

# 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



In the afternoon of the day mentioned in last chapter, the boys decided to go across the lake to new ground. Charlie, Len, and the Scribe took up over the hills leading on beyond the little beaver lakes, leaving Doc at a runway on top of a hill where the deer crossed from the regions up the river. Marsh took the boat and a couple of dogs up to the head of the lake, while Phil and Byron put out dogs down on the west side of the lake. The dogs that they put out took off in a wrong direction and their race was lost. Marsh's dog soon got a start and brought a fine buck up over the hills to where Doc was located. It came within a few rods of where he stood and he fired a couple shots, when the deer halted and stood looking him in the eye. Whether the gaze had a bad effect or not, the Doc does not say, but when he recovered himself and got ready to shoot he found the mechanism of his rifle was out of order and he was unable to force a cartridge up into the barrel. Doc was in a quandary. He wished to retrieve his bad luck during the preceding days, but just at this critical moment, when fortune was propitious, his usual ill luck attended him and he was unable to take advantage

Of course, there were partridge innom-erable walking about, and sometimes they would come near enough to be knocked over with a stick, and the rabbits were hopping about in all directions with a look that seemed to say, 'We know you won't shoot our way as it is against the rules to shoot small game when on the lookout for deer.' Hour after hour passed away, and still no sound of baying hound or crack of huntsman's rifle resounded through the immense forest. "I took out my lunch and while eating it I heard the first faint sound of a hound in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and I concluded that at last game was coming in my direction. The sounds came nearer to my watch and then turned off down the side of the opposite hill and passed on to the shores of the lake, where in a few minutes the crack of Ed's rifle told me plain enough that the game was captured. I had about concluded to abandon my watch and start for camp, when I heard a hound yelping along the same runway on which the deer had just passed. Shifting my position so as to cut off the retreat of the game if it took down the old runway, I had hardly got to

by Len to his friends in camp and at the cafes and restaurants at home. He may throw a little more dramatic interest into the recital when he finds tenderfoots asking impertinent questions, but Len's powers as a mighty hunter are too well known to be disputed. It was late that night when the boys sought their couches. Len was in a particularly happy mood and indulged in an extra supply of fried cake and molasses, after stowing away more than the usual supply of fresh boiled potatoes and venison stew. For a long time he lay in his crib at the lower end of the cabin and thought over the incidents of the day. From where he lay, he could see through the window out onto the placid waters of the lake. The silent stars twinkled in the heavens and glistened through the leaves. A loon came out from its resting place and made doleful music for its mate farther down the lake, and a whip-will sang its lay in the forest, all unheard by the rest of the gang, excepting Len. When, finally, his eyes closed in sleep, the distorted figures of Phil's collie pup and the bear cub would rise up before him and assume fantastic shapes and immense proportions. Once



age of the kind act of Providence and kill the game that seemed to have been sent that way for his especial benefit. The hunter and deer stood gazing at each other for fully a minute, when the deer, thinking, no doubt, that he had given his enemy every opportunity to get in a shot, gently waved its tail by way of a parting salute, as much as to say: "Ta, ta, I'll see you later," and strolled off into the underbrush and was lost to view. That evening in camp the incidents of the day were talked over and the conclusion was come to that the party would try for game in the big woods back of the camp, and each man was assigned his position for the day. Phil and Charlie were to put out the dogs, Ed and the Scribe were to have the lake watches, Len was to guard the runways leading off to the north, and the rest were placed in the most advantageous positions where game was supposed to run. Several shots were heard by the watchers away to the north, and when the boys straggled into camp that night, Charlie lugged a fine doe and Ed brought in another. Len was as usual, and a trail leading into several whoops that credit to a genuine bear. He was staggering under something that did not look like a bear previously killed, and the boys rushed out of camp to see what he was so excited over. We will let Len tell the story of his experience in his own well chosen language: "When I left camp this morning, I had serious misgivings, as I was going out to the identical runway from which I wandered on that never-to-be-forgotten tramp of ten miles, on that rainy day last season, when for ten long weary hours, I trudged on and on, hoping against conviction that I would soon find our camp, only to be disappointed. However, I went to my station on a well defined runway and watched several hours without hearing anything worth shooting at.

my station when I saw an object dodging along through the underbrush and occasionally coming into sight as it passed over a rocky place on the hillside. I was inclined to think it was a porcupine, and knowing the unmerciful roasting I got last season over my encounter with that kind of game, I about concluded to let it pass without further notice. Just at this moment, Phil's pup came by on a good lively gait and in a few moments came up to the animal I had been watching. The next thing I saw was the animal climbing a small tree and when it was three or four feet from the ground the hound made a spring and grabbed it by the flank. In an instant, I saw that the animal, let it be what it might, was not a porcupine, and I sprang over the logs and boulders towards where the dog was still hanging on to the rear end of the game. Even when within a hundred yards I was not certain as to what kind of an animal the hound had caught, but I decided to get a little nearer so as to run no risk of having a repetition of the fate of poor Jeff. A more than usual severe pull on the animal's flank by the pup caused it to emit a growl that convinced me that I had struck something better than the hated porcupine, and feeling that my aim was good enough to make a bead without any danger to the hound, I raised my Winchester and fired. The first shot struck the animal but did not reach a vital part, and I fired two more shots before the animal relinquished its hold on the limb and dropped to the ground. Running up, I saw the hound in a lively tangle with a large bear cub. I watched them for a moment, but as the animal had been mortally wounded it soon was finished by the dog, and I stepped up and cut its throat. It proved to be a large sized spring cub, and as I was nearly two miles from camp, I concluded to lose no time in shouldering my game and starting out for camp. "This, in brief, is the story as told

his imagination saw an immense black bear with form raised on its haunches and front legs extended as if wishing to embrace him. It stood directly before him and there seemed no possibility of escape. Slowly his hair raised on end, lifting his cap off his brow, from which the cold beads of perspiration rolled in copious drops. He tried to shout for help but, his tongue, close to the roof of his mouth, and he shuddered convulsively, expecting that the



next moment would be his last. Fortunately, just at that moment, Marsh let off an unusually loud snore, which broke the spell and Len awoke to find it was all a dream. Our artist has drawn a sketch as Len looked (to himself), just as the bear was about to clasp him in his brawny arms.

(CONTINUED)  
Your Doctor's Advice—Has not always been according to his conscience because for years he's been schooled in prejudices which dub every proprietary remedy as "quackery"—to-day he knows better and practices better, and such worthy remedies as Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are among the constant prescriptions in his daily practice because he has proved them so potent in stomach troubles—60 in a box, 35 cents.

### FALLING

Does this illustrate your experience? And are you worried for fear you are soon to be bald?

Then cease worrying, for help is at hand. You need something that will put new life into the hair bulbs.

You need a hair food, such as



It brings health to the hair, and the falling ceases. It always restores color to gray hair. You need not look at thirty as if you were fifty, for your gray hair may have again all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. "I am a barber by trade and have had a great deal to do with your Hair Vigor. I have found that it will do everything that you claim for it. It has given me the most complete satisfaction in my business." HENRY J. GIBSON, March 22, 1899, Kansas City, Mo. Write the Doctor. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, address the Doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

### LAUGHING GAS.

In the Thicket of It. Say, whither go these fellows? With hair so very long, Their muscles indicating That they are very strong? Their suits are thickly padded, With pride their faces glow, Some objects queer they carry-- Say, whither do they go? These chaps with bulging muscles And Federweil hair, With pads of large dimensions In clothing that they wear-- Why, they're the season's heroes, Who bravely strive for fame, And proudly they are going To play a football game. Whence come these tattered fellows With hair so badly torn, While some, all cut and battered, Are by their comrades borne, And here and there is limping A chap with bandaged shin, And some have both eyes blackened-- Where have these victims been? They've not been in a battle, Although it looks that way; Their wounds were not inflicted By men in deadly fray. Ah, no, these tattered fellows, Some cut, some bruised, some lame, Are heroes who've been playing A Rugby football game. They don't regard the bruises, They never shrink at mire, For laurels they are striving, To glory they aspire. They're now the season's heroes, These chaps of grit and brawn, So call the ambulances And let the game go on. --Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Amending It. "I awaked you," protested the mortified ex-coachman, "for a certificate of good character, and all you say for me in this recommendation is that I 'wouldn't steal a red-hot stove.' Cawn't you make it a little stronger than that, sir?" "Certainly. Let me have it again." And the ex-employer took the document, erased the words "red-hot stove," inserted "active volcano," and handed it back. --Chicago Tribune.

A Failure. "I believe that eddication's a failure," said Farmer Sparrowgrass. "Do you?" "Yes, I do. I paid Ephraim's way through college, and now he's a 'milk o' use' but to wear loud clothes an play golf all day." --Detroit Free Press.

### JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Cow That Kicked Melinda. She went to milk the cow with her hair fluffed round her brow, And a happy little smile upon her lips; Her hands were brown and strong, and she trifled a happy song, But how many of the safest of us slip. The hired man ran in and made a fearful din, As he hammered on the little cuckoo house window, And he filled the house with fright as he yelled with all his might. "The cow has kicked Melinda!" That alliance for awhile could be heard for half a mile, And the horror of it sunk in every heart; But when the shock was over, like bull calves into clover, You ought to've seen that little household start. They found the story true, for she was black and blue, And her granny piped an order through the window. "If the milk she milked is spilled, then the animal must be killed!" The cow that kicked Melinda. In splendid halls adorning you sit tomorrow morning, And spread your little saphin for a feed; If you're disappointed much and your teeth do frequent touch, Something that is very tough indeed, As you struggle and you sigh, to masticate you try, And the trolley gone is sounding through the window, Your spirits I might see if I whispered in your ear, "That's the cow that kicked Melinda!" --Toronto Globe.

### HOW PAPER IS RULED

METHODS FOLLOWED IN PREPARING MODERN STATIONERY.

The Ruling Machine is an interesting Piece of Mechanism, in Which Ink is Fed to the Pens by Strips of Flannel on Strings of Yarn.

How many people who pick up a small memorandum book full of tiny blue squares know of the machine or process by which the lines are traced? The majority of people, if asked this question, will immediately answer that the work is done after the manner of all ordinary printing--on a fast press making so many thousand revolutions per minute. Hundreds of business men, perhaps, who order their ledgers, day books, journals, billheads, etc., from the printer know little different than that the men who set the type and operate the presses are also responsible for the red, blue, purple and other colored lines that run perpendicularly and horizontally over the pages in their business books.

All the larger printing establishments have both the lines attached, and here the lines and special columns with which a man may want his stationery marked are put on, and not in the pressroom proper, as might be supposed. There are two pieces in Pittsburg where this work is done exclusively, and all except the few larger printing houses send their work to be lined, or, professionally speaking, ruled, in these establishments. At a paper ruling house on Second avenue, where a reporter watched the methods of forming colored lines, the operator in charge of the machines that do the work explained many of the difficulties encountered in accomplishing the delicate tracings. The paper ruling machine resembles an old Washington hand press, with which our forefathers disseminated the news. It consists of six uprights, between four of which are set two systems of rollers. From a feed stand a boy or girl adjusts the paper that is carried forward, traced, sent underneath through a series of blotter covered rollers and eventually discharged between the last two uprights in much the same manner as the completed newspaper is vomited from the printing press.

The pen with which the ruling is done is by far the most interesting part of the mechanism. This is a grooved brass affair about an inch and a half long, containing at the top what is called a bowl, into which the ink is passed to the groove and thence transferred to the paper. If a dozen lines, for instance, are to be ruled, a dozen pens, set at any required distance apart, are employed. These are adjusted to a beam over the wide blanket on which the paper is carried, and the bowls of the pens are kept constantly supplied with fluid from a strip of flannel saturated with the color of ink desired.

When more than one color of line is to be traced, strings of fine yarn are soaked with ink, placed at the top of the wooden beam and the ends made to lie right in the bowls of the pens. Over the strings of yarn is placed the saturated flannel, and on top of that is put a thin sheet of tin or copper. From this sheet are run more strings of yarn containing another color of ink, and these yarn ends drop into the bowls of other pens at the side of those giving the first color. When the pens are properly adjusted, the colors will not mix, even though at times the lines are no farther apart than the five hundredth part of an inch. Those who will take the trouble to look at the horizontal lines at top of their billheads and notice the purple line between the two parallel red ones, leaving a scarcely perceptible margin of white, may appreciate the extremely intricate nature of the adjustments required to produce such an effect.

As many colors as may be desired are possible of being ruled at one impression or passages of the paper over the blanket. It is also possible by the use of more than one beam on the ruling machine to trace varying lengths at the same time. For instance, all the horizontal lines, say, are ruled, and it is intended to rule a certain number of the perpendiculars from the uppermost horizontal below the margin and another series from a horizon at a quarter or a half inch farther down the paper. By the use of cams the paper is made to meet the pens attached to the first beam at the right time to catch the uppermost horizontal. Those lines are traced, and the paper passes on under the pens in the second beam, and the tracing begins exactly at the next horizontal line described. By the use of the same cams the tracing can be stopped and resumed at any part of the paper.

Extraordinary care must always be exercised by the operator lest the moving strings, which steady the paper on the blanket, come in contact with the pens and thus destroy the work by causing the ink to run all over the paper. He must also, with the aid of a brush, feed ink to the flannel that in turn passes to the yarn strings hanging in the bowls of the pens. There is little danger of the flow becoming at any time too heavy, but if the fluid is not properly fed the lines will vary in distinctness. The consistency of the ink used in ruling is much thinner than water, rendered so by the application of oxgall. Almost any quality of paper is capable of being ruled, even to the flimsy material used in manufacturing the work of ruling is slow compared with the modern methods of turning out printed material, but this is made necessary by the extremely delicate nature of the work and the exceeding care that must always be observed. --Pittsburg News.

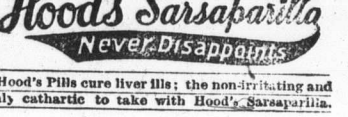
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Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hayes and family visited friends in Chantry last week and were interested spectators at the fancy dress carnival.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-detracting and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



WORTH \$50 A BOTTLE. It may be worth a dollar or even more to you. Frank Smith, Washington, P. O., Ontario, Mar. 4, '98. Dear Sir:--I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure and think it a good medicine. I have cured a spavin on my horse, and I would not take \$100 for her, which I offered for \$25 before. I will be pleased to have your book and recipe for the medicine sent to me on the condition. Truly yours, FRANK SMITH, Washington, P. O., Ontario, Mar. 4, '98. Dear Sir:--I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure and think it a good medicine. I have cured a spavin on my horse, and I would not take \$100 for her, which I offered for \$25 before. I will be pleased to have your book and recipe for the medicine sent to me on the condition. Truly yours, GEORGE BROWN. It is an absolutely reliable remedy for Spavin, Splints, Chaps, etc. It has cured a spavin on my horse, and I would not take \$100 for her, which I offered for \$25 before. I will be pleased to have your book and recipe for the medicine sent to me on the condition. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

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