

# 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



The boys laid in bed later than usual the next morning after the events recorded in last chapter. Possibly it was because the president knew he had one deer at least hung on the token stick to his credit, or perhaps he had a foreboding of the arduous work ahead of him for the day and decided to take all the rest he could before starting out, certain it is, that from some cause the boys did not get away from the foot of the lake (where it was decided to try their luck again) until nearly eight o'clock. The Doctor was left at a little island near the foot of the lake to watch the water in that vicinity. The Scribe was dropped off near the point where Phil had the encounter with the deer the day before. With his little hatchet he soon made a perfect screen by cutting limbs from a balsam tree and closely packing them up against an old pine stub and a tree close by, having a small loop hole for observation and firing through, in case any game came into the water in his vicinity. Phil and Byron took the dogs and, going over into the stamping ground of the previous day, soon started them on the trail of game. The dogs led off to the south and Phil concluded to follow on and find out where

in two shots as the animal was scrambling over some logs and driftwood near the shore. None of the shots, however, seemed to take effect, and the deer bounded into the bushes and was soon lost to view. The Doc ran down to the shore and, jumping into the boat, started out on the water. In a couple of minutes a splash was heard in the water by both the men and in another instant the same deer was observed swimming rapidly across the lake a quarter of a mile or so beyond the island on which the Doc had been stationed. He started out in hot pursuit and had an exciting race of over a mile, but the deer had got too much of a start, and, having been thoroughly frightened by the firing, made extraordinary efforts to reach the other shore in advance of the Doc, who got completely blown in his efforts to overtake the game, and when he did take up his rifle to try a shot at the deer, just as it was clambering up the bank, his nerves were too unsteady to make a close head and his shot went wide of the mark and the animal escaped.

The men gathered at camp that night and reported no game killed during the day, but all were agreed

his way he was soon all attention to see which way the game led off. He had not long to wait, for in a few minutes a fine yearling doe was seen bounding from hill to hill directly toward where he was standing. On and on it came down the runway, and when within about 10 rods it took off through a clump of underbrush only an occasional glimpse could be seen. The Scribe fired a couple of shots without effect, and the deer bounded on up the hillside and came into view on the brow of a hill at least a quarter of a mile distant. For an instant the deer halted and looked back, listening for sounds of following hounds. "Old Silverplate" was brought to the shoulder and a shot fired. It was a long shot (over 40 rods), but the Winchester was true to its past record, and the ball struck the deer in the flank and with one bound in the air it fell, and when reached was stone dead.

Len and Doc soon came along and the deer was carried out to the landing and, the "call off" sounded, the party started up the lake for camp, where they found that Marsh had made a capture of a fine buck. That night the Scribe took the



the game went to when driven in that direction. He went a mile or two, following the sound of the dogs, and finally heard shots in that direction. He knew that these shots were not fired by any of his party, so he hastened on and came upon three or four habitants or natives of the country, who denied killing any game before Phil's dogs, but said the dogs bore off in another direction, and took the game to a little lake a mile or so further on. He started on the back trail and it was near night when he returned, nearly fagged out. The Scribe, in his little hiding place, had sat for hours watching and waiting for game that came not. The Doc varied the monotony of his long and tedious vigil by examining the flora of the island and picking wintergreen berries. It was well along into the afternoon when, silently and without warning, a fine large buck walked down to the water's edge in a little cove a few rods below the point opposite to where the Scribe was posted and directly towards where the Doc was standing. It stood for a few moments with ears thrown back and head erect, as if listening for sounds in the rear, and then, slowly moving into the water, started to swim down the lake. The Scribe could see all this and the temptation to shoot (although the distance was great) was strong. He enbed his desire for gore, however, and the deer swam on until quite a distance past his point of observation. Suddenly, the deer stopped swimming and lay in the water perfectly motionless for a few moments and then turned around and made for the shore. The Scribe saw that if he was to have any shots he must act quickly and thrusting his gun through the loop hole in his screen began firing. The Doc took in the situation at the same time and he, too, began throwing balls in the same direction. The Scribe fired three shots without moving from his seat on the roots of the old stub, but when the Doc's shots began to count in the race, he sprang to his feet and poured in a rapid fusillade at the now quickly moving deer and got

that the best place for game was at the foot of the lake, and there the race was planned for the morrow. They decided to start early, and the boats, loaded with the men, were on the way down the lake long before the first streaks of dawn. Doc took up a position down the river a mile or more. The Scribe was posted at the foot of the hill where a branch runway had been located. Phil put out the dogs and the rest took up stations on land and water, where they hoped to be in positions to intercept the game. There had been a sharp frost during the night and it was hard work keeping warm, either sitting or standing, for hours on these stations.

The Scribe took up his station behind an immense tall, thin tree, the butt end of which stood across another fallen tree, thereby making it to lay several feet from the ground. Ensnared behind this, the Scribe soon made a comfortable seat, and while looking around for a stone to sit on he saw a shining object in the side of one he turned over for that purpose. On examination, he saw that its appearance was similar to the samples shown him by the Dutchman on the way in, and he proceeded to make further search. Digging up a few of the loose stones he came upon a vein of what appeared to be a rich deposit of some valuable mineral, and, without making any more noise than possible, he broke off several specimens and placed them in his pocket for further investigation, later on. He secured a lot of the mineral which he brought home, and it is now on exhibition in the Reporter office. Experts who have examined these specimens say that they are rich in copper and nickel. He has made enquiries at the Crown Land Agency for that district, and if the land on which his find is located has not been located by others for mining, he will make further investigation. The Scribe had not been on his watch more than half an hour when he heard the hounds, and as they led

management of the supper into his own hands and with Billy's assistance soon had a sumptuous repast spread on the table for the tired and hungry hunters. The menu consisted of partridge fried in butter, two large pans of "Bannocks," a can of honey put up 10 years before and kindly donated to the Reporter Hunt Club by W. S. Hough, the noted bee-man of Leeds Co., and, by way of dessert, the Scribe gave each man a piece of Slack's fried cake that had been stowed away in his "grub pouch" since the last day of the hunt the year before.

(CONTINUED)

#### LIFE'S A BLANK

Without Hearing—Catarrh Induces Deafness—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Gives Quick Relief.

W. Earnest Louis, of West Flamboro, was so bad with Chronic Catarrh that his hearing seemed permanently impaired. Doctors treated, specialists tortured for five months, but his hearing grew worse. He was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One application gave him great relief and a couple of boxes cured him permanently. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Whitby, Ont., January 16.—The court for the session of the persons reported to the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly as having been found guilty of corrupt practices by the judges who tried the election petition against Hon. John Dryden, May 26-9, 1899, when Mr. Dryden was unseated, opened here this morning with their lordships, Mr. Justice Osler and Mr. Justice Rose presiding. Patrick Sullivan, William Stewart, William McCormack and Bryan Linton were fined \$200 and costs, payable within one month, and in default of payment, imprisonment for one month. William Morrish was fined \$200 and costs, payable within one month, in default of payment of which he is to undergo imprisonment for six months.

#### WARNING TO BORROWERS.

Last summer, we received a returned copy of the Reporter marked "Retained," accompanied by a notification from the post master which said, Mr. — says he don't want your paper any longer as he takes so many other papers that he has no time to read yours." We turned to our subscription book and found that Mr. — had taken the paper out of the post office for four months after the time his subscription was paid. Today we learn that this same man sent his little boy over to a neighbor's to borrow the Reporter to read the "Story of the Hunt." In his haste to obey his father's wishes, the boy ran over and upset a five dollar swarm of bees and in less than ten minutes he looked like a warty summer squash. His cries of pain reached his father who ran out to see what was the matter, and failing to see a barbed wire fence ran into it, tearing it down and losing a portion of his anatomy and ruining a two dollar pair of pants. Hearing the racket, his wife rushed for the door, upsetting a four gallon churn of rich yellow cream into a basket full of kittens, drowning the whole lot. In the excitement of the moment, she dropped a seven dollar set of false teeth and broke them up so that they required \$5 worth of repairs. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a brand new twenty dollar carpet. To cap the climax, the old brindle cow took advantage of the hole in the barbed wire fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. During the excitement consequent on all these troubles, the eldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.

MORAL—Never stop your home paper unless in a case of dire necessity, and then be certain that all arrears are paid before throwing it back in the post office "refused," or a like calamity may befall you.

#### A CONTRACTOR WRECKED.

Constitution Undermined by Nervous Complications—South American Nervine Worked a Complete Cure.

Nervous prostration and liver complications so afflicted J. W. Dinwood, contractor, Campbellford, that physically he was almost a total wreck. His druggist recommended South American Nervine. A few doses gave him great relief, induced sound sleep, and a few bottles built him up and cured him so that to-day he is as strong and hearty as ever. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

#### CHANDRY

Mrs. L. Chamberlain entertained a number of her young married friends on Wednesday evening. They all report a most enjoyable time.

Mr. H. Imeson, while playing hockey, had the misfortune to have several teeth knocked out.

Rev. Mr. Earl purposes starting special services in the church here Monday night.

Miss Ida Knowlton is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Omer Brown, Delta.

Visitors: Mrs. Henry Smith, Smith's Falls, at W. B. Gorman's; O. Gossline and wife, Newboro, at W. Barker's; Stella Scovil, Port and, at S. Scamers's.

#### DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT.

The Greatest Skin Cure—35 Cents.

Alfred Le Blanc, of St. Jerome, Que., has such faith in Dr. Agnew's Ointment that he buys it by the dozen to take with him to his lumber camp. He finds it a quick cure for chafing, bruises, frost bites, and other emergencies incident to camp life. It cures salt rheum, eczema, tetter, scald head, and other skin eruptions, and piles in three to five nights. 35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

#### FARMING IN CANADIAN WEST

"Manitoba is a most progressive province. It receives immigrants from all quarters of the world, and is therefore a most cosmopolitan community. It has an immense and very fertile territory, which is now being filled up with good immigrants. I was very pleased with the various settlements I visited in Manitoba, and I venture to prophesy that it will shortly become one of the most prosperous and populous sections of the British Empire." So says Mr. J. F. Hogan, member of the Imperial Parliament for Mid-Tipperary.

Last year Manitoba produced for exportation 56,345,523 bushels of grain, 3,902,841 bushels of potatoes, besides cattle, cheese, butter, poultry, etc., etc. For information apply to L. O. ARMSTRONG, Can. Pac. Ry. Col. Agt., Montreal, Que.

It is stated that Commissioner Herchmer, of the North West mounted police, will take fifty full-blooded Indians with him to the Transvaal in addition to the men already going. He had no doubt recognized how useful these men will be in Africa for scouting purposes. The Indians he has chosen are all young men and good riders.

#### LIBERAL CONVENTION.

The Liberals of South Leeds met in convention on Tuesday last at the Town Hall, Delta. There were representatives present from every municipality, and the business, that of selecting the officers of this Reform association, was disposed of in regular order. The officers for 1900 are as follows:

President—W. A. Lewis, Athens. Vice-Pres.—W. J. Webster, Westport.

Sec. Treas.—W. J. Burns, Lyndhurst.

First Directors were elected for the different municipalities as follows:

Bastard and Burgess—Omer Brown. North Crosby—W. J. Wing. Gananoque—Hugh Wilson.

Leeds and Lansdowne (east front), J. B. Wilson.

Leeds and Lansdowne (west front), John Bell.

Rear Leeds and Lansdowne (west), John Kelly.

Rear Leeds and Lansdowne (east), John McArdle.

Rear Yonge and Escott, S. A. Co. n. Front Yonge and Escott, M. J. Connolly.

South Crosby, Chas. E. Johnson. Athens, I. C. Alguire.

Newboro, J. A. Shaver.

Speeches were delivered by W. H. Fredenburgh, C. E. Britton, W. J. Webster, R. G. Murphy, W. G. Parish, H. E. Eyre, Dr. Coon, E. C. Sliter, H. Cross, and others, and the following resolutions were ably moved and seconded in neat addresses:

Moved by C. E. Britton, seconded by R. J. Murphy—That when we contemplate the great strides Canada has made in her trade relations, not only with the Mother Country, but other nations as well, and when we find that instead of the great stagnation which prevailed in every line of business—

even politics—previous to June, 1896, there has taken place a meritorious revival of every manufacturing industry—mercantile, agriculture, and dairy affairs—and that, through the efforts of Sir Wilfred Laurier and his able colleagues, Canada has taken her proper place amongst the nations of the world, and at the same time the ties which bind Canada to the great empire have been drawn closer than ever before in the history of the nation—this convention of Reformers of South Leeds, duly assembled, desires to place on record its unbounded confidence in Sir Wilfred Laurier and the Reform government, now controlling affairs of our own great Dominion, and we pledge them our hearty and earnest support when they appeal to the country for re-election.—Carried.

Moved by W. J. Webster, seconded by W. G. Parish—That this convention—remembering the many sacrifices made by Hon. A. S. Hardy for the Liberal cause—wish to place his name on the records of this meeting, and regret that from ill health he was compelled to resign the Premiership of this province. We also desire to express our implicit confidence in the administration of the Ross government and view with favor their policy for the development of the province.—Carried.

Moved by John B. Wilson, seconded by W. J. Webster—That we, the Liberals of South Leeds in convention assembled, place on record our strong approval of the action of the Dominion Government in respect to the war now in progress in South Africa, and for the help they have given our beloved empire in the struggle in that distant land; also, that we uphold the government in giving another contingent to the British Army, if such be required.—Carried.

Moved by W. J. Webster, seconded by Dr. Lane—That this convention do not select a candidate to day.—Carried.

Boston has taken up the question why men don't go to church, and the bachelor editor of the Rockford Star spitefully says it is because "they never wear new bonnets."

The third anti-cigarette bill of session has been introduced in the New York State Assembly. It is a sweeping measure, making it a misdemeanor to sell or manufacture cigarettes, and providing a penalty in case of conviction, of not less than \$50 or more than \$1,000, and imprisonment for not more than six months.

Better Registration.

In view of the faulty registration of births, deaths and marriages in Ontario it is stated the Ontario government will be asked at the coming session to introduce a bill for the appointment in the larger centres of registrars of vital statistics who will give their whole time to the duties of their office and prosecute parties neglecting to register.

For Good Roads.

The Ontario Government has been asked to take the construction and maintenance of the main highways of the province out of the hands of the townships and place them under control of the county councils. It was also asked that a legislative grant be made towards improving the leading roads in Ontario. These requests were made by a deputation consisting of the standing committee of the Good Roads convention, which recently met in Toronto. Hon. G. W. Ross said the representations made would receive every consideration.

#### STUNTED



Does your hair split at the end? Can you pull out a handful by running your fingers through it? Does it seem dry and lifeless?

#### HAIR

Give your hair a chance. Feed it. The roots are not dead; they are weak because they are starved—that's all.

The best hair food is—

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**

If you don't want your hair to die use Ayer's Hair Vigor once a day. It makes the hair grow, stops falling, and cures dandruff.

It always restores color to gray or faded hair; it never fails.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"One bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor completely cured me from dandruff, with which I was greatly afflicted. The growth of my hair since its use has been something wonderful."

March 23, 1899. Canova, S. Dak.

Ayer's Hair Vigor completely cured me from dandruff, with which I was greatly afflicted. The growth of my hair since its use has been something wonderful."

April 13, 1899. New York, N.Y.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Hair Vigor, write the Doctor about it.

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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