

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

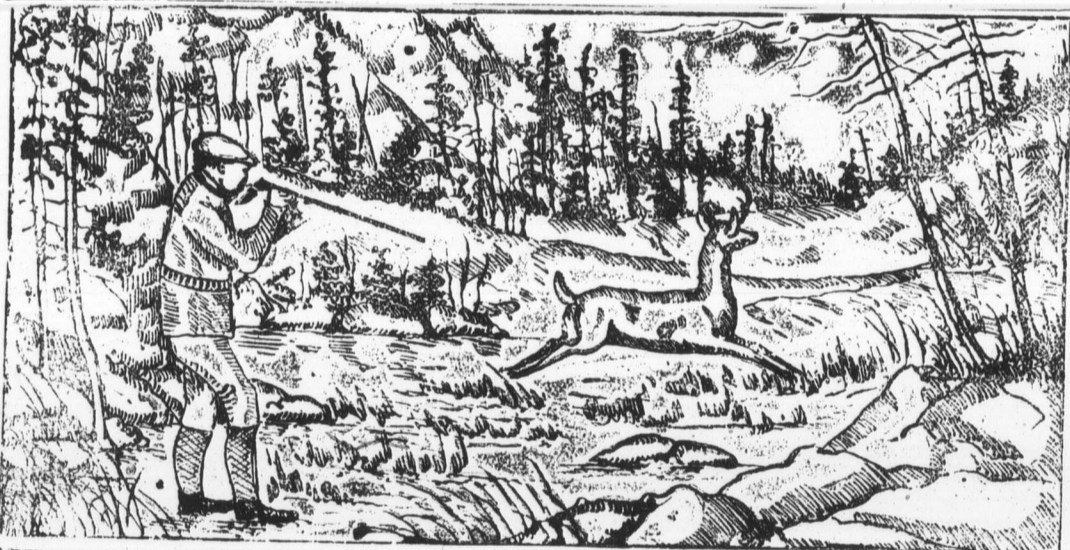


For the next two days after the events recorded in last chapter, the hunters met with varying success. Charlie was placed on the water watch and waited until nearly sundown without seeing any game or hearing sound of hounds. The wind being very high and the dogs leading off from the shore, it was impossible to hear any sound but a short distance. He had just about given up all hope of getting any sport that day, when, chancing to look away down the lake, he saw something that seemed to be moving in the water. As floating logs and debris were continuously being driven about by the winds and waves, he was undecided for a few moments as to whether he should go down and investigate or not. The object kept steadily moving along towards the opposite shore and he finally concluded to row down and satisfy himself as to what the moving object really was. He had not gone far before he concluded that it was a deer and put forth extra effort to come up to it. It was nearly a mile, the deer was nearing the shore, and in a few minutes would be where it could touch bottom and thereby escape. Charlie put in some fancy strokes about that

in the wilds of Michigan, told wonderful stories of how he captured scores of deer by simply going out into the haunts of the game and with an old cow bell, start up the deer, which would stop and look back when hearing the unusual sound. His instructions were: "Now, you take three turns to the right and give the old bell three 'tonks', then go a few rods to the left and give two tonks more, and then, 'My Jesler,' but you'll see them jump up and stare you right in the eye. Have your gun ready, and plump them every time." Ed had taken the cow-bell along the way before, but when ready to go out into the woods his heart had always failed him and he had let the old cow bell lay in the bottom of his trunk. On this particular day he concluded to make a carefully stowed old cow bell away in the pocket of his hunting coat. Taking out into the woods he tramped for hours, up and down the hills, through burlays and across water-courses, without getting a start. One of the "perps" started off on his own hook and was soon running rabbits, while the other one followed along demurely at his master's heels. For

lay and volunteered to go out to the shore and call in Phil and Marsh to assist in carrying out the game. The call-off signal to the Scribe was also given, and he took across from his watch, and, while waiting for the other men to come in, proceeded to twist three or four strong wythes with which to bind the deer to the poles in order to carry it out to the shore. A couple of strong poles about ten feet long were procured and to these the deer was securely bound, and with a pole resting on each shoulder of a couple of the men a start was made for the boats. The Scribe was given the easier task of carrying out the coats, cartridge belts, and four rifles, but found the load a disagreeable one, as the guns would slip off his shoulder at every other step, and the coats, etc. had to be looked after at the same moment. But the most disagreeable jobs always have an ending, and after losing a lot of sweat and getting an occasional scratch or slap in the face from hanging limbs, the party reached the shore and then on to camp.

(CONTINUED)



time and had the satisfaction of seeing that he was gaining rapidly. The wind was tossing his frail craft about and the risk of a shot at that long distance was not very encouraging. However, just as the deer's feet touched the sand and it rose partly out of the water, Charlie reloaded the Peterboro for an instant on the crest of a big wave, and, quickly raising his Winchester, fired. The shot took effect in the deer's head, splitting it open from crown to tip of nose, and when he rowed up to where it lay on the water it was stone dead.

The Doc came into camp that night and related that for several days he had been posted in about the same locality, and while several deer had been seen scudding through the woods and underbrush at a distance, he had not been fortunate enough to get a shot. Lots of game had been started, but the dogs led off in the wrong direction and the races were lost. However, the number of deer brought in was satisfactory to the party, as they saw that with good management the required number would be hung up to their credit before the time for breaking camp came around.

On Saturday morning the men all got away for their respective stations at an early hour. Ed volunteered to put out the dogs for the day, and Phil and Marsh were to take positions on the water watches. Len and Charlie guarded the approach to "the yard." Byron and Doc took up their stations down the river a mile or two and the Scribe went to his old watch at the big fallen pine where he had killed the deer a couple of days before. He took this place from choice, as he wanted to feast his eyes on the spot where he believed a treasure lay buried in the rocks, only waiting the time when some plucky adventurer would delve down and search out the hidden mineral, which he believed lay there in rich profusion.

A couple of years before, Ed had been into conversation with an old water at the Delta fair who, in his long experience in deer hunting

some unaccountable reason, Ed forgot all about the old cow bell and the three "tonks" to the right and two "tonks" to the left, but trudged along, hoping to get the hound to pick up a fresh track. He was following along a well defined runway that led in the centre of an old lumber road thickly strewn with fallen timber and grown up in many places with small underbrush. A rocky hill with almost perpendicular sides towered above the tree tops on his left, while on his right a thick jungle of tamarac and cedar extended away for an indefinite distance. The hound which had been following along in the rear, slowly forged ahead and was soon out of sight. Not more than a couple of minutes elapsed after the hound disappeared up the runway when it gave a couple of sharp yelps and the next instant an immense buck sprang into the centre of the old lumber road, not more than thirty or forty yards ahead. His body was nearly all hidden from Ed's view by the trees and underbrush, but he quickly raised his rifle and fired a shot, which, however, lodged in the side of one of the trees instead of the deer's body. The next instant the hound sprang into view, only a few feet from the deer, which, being between two enemies, seemed to be dazed for the moment and stood gazing, first at Ed and then at the hound. Another instant and the hound would have been at the deer's throat, but it sprang back directly towards where Ed was preparing for another shot, then bounded to the base of the almost perpendicular rocks and attempted to rush by. Ed fired and the ball took effect but did not do the deed. Another bound and it was again on top of the hunter, who fired again with fatal effect and the animal dropped to the ground in the throes of death, not more than a dozen feet from where Ed stood. It was a magnificent specimen, weighing fully 250 pounds, and had a splendid pair of horns. Byron, who was on the hills a quarter of a mile distant, hearing the shots and the shout, came over to where the

MISERY IN A HOSPITAL.
Rheumatism Made Life a Burden—South American Rheumatic Cure Lifted It—A Permanent Cure.
The life of John E. Smith, of Amasa Wood Hospital, St. Thomas, was one long round of misery, he was so afflicted with rheumatism. He tried all manner of cures without much benefit. After having taken half a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure he found great relief, and four bottles cured him permanently. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

The Friendless Tollgates.
Brockville Times: The example of the municipalities of the village of Athens and the Township of Rear of Yonge and Escott in moving towards the abolishment of toll gates in their municipalities is worthy of emulation. For many years in these counties it has been an admitted fact that the maintenance of tollgates is no guarantee of good roads and yet the roads are full of these relics of a by-gone age. Brockville is surrounded on every side by these barriers to trade, and it is to be hoped that this closing year of the nineteenth century will see these nuisances completely wiped out from Leeds and Grenville counties.

THE DEATH RACE
Is Spared So Many a Home, Because Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Never Fails to Cure Heart Disease—Relief in 30 Minutes.
The pall of death has hovered over many a diseased heart, looking for the last flicker of the candle, and Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stepped between the patient and the grim hand, and nursed the sufferer back to perfect and permanent health. Th. Petrie, of Aylmer, Que., had a heart disease for five years, was unable to work. The doctors gave him up to die many a time. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave him relief in thirty minutes, and four bottles cured him. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

DELTA
SATURDAY, Jan. 27.—W. H. Denaut has sold his property to Terrence Soper of Soperon who has retired from the farm and it will be run by his son-in-law, W. H. Godkin of Rockspring. Walter H. Denaut will move to the double house owned by R. H. Wells, who has gone to Lombardy.
Simon Ransom will move from his farm at Soperon to part of the Denaut house which was occupied by C. H. Putnam. Ransom's farm is being run by Mr. Putnam.
G. Elliott, the Foresters' organizer of Toronto, was here for two weeks in the interests of the I. O. F. He was successful in canvassing for new members.
Byron Yates, the teacher, has been appointed district agent for Ontario Mutual Assurance Co., of Waterloo. He is doing a good business.
We were pleased to see the familiar face of Miss Bertha Godkin of Oak Leaf, who was in the village visiting her relatives.
E. A. Pierce the enterprising tinsmith, is busily engaged making sugar supplies and sap pails in readiness to sell them as soon as the sugar weather opens.
The ice harvest is in full swing. The ice is being put in a little thin, but it is a first class quality.
The party given at Mr. Omer Brown's house on Friday last was attended by about fifty young men and ladies. All enjoyed themselves immensely and returned home in the wee, sma' hours.
Miss Minnie Godkin of Plevna is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Morris.
Mrs. John Card of Plevna is at present visiting at Thos. Connor's.
Felix Bresse bought a fine horse from W. H. Denaut. Felix says that he will not let any of the boys go by him.
Melville Card and wife of Plevna are visiting at Geo. Morris' for a few days.
Rev. Dr. Williams of St. James' church, Montreal, is announced to preach at the Methodist church next Sunday. It will pay you to come and hear him.

WON HIS CASE.
Doctors Said He Must Die, But He Rallied Under South American Kidney Cure and Diabetes Was Absolutely Cured.
A prominent legal light in a Canadian Western town treated and dieted for years for what the doctors diagnosed an incurable case of diabetes. He became so bad that he had to quit his practice, other complications setting in, and his sufferings were most intense. Almost as a last resort he tried South American Kidney Cure; and, to his own surprise, immediately began to improve. This is over a year ago. He continued taking this greatest of kidney specifics, and to-day he is a well man. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

DAYTOWN.
MONDAY, Jan. 29.—Joel Barlow, while skidding logs on the Haskins wood lot, got his horse's foot cut very badly from stepping on an axe left lying on the ground.
A daughter of Sylvester Stevens came home from Michigan the other night, giving the family quite a surprise, as they did not know she was coming. She has four children with her.
Quite a lot of our boys are joining the I. O. F. lodge at Delta.
Mrs. D. Huffman and son were the guests of P. A. Huffman recently.

A Resident Physician—That's what you could rightly call Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—for after all how few are the family complaints that cannot be reached and treated directly through the stomach. These wonderful little physicians—60 of them in a box—85 cents—heat all stomach disorders in old or young—incipient cases or chronic cases—they are pure and palatable. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

The Turkey and the Peacock.
"I have always believed," the colonel said, "that animals have far more intelligence than they are commonly credited with. I am sure they can talk to one another. A case in point: You see that turkey gobbler and hen out there? Let me tell you an actual fact about them. Last summer Mr. Johnson presented me with a very handsome peacock. He was a splendid bird, and the beauty of his plumage was the wonder of the neighborhood. "One afternoon I saw him strutting around and making a magnificent display of his gorgeous tail feathers. Mrs. Turkey looked on admiringly for awhile and then trotted over to where the gobbler was quietly mopping under a peach tree. They were engaged for a moment in earnest conversation. Then Mr. Gobbler straightened himself up, stiffened his wings, gave a strut, and proudly spread his tail feathers. Madam gave a contemptuous toss of her head and evidently laughed at him. I could see the fire in the gobbler's eye, and told Mr. Boubel, my engineer, who was with me at the time, to look out and we would see some fun, and we did.
"That gobbler marched straight over to where the peacock was, still prouetting and admiring the glint of the sun on his iridescent plumage, pounced on him and never let him up until he had picked out the last feather of that gorgeous tail. The poor peacock after the loss of his tail feathers had no more interest in life, but pined away and died in less than a month."—Gaiter.

A Courteous Inquiry.
A prominent San Josean reached the Third street depot of the Southern Pacific company in an inebriated condition and asked for "a first class ticket, please."
"Where do you want to go?" said the ticket clerk somewhat pointedly.
"There was a pause, while the inebriated one muddledly reflected, and then he blandly and politely asked:
"What trains have you?"—San Francisco Wave.

The Scullery Drudge.
[Women are pouring into the profession. . . . In consequence of the difficulty of procuring domestic servants it is proposed to employ men for general housework.—Daily Paper.]
Mamma is a bishop in gaiters,
Aunt Flo is a brilliant Q. C.;
They say that no better debaters
Are heard in the commons than she.
Aunt Amy's an eminent surgeon,
Aunt Jane is a shrewish judge,
Aunt Kate is a greater than Scargood,
And I am a scullery drudge.
I've female relations in dozens,
I eye them with awe from afar,
For most of my feminine cousins
Are lights of the church and the bar.
They are crowned with a halo of splendor,
A glory I cannot but grudge,
For girls of masculine gender,
I'm only a scullery drudge.
Time was I had other ambitions
Than scoring a pot or a pan;
Alas, I forgot my conditions—
I forgot I was merely a man!
But none of my friends care a bit for
My notions. They laughed and cried:
"Fudge!
My dear, what is any man fit for
But the lot of a scullery drudge?"
—Punch.

It Applied Either Way.
Critic—Well, old man, how's the new theater going?
Manager—Badly, badly! There's nothing but the court mortuum of our former audiences left.
Critic—Caput mortuum. Let me see, that is a Latin idiom meaning "the worthless remains," is it not?
Manager—Yes; I meant the deadhead.
—Pick Me Up.

Overamiable.
He never makes a kick at all,
No matter how things are;
Life's boisterous, great and small—
He banishes afar.
The slight injustices of life
Don't move him to distress
Says he: "I won't have any strife,
It ain't worth while, I guess."
His patience some reward should bring,
I wish that I could say
That all his earthly cares took wing,
But things don't work that way.
His hopes grow weak by work more slim;
His goods more light in bed;
The man who never kicks is him
That's allus gettin' led.
—Washington Star.

ON GUARD
The warning cough is the faithful sentinel. It tells of the approach of consumption which has killed more people than war and pestilence combined. It tells of painful chests, sore throats, bronchitis, and pneumonia. Do not suffer another day. It's useless, for there's a prompt and safe cure. It is

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
which cures fresh colds and coughs in a single night and masters chronic coughs and bronchitis in a short time. Consumption is surely and certainly prevented, and cured, too, if taken in time.
A 25c. bottle for a fresh cold; 50c. size for older colds; \$1 size for chronic coughs and consumption.
"I always keep a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral on hand. Then every time I get cold I take a little of it and I am better at once."
JAMES O. BRIGGS,
Oct. 19, 1898. El Paso, Texas.
Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice, write the Doctor freely. Address:
Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

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, Hair Dressing Saloons 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. WILSON, Athens
SOLE AGENT FOR LEEDS COUNTY

Septuagesima Sunday, Feb. 11th, has been set apart by the Church of England in Canada as a day of special intercession in connection with the war in South Africa.

"Example is Better Than Precept."
It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia—I was weak and had falling spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong. Mrs. WILLIAM VANVALKENBURG, Whitby, Ont.

A Good Medicine—We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective. For impure blood we know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine. R. S. PILLON, publisher Bee, Atwood, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints
Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-purging and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

KENBALL'S SPAVIN CURE
WORTH \$50 A BOTTLE To This Man.
It may be worth a like sum or even more to you.
Frank Jones, Esq., N. Y., March 19, 1898.
Dear Sir—I have used your Kenball's Spavin Cure and think it a good Liniment. I have cured a Spavin on my knee, and I would not take \$100 for her, which I offered for \$75 before. I will be pleased to have your book and recipe for the enclosed stamp, so I read on the container. FRANK SMITH, Washington, D. C., Ontario, Mar. 6, '98.
Dr. R. J. Kenball's Spavin Cure is a two-cent stamp for your valuable Kenball's Spavin Cure. I have used your Kenball's Spavin Cure without any failure in years, and consider it the best Liniment for man or beast in the market. Please send me the book as you advertise for, for horse. GEORGE BROWN.
It is an absolutely reliable remedy for Spavin, Splints, Curbs, Ringbones, etc. Removes the tumor and causes no pain. Price, \$1.00 per bottle. As a Urine for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for KENBALL'S SPAVIN CURE, also "Kenball's on the Horse," the book free, or address DR. R. J. KENBALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

WAGES OF SIN
A Book for Young and Old.
OUR RECORD IS 1878 250,000 CURED
WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN & PRIVATE DISEASES
250,000 CURED YOUNG MAN Have you slurred when in moments of the terrible crime you were committing. Did you only consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible result, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood complain of PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Have you misery in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It is now we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY. We treat and cure GONORRHOEA, VENEREAL, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, LEUCORRHOEA, GONORRHOEA, CHLORIDIA, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.

CURES GUARANTEED
"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 20 stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for FREEBYON BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.
DRS.
KENNEDY & KERGAN
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St. DETROIT, MICH.

THE HATO
Manufactured by the Grover-Richards Supply Co., Toronto, Ont.
E. WILSON, Athens
SOLE AGENT FOR LEEDS COUNTY

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION