrusting three fingers through it and thrusting them apart.

Yes, there was no doubt a good sized toy could squeeze through the hole.

"Can you mend it, mother?"
"O, Arthur, don't ask me to do anything?" she answered, fretfully, and Arthur moved away a little; for never in his life before had he heard his mother search like that.

e that.
e next instant she reached out her
d snatched him passionately to her

goes to bed."

Arthur put his arms around her neck.
"You'll have a happy Christmas," he said,
looking up into her face with beaming
eyes; and her tears started afresh as she
looked at his hopeful face and thought of
the gloomy prospect.
"I wish I could make a fire and warm
you before you go to bed," she said, rubbing his blue cheeks with her cold fingers,
"and give you something to eat."

"I ain't much hungry," he answered,
with a brave smile.

with a brave smile.
"If I finish this coat in time I shall get

it along."

Mrs. Hill had hardly spoken; her eyes Mrs. Hill had hardly spoken; her eyes required a good deal of attention, and her lips had an overnastering tendancy to tremble; Mr. Morris, to relieve her, looked as little as possible in her direction.

But finally there was an end to apples and oranges, toys, strings of popeorn and candy, and the rest of his errand must be accomplished; so, clearing his throst, and looding hard at the calling, he said: "My wife thought the affect thing for the mother would be a ton of coal and a barrel of four."

barrel of flour."
Poor Mrs. Hill-poor Mr. Morris! for it

or pocket—went softly out of the room; but his quiet movements ended on the landing just outside, and he toredown the stairs and through the streets to the post-office.

Perhaps the thought that there were but two days before Christmas, and the consequent fear that the gentle reminder might not reach Santa Claus in time, gave the deer-like fleetness to his sturdy little feet.

Arthur's letter lay among the others for a half hour or so, and then a clerk began assorting them for the mails.

"Here's a good one?" and he laughed leartily as he held up the crumpled envelope.

"Here's a good one?" and he laughed heartily as he held up the crumpled careloge.

"Mr. Santa Clrus!" and he laughed again, in company with two or three clerks who had gathered around him.

Just then the door opened and the post-master came in.

The clerk held up the lotter "Mr. Se-va quainted with the gentleman's residence?"

Mr. Morris took the envelope and laughed, also, as he glanced at it, and was about to throw-kedown when a sudden vision of four little maids, with a twinklein-his kind blue eyes and purting the envelope into his pocket he walked away.

He was Christmas eve. There had been a heavy snowstorm the day before, and it had cleared off very cold. The people were muffled in furs to their cyes—if they had the furs—and hurried along over the crisp snow, which sang sharp little songs under their feet. The rude wind wrestled with them at the street corners, making the gentlemen catch wildly at their hads, and fluttering ribbons and veils in the faces of the ladies.

Jack Frost played coarse practical jokes upon everybody and everything within his reach, so that the market boys felt obliged to run with the coarse or the lank of the market boys felt obliged to run with the terews and everybady and everything within his reach, so that the market boys felt obliged to run with the turkeys and turnips, blow-

least so thought Mrs. Hill. Two piloaf of cake; another of bread; heart-shaped cakes, sugared in pink and white; a plum pudding; butter; tea: cof-



"DO YOU S'POSE THE PRESENTS WILL COM

fee; sugar; cranberries; a bag of s fee; sugar; cranberries; a bag of sweed potatoes; a squash; a turnip; two glass of jelly, and a turkey. The little tab was loaded; it had never groaned beneat such a weight before.

Mrs. Hill hung the holly wreath, which had lain on the top of the basket, in the window; then opened the bedroom door. "Arthur," she said softly, bending over him; but Arthur did not move. She kised him on the lips; he puckered up h mouth, opened it and closed it again, with a deep breath, and was as fast asleep a ever.

a deep breath, and was a face ever.

"Arthur, do you want to hear about Santa Claus?" The sleepy eyes opened and he rubbed them with his little fixts.

"W-h-a-t?"
"I thought you would like to hear anothe Santa Claus; your presents have come."
Arthur was wide awake—as what boy would not have been—and sprang out of bed.

would not have been—and sprang bed.

"Didn't he come quick?" and he stood in the bedroom door, his eyes still blinking, looking from the chimney to the table, and from the table back to the chimney, and then up to his mother's face.

She drew him to the stove, and settling down took him on her lap.
"I didn't 'spect so much!" he exclaimed, finding his tongue at last; "but ain't!

"I didn't 'spect so much'" he exclaimed, finding his tongue at last; "but ain't it jolly—jolly!" and clapping his hands together he threw hisamms so tightly around his mother's neck that he nearly stopped her breath and gave lier a sounding kiss. "The stockhi's full—an' you mended the hole!" and he got, down on the floor and peerei under it: "It's all sawed up tight!" Then he pulled down the sted and skates, tried on the mittens, wound the scarf around his neck, scraped acquaintance with the candy, and took # bite out of the shining apple.

with the candy, and took a bite out of the shining apple.
Words! words were weak for the expression of his satisfaction; so he danced up and down the room, and clapped his hands, and laughed and whistled, and finally turned a somersault in the intensity of his joy.
Then he and his mother had their Christmas supper in the warm room, with

the fire-not shining through the cracks of the usually grim old stove. And they talked of this glad evening—for somehow the bitterness of the beginning had passed from the mother's mind, and the old carol which sings that "night is passed" most fitly expressed the thought of her thankful heart.

fitly expressed the thought of her shalls ful heart.

"I can see a star!" Arthur cried, and sure enough the frost had melted a little and a star was peeping in; oh, more than one! two, three—yes, several shining down on the poor little home, as they had shone, long years before, on lonely Juda, and telling again the old yet ever new story of the Christ-child's birth, and of love and peace on earth.—Annie J. Holland in Household Monthly.

SOME CHRISTMAS COOKING.

"I want a book of fairy tales,"
I want a mest of picture block
I want a book of the swims with
I want a Jack in the Box,"

with a brave smile.

"If I finish this coat in time I shall get something to eat, and I will wake you up and give you some," and kissing him she turned back to her work and began that weary stitch, stitch.

Arthur hung up his stocking, and, going back to his mother, pulled the shawl away a little and kissed her on the neck—a form of caress which did not interfere with the needle—and with a bright face opened the bedroom door and shut himself in. How cold it was! for the door had been shut all day, that what heat there was might be kept in the kitchen. He would like to have opened it, for a ray of light from his mother's dim lamp, but it would make her colder, so he kicked off his shoes, not parting with very much else, for it-was too cold to undress, and jumped into bed and in a few minutes was fast aslicep, dreaming, perhaps, of Christmas feastings and sparcal in a bow knock startled Mrs. Hill.

What could it mean? And she trembled and ittle as she walked to the door and opened it.

A kind-faced man with merry blue eyes was standing there; he had very fat pockets, and a sled in one hand and a parcel in the other; and Mrs. Hill trembled more than ever, but from quite another emotion than fear.

Mr. Morris explained his errand; and she stepped into the room there was a sound of other footsteps. in the little entry, but he shut the door and unloaded his pockets and laid his parcels down.

My children sent these things to a fair the shut the door and unloaded his pockets and laid his parcels down.

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My children sent these things to a fair the shut the door and unloaded his pockets and laid his parcels down.

My children sent these things to a fair the shut the door and unloaded his pockets and laid his parcels down.

My children sent these things to a fair the shut the door and the deven and let it boil quite fast for four the mixture juto it, cover with a shoet of good white note taper, tie the mould in a Christmas Plum Puddinge (ONE WELL BEFORE CHRISTMA
This morn said a mmy, full of gle
As to his mother dear he ran;
"Old Santa Claus indeed, must be,
A very nice old man." "I know he heard me when I told You, mother what I wished he'd Beneath he si master of gold She smilled at sun, a thing. It's so," said Tourns, with a bour Phat showed he have trans. "The tays I wished for I just four "Way he has garrest stairs!" Candy palls are among the most forms of entertainment amon people, in the winter, and althout fun may be had at a candy pull candy refuses to become cand "pull," still it is always aleast the party to be up in the accomp of making dainty sweets. The bust be and the party to be up to the party to be up to the party to be up to the party bon-bons is French canding to one or other given below.

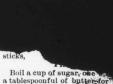
given below.

French Crea

Boil a pound of sugar w
water and a saltspoonful o
tar, to the large thread,
derstand this you must l
degrees of sugar boiling.)
has boiled a few minutes have been in vain. It is well to keep your tea kettle boiling that you may have water to add to the pot in which the pudding is boiling, as under no consideration must it be allowed to run dry. When you are ready to serve the pudding, remove it carefully into a large colander, untie the cloth, and turn the pudding out on a hot dish. It shot the pudding out on a hot dish. It shot the pudding out on a hot dish. It shot the pudding out on a hot dish. It shot the pudding out on a hot dish. It shot the pudding out on a hot dish. It shot the pudding out of your, stick a spring of holly in the contains and send the table with either a lord or sallow. säppery as at mrst; unis is un After still further boiling, d mer punctured with holes, quick turn with the wrist, a films of sugar appear, it ha third degree called the fea degree. A little further b

our papa comes in and sees those bills for thristmas presents.—Demorest.

Freddie-Mamma ee the Indians? e a wild man one Mamma-You would like to see a wild an? Well, wait a few minutes until



harmless as it is possit Take a coffee cupful of a cup of water, a tables 1"a big teaspoonfu 40 misutes. Pou

Test as before, longer. A differ

make up it The principal