

# STORY OF THE HUNT, 1901

By the Reporter Hunt Club  
At Lah-ne-o-tah Lake . . . . .

In the Valley of the  
Maganetawan . . . . .

As told by the Scribe of the  
ATHENS REPORTER.



(CONTINUED.)

We left the party with four nicks in the tally stick as the result of the first days hunt. The incidents of the day were freely discussed around the table after supper and the plans for the morrow's hunt laid out. Phil was to again put out the dogs, Byron, Geo. M., Doc, and the Scribe were allotted stations down on the burned hills at the foot of the lake; Charlie was stationed on the peninsula; Ed. on Green Island and Len at the narrows. Billy was to have breakfast ready at five o'clock as the boys going to the burned hills had three or four miles to go in order to reach their watches. Phil took the dogs overland away across the woods back of Pipe lake and soon started a big buck which took to the lake about a mile down from where Charlie was stationed. He saw the deer take to the water and after a long hard pull he came within shooting distance and two shots gave him the coveted game. Len, who had taken choice of positions for the day had not long to wait, as he had hardly got snugly settled when he saw a big doe swimming leisurely along and coming from the shore opposite to where he was looking for game. He rowed down in the direction of the animal which on seeing him, turned and made for the shore. Len had purchased a new Savage rifle, which he had been anxious to try on big game and now was the opportunity to do so. When still a long distance away he

to hunt at the lower end of the lake. Byron was given the post of honor, the middle watch on the lake, and came into camp at noon with a large doe in his boat. Charlie had decided at the last moment to take a roving commission for the day and got out at the Kentucky camp ground and started off over the hills in the direction of Smoke lake (a little pond about a mile and a half from the landing.) He stationed himself on a good runway and had not long to wait before he heard the hounds in the distance. They did not come his way however, and he had almost given up the thought of getting any shots when a rustling was heard in a clump of cedars a short distance away. He redoubled his vigilance and peering around the place, from whence the sound came, he saw a very large buck moving around in the underbrush. He fired and the deer disappeared. He ran to the spot and found where the ball had struck the side of a small sapling and splitting off a piece of the wood had passed on. He began to look for signs of the deer's footprints in the soft ground and was surprised to find blood marks on the leaves and bushes. He followed on a couple of rods and was agreeably surprised to find the carcass of deer. The hall from his rifle being "soft-nosed" had flattened out as large as a copper and had glanced from the tree directly through the deer's heart. As the deer was far too heavy for him to think of getting it out to the landing

than the one he had been on the day he was in that part of the woods before. He struck up on to a rocky ridge thickly strewn with fallen timber and then down in a valley where the walking was more free from obstructions. He kept his eyes and ears open, as he saw plenty of deer tracks in the soft snow, but the greater part of the forenoon passed and he saw no game nor heard the braying of the hounds. He finally struck up over a little ridge along which ran a well defined deer runway, as the marks of the hoofs could be easily traced even under the light covering of snow. Having walked several miles in his wandering from hill to hill he came to a fallen pine and decided to take a well earned rest for a few minutes, at least. He had scarcely lay down when he saw a deer come looking around for a piece of bark to form a dry seat when his eye caught sight of a deer's head above a little raise in the ground a few rods distant. The deer must have seen his enemy at the same instant, as it wheeled and ran along the side of the bill, trying to circle around into the runway on beyond where the Scribe stood. The trees and underbrush was too thick for him to get more than an occasional glimpse of the animal as it bounded past. "Old Silver-plate" was kept to the shoulder however in the hope that the deer would give a chance for a shot. That opportunity came as the deer was getting a couple of hundred yards away



drew a fine bead on the head of his game and had the proud satisfaction of splitting its head open at the first shot. The rest of the party got into camp a little after noon but they had little to report in the way of capture of game. Still the party were satisfied with the days results, and Billy cut two more nicks in the tally stick.

The next day being Sunday, and as no hunting was ever done on that day by the party, it had been arranged that the settler, Schmeler, should bring in to the shore of his lake a supply of milk and butter, as well as any mail matter that came to the post office for the party. Len., Byron and Charlie volunteered to go for these and the rest of the men concluded to go up the river and see if they could find a trail that could be made passable for the team and jumper when the deer and camp furnishings had to be taken out. It was a beautiful Indian summer day and the men spent a pleasant day in the woods, strolling around over the hills and along the old lumber roads to be found running in every direction. They came to the conclusion that the work of making a passable road was one requiring more time than they felt disposed to use for that purpose, and they decided to come back at the close of the hunting season and with saw and axes clear out the old trail of about a quarter of a mile around the two lower rapids, so as to make the work of portaging the game and luggage by land much more easier than formerly. The men who went out for mail and supplies spent several hours visiting a couple of hunter's camps on the shore of Many Island lake and it was nearly dark when all reached the home camp.

Monday morning found the camp astray at an early hour. It was decided

alone, he removed the entrails and started back towards the landing pretty well satisfied with his day's work. Two more notches were cut on the tally stick and all retired well pleased with the work done so far. During the night it snowed a little making it somewhat disagreeable traveling but easier for the man putting out the dogs to get a start. Len and the Scribe were sent to the burned hills and the rest were given stations at the most convenient points. Len from his knowledge of wood craft and the fact that he relied on his ability to find his way with his compass, was allowed to take the lead in cutting across the hills and through the woods to the place appointed for him to guard the runway. He had not gone far in the woods before the Scribe began to protest against the course he was taking. Len was just as certain that he was leading off in the wrong direction. Len pointed to an opening in the woods as the place and he was making for, and the Scribe told him to go there if he wanted to, as for himself he would take the course that seemed right to him. They parted, Len's parting injunction being, "Be sure you don't get lost," thinking no doubt of the time three years before when they started out in the morning and he did not get back to camp until the afternoon of the next day. Len kept on the course he had decided upon and came out on the shore of the river fully a mile from where he was to take his stand for the day. The Scribe on parting with his companion walked leisurely along and finally came to the trail that led to the place where he was to go. He decided however that he would explore the country a little and see if he could find a better runway

and the rifle belched forth its missile of death to anything it struck. The aim was true and with a mighty bound into the air the deer dropped. On running up to the spot the deer was found mortally wounded and floundering on the ground. As the Scribe came up the animal tried to raise himself and spring at his slayer, but his strength was far gone and he fell back with his head between two trees, which prevented him rising, and the Scribe ran up and placing his foot on the deer's horns drew his hunting knife, letting out the few remaining drops of his life's blood. He blew his hunter's whistle which was answered by Ed. from a hill opposite who came down to where the deer lay just as a couple of the hounds came along on the trail of the dead deer. The Scribe inquired where the little pond he could see nearby was located, and Ed. banteringly replied that he thought the Scribe must have lost his bearings, when he did not know that the little pond was the end of Pipe lake and not more than a half a mile from where he had started from when leaving the boat to go to his watch in the morning. The Scribe excused his ignorance of the locality by saying that as he had never been in that part of the woods before, he could easily be mistaken in his surroundings. Ed. told the dogs and tried to get a start and the Scribe walked out to the shore of the lake and got help to drag his game out to the boat. It was by far the largest killed so far and had a beautiful pair of horns. Two notches were again cut in the tally stick although Charlie was not able to get help to carry his doe out and hang it up on the poles beside the others that evening.

Next chapter will tell of Phil's encounter with the bear, the Scribe's

## Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."  
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: No. 1, enough for an ordinary cold; No. 2, just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, etc.; No. 3, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.  
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

tussle with the big buck on the top of Bald Mountain, the arrival in camp of Marsh, &c.

(To Be Continued.)

## MORTON.

Miss Myrtle Sliter, Toledo, was the guest of Miss Mary Sliter last week.

Mrs. James Henderson, one of our oldest residents, is, we regret to say, in poor health.

Mrs. Johnson has returned home after a week's visit with friends at North Augusta.

Miss Ada Edgers, Lansdowne, visited her sister, Mrs. Chas. Dawson, on New Year's Day.

Coon's mill, which has been undergoing a thorough repair, will soon be in operation again.

Mr. and Mrs. Heber Young, of Trevelyan, visited Mrs. Young's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taber, recently.

Our school is progressing nicely under the tuition of Miss Smith, of Elgin. Besides Miss Smith we have two other teachers in our village, viz.; Mr. German, our former teacher, who boards with Mrs. Johnson, and teaches at the Bush School, and Mr. Robert Somerville, who boards at home, and teaches at Briar Hill school.

Mr. Frank Scott is home from Manitoba for a few weeks. On Wednesday last he was married to Miss Nellie P. P. Scott, daughter of Stephen Pennock, of Elgin. Both Mr. and Mrs. Scott are well known and very highly esteemed in this locality and will be followed to their new home by the good wishes of a host of friends. Mr. Scott is a prosperous merchant in a thriving village in Manitoba.

## HARLEM.

Mrs. Stanley Giles is visiting friends at Harrowsmith.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Austin are the guests of Albert Giles.

Mr. Burton Gorman was the guest of the Misses Smith on Sunday.

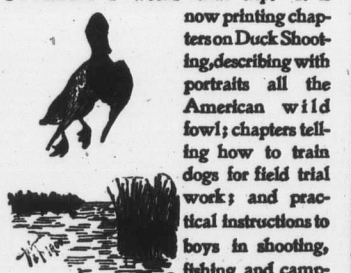
Mrs. Wm. Smith and daughter, Pansy, are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Thos. Percival, Plum Hollow.

Mr. J. H. Chapman has purchased a pony from Mr. Livingston, Hard Island, also Mr. J. D. McIntyre has purchased a pony from Chas. Foley of this place.

Mr. Wm. Smith, Harlem, reports his mill meeting on Jan. 7 at Oak Leaf was well patronized. The year's business was a financial success and everybody was well satisfied. The elections resulted in the old officers being re-elected as follows:—Salesman Wm. Smith, Prop.; Treasurer, Aaron Green; Secretary, Albert Morris. The meeting held at Soperton cheese factory on the 9th inst. resulted in the election of the following officers for 1902:—Salesman, Wm. Smith; Treasurer, Usby Kendrick; Secretary, J. Phillips.

## Coming In!

If you are a fisherman, bird shooter, or big-game hunter, send 25 cents for a FOREST and STREAM 4 weeks' trial trip. It is



now printing chapters on Duck Shooting, describing with portraits all the American wild fowl; chapters telling how to train dogs for field trial work; and practical instructions to boys in shooting, fishing and camping; out; shooting stories, fishing stories, and game and fish news. Illustrated, weekly. For sale by all news-dealers. Neither you nor your family can afford to be without it. It is the best reading, and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in America. It is the SPORTSMAN'S FAVORITE JOURNAL of shooting, fishing and yachting. Per year, \$4. With any one of the Forest and Stream Large artotype of big game and field scenes, \$5.50. Send for illustrated catalogue of books. FOREST and STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

Love's Young Dream.  
With bold heart in a kiss  
And gazed in the ice cream.  
Fay, who can tell what will happen  
Of love's young dream?

One Way of It.  
"You say this young man is writing  
for a living?"  
"Well, yes; he sent in a written appli-  
cation for a job."

The Gay Youth.  
Some call him fast. I call him slow.  
They say that all he gets  
He spends right off. I only know  
The way he pays his debts.

Didn't Have a Chance.  
Sylvester—I wonder if he thought  
twice before he married her.  
Potherstone—It isn't likely. She was  
a widow.

Boston's Plaint.  
Junkman, spare that yacht;  
Touch not a single stick;  
He cost too big a lot  
To break her up so quick.

Along the Boulevard.  
Mr. Horne—Where's your hat, Lucy?  
Mrs. Horne—Hat? This pink pom-pom  
is the proper thing to wear after 6  
o'clock.

Romance and Reality.  
They were sitting in the hammock.  
They were planning to elope;  
They had just mapped out the programme  
When her brother cut the rope.

Against Divorce.  
Gobang—What is your objection to  
divorce?  
Enpeck—It encourages matrimony.

Any One Can Tell.  
It does not take a palmist to  
Determine in a minute  
That he's a lucky man whose hand  
Has got four aces in it.

Summer Ethnology.  
"Pa, what is a preglacial man?"  
"Why, man before he had to pay ice  
bills, of course."

Not a Bite.  
"What! Fishing on Sunday?"  
And the person's face was firm.  
The uncle said: "Of course, you jest!  
I'm drowned in this worm!"

Fall and Winter  
Goods  
NOW IN STOCK.

A. M. Chassels,  
Merchant Tailor

Has received his Fall and Winter stock of  
Fancy Worsteds, Fine Tweeds, for Pants and  
Suits, also a fine line of Vesting Materials,  
including Fancy Corduroy, all which will  
be made up in the latest styles at moderate  
prices.

Ready-to-Wear Clothing

Now in stock a fine line of stylish Light  
Overcoats, Pants, Bicycle Suits, etc. Be sure  
to see these goods and learn the prices.

Gents' Furnishings.

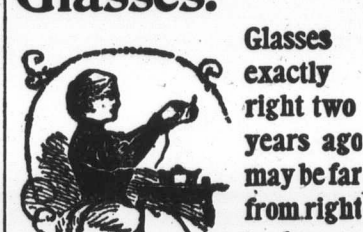
A full range of shirts, black and colored soft  
materials, finest qualities of handkerchiefs,  
Cuffs, Collars, Ties, Straps, Handkerchiefs,  
Caps, Woollen Underwear, etc. You can get  
just what you want in these lines here and at  
reasonable prices.

PRICES DEFTY COMPETITION

The undersigned returns thanks to the gen-  
eral public for their patronage during the  
last 12 years and will endeavor to so conduct  
his business as to receive their continued  
trade and sustain the reputation of his store  
as "The Old Reliable" Clothing House.  
Cloth bought at this store will be cut  
free of charge

A. M. Chassels,  
SPRING, 1901. . . . MAIN ST., ATHENS

Defective  
Glasses.



Glasses  
exactly  
right two  
years ago  
may be far  
from right  
to-day.

The eyes change. We will  
examine your eyes free, and  
will only recommend a change  
if absolutely beneficial.

Wm. Coates & Son,  
SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS,  
BROCKVILLE.

WE GUARANTEE  
THAT  
Rival Herb Tablets  
(CHOCOLATE COATED)  
RHEUMATISM  
DYSPEPSIA  
CONSTIPATION  
HEADACHE  
FEMALE COMPLAINTS  
LIVER KIDNEY AND  
ALL BLOOD DISEASES  
Or we will cheerfully refund cost of  
the same. 300 Days Treatment mailed  
to any address for \$1.00. Not sold by  
Druggists. Send all orders to  
Duncan McTavish,  
Agent Leeds County, LOHARDY  
The Royal Herb Co., Proprietors,  
New York Denver Montreal

## Torpid Liver

Is sometimes responsible for difficult digestion, that is, DYSPEPSIA.

When it is,  
What headache, dizziness, constipation,  
What loss of despondency,  
What fears of imaginary evils, conduce  
with the distress after eating, the sourness  
of the stomach, the bad taste in the mouth,  
and so forth, to make the life of the suf-  
ferer scarcely worth living!  
Dyspepsia resulted from torpid liver in  
the case of Mrs. Jones, 2320 N. 12th St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa., who was a great sufferer.  
Her statement made in her 77th year is  
that she was completely cured of it and all  
its attendant aches and pains, as others  
have been, by a faithful use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

That acts on all the digestive organs,  
cures dyspepsia, and give permanent vigor  
and tone to the whole system.

The People's Column.

Adv'ts of 6 lines and under in this column 6¢  
for first insertion and 10¢ each subsequent  
insertion.

Tenders.

Sealed Tenders will be received by the  
undersigned up to 12 o'clock noon, January  
21st, 1902, for the erection of a stone church in  
the Village of Athens, Ont. Plans, specifications  
and details can be seen at T. G. Stevens'  
office on Victoria street. The lowest or any  
tender not necessarily accepted.  
A. W. BLANCHARD,  
Secretary, Athens, Ont.

Logs Wanted.

The subscriber will pay the highest cash  
price for good round logs (water elm and bass-  
wood especially) delivered at Bull's steam  
mill, near the B. & W. station, Athens. Also  
15 or 20 good choppers and woodmen wanted  
to work in my shanties. Good wages and  
steady work to good men.  
SHELDON Y. BULLIE.

Cow For Sale.

I have a cow, coming five years old, for sale  
2¢.  
J. K. REDMOND.

Wanted.

The subscriber wishes to engage the services  
of a good, steady, all-round farm hand by the  
month or year. Single man preferred. Good  
wages to the right man. Apply at once to  
BYRON W. LOVERIN,  
Greenbush.  
Jan. 6/02.

For Sale or To Let.

That commodious brick dwelling house and  
lot, containing one acre and a quarter,  
situated on the corner of Church and Mill  
streets, Athens. For particulars and terms  
apply to SHELDON Y. BULLIE, on the prem-  
ises. 2¢

For Sale or to Let.

The undersigned desires to either rent or sell  
her comfortable frame house, situated on  
Wilkes street. A good barn and well are on  
the premises. Terms easy. Apply to  
MRS. FRANK WILKES.

Girl Wanted

A good smart girl to do general housework.  
To commence about January 1st, 1902. Apply to  
S. A. TAPLIN,  
Cor. Main and Elgin Str., Athens.

AUCTION AUCTION.

The undersigned having secured an Auction-  
eer's license for the four adjoining townships,  
is prepared to do business in that line on short  
notice, and after ten years' experience guaran-  
tees satisfaction or no pay. Engagement and  
all necessary arrangements can be made  
at any of the following places:—Athens Re-  
porter, Athens, Times and Recorder office,  
Brockville, or at residence, Tinop, Spring  
Valley P.O. Young Twp.  
GEORGE N. YOUNG.

Boar For Service.

Registered Imported Chester White Boar for  
service at the farm of SAMUEL SPENCE,  
near Beale's Mills, three miles south of Athens.  
This breed of swine is the best for Market  
purposes, and farmers would do well to breed  
from stock that brings the highest prices.  
Terms of service very reasonable.  
4¢-1¢ SAMUEL SPENCE.

Before After Wood's Phosphorine.

The Great English Remedy.  
Sold and recommended by all  
Druggists in Canada. Only reli-  
able medicine discovered, and  
guaranteed to cure all  
forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse  
or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of to-  
bacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt  
of price, one package \$1, six, \$5. One will phos-  
phorize your system. Pamphlets free to any address.  
The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphorine is sold in Athens by  
Jas. P. Lamb & Son, Druggists.

CURES ECZEMA!

Dr. Agnew's Ointment can  
count its cured patients by  
the thousands.

But in no one skin disease has it so many  
almost marvellous cures as in cases of Eczema—  
this tenacious skin disorder which has baffled  
many a physician in seeking after a cure. One  
application puts out the fire, takes away the  
itching, stinging sensation, and after a few appli-  
cations the eruptions begin to dry up, diminish,  
and eventually disappear entirely. The beauty  
of the treatment is, it leaves no scar or trace of  
the trouble—but a skin as soft as baby's. Cures  
piles in four to six nights. 35 cts. 7¢

Sold by J. P. LAMB & SON.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to  
health by simple means, after suffering for  
several years with a severe lung affection, and  
that dread disease Consumption, is anxious  
to make known to his fellow sufferers the  
means of cure. To those who desire it, he  
will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of  
the prescription used, which they will find a  
sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bron-  
chitis, and all throat and lung Maladies. He  
hopes all sufferers will try this remedy, as it is  
valuable. Those desiring the prescription,  
which costs nothing and may prove a blessing,  
will please address,  
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn  
New York.