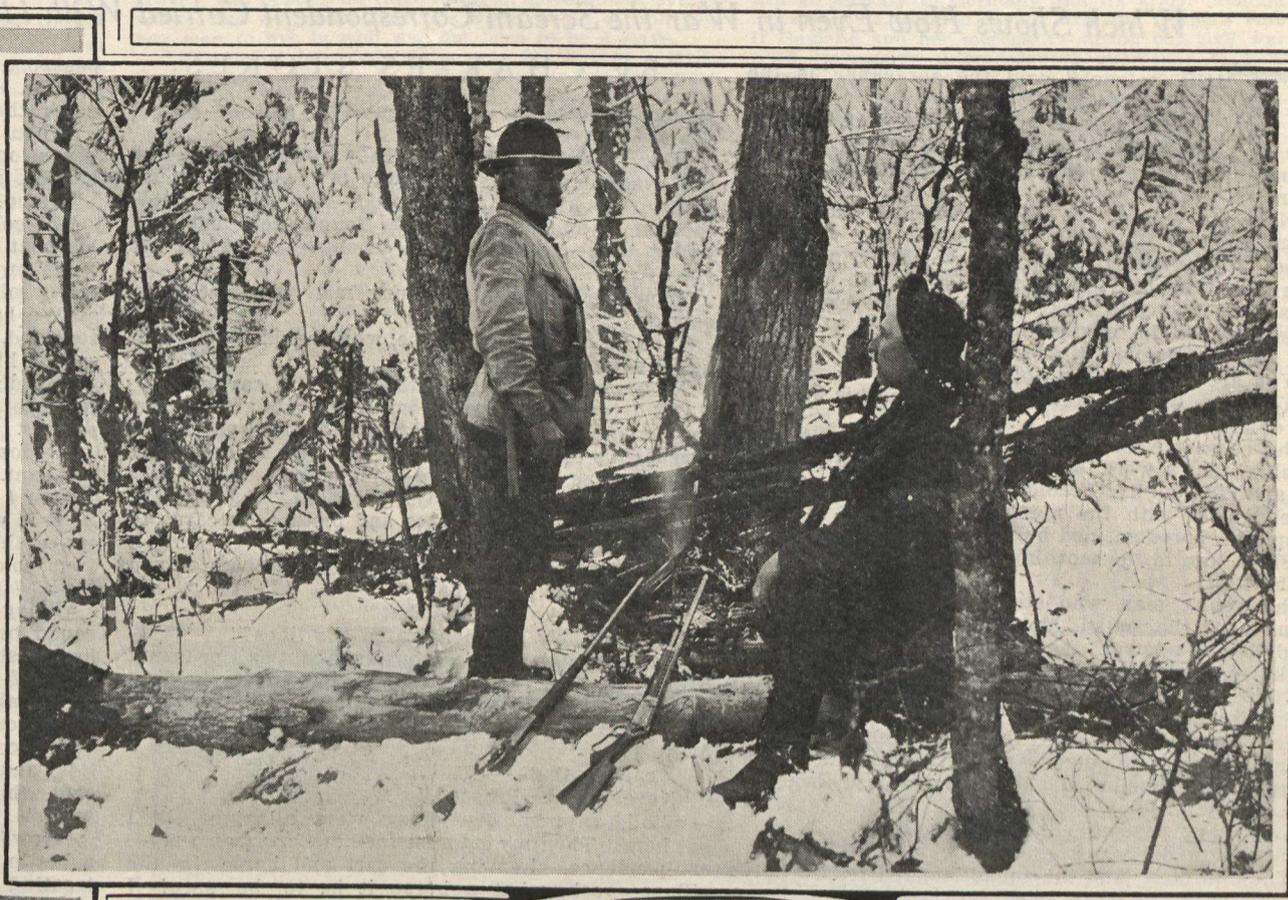


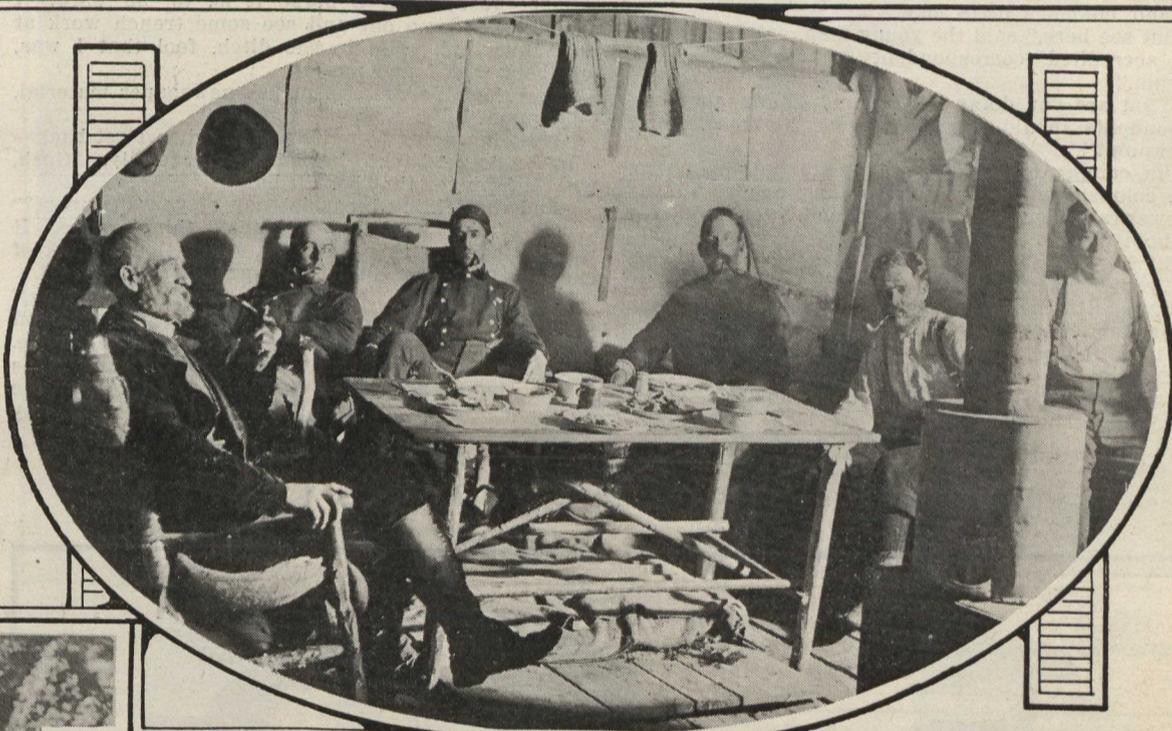
# A DAY WITH RED DEER HUNTERS



## THE JOY OF THE HUNT

HE who has not seen the sun rise over the November tree-tops and who has not tasted the eggs and bacon of the hunter's early breakfast, has missed one of the greatest experiences in life. The deer-hunters of America are in a class by themselves. They get nearer to nature than the botanist. They know more of the value of exercise and fresh air than the most modern of medical men. They know why the Red Indian was happy and unprogressive, and they know how primitive is the white man when he comes into mortal combat with the animal world.

Once he has gone for a fortnight's hunt of the red deer in the forests of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick or Maine, there is not stopping time. The outing becomes an annual affair. Year after year he goes back to the same old trail over rock and bog and stream, seeking the same old stimulant—the glorious elixir of trailing the elusive red deer to his lair.



1. He is not averse to partridge and rabbits. 2. He fully enjoys the beauties of the "first snowfall." 3. His temporary home is crude, but comfortable. 4. "Horsing" in the deer is heavy, but joyous work. 5. His trophy is brought to the edge of the lake, where the canoe is in waiting.