

Deer Shooting On Long Point.

After packing the articles necessary for a two weeks outing, my brother, the Doctor, who was a ksen sportsman, and I, boarded the train for Port Dover on Lake Erie. We reached the port too late for the boat and had to remain there over night. Next morning about five a. m. the captain of the little Naptha launch "Albania" awoke us and after a light breakfast we were soon steaming across the twenty miles of water which separates the island from the mainland.

On arriving all turned in to help the cook, whom we had engaged at Dover, to get the baggage stowed in the cottage. Then, anxious not to lose a minute, we took our Winchesters and went in search of deer. My brother sent me to the top of a wooded ridge, while he and the Doctor took the valley. On the other side of this ridge I was delighted to behold the first wild deer I had ever seen. Forgetting that I was a sportsman, I stood and looked at the graceful creature till it disappeared in the the thick bush. Then remembering my rifle, all ready to fire, I hastily aimed at the spot where the deer had disappeared, and pulled; but of course the shot missed. We returned to the shanty for dinner and in the afternoon again went out but only to get occasional glimpses of deer far out of range.

Early next morning my brother quietly slipped off to a favorite runway. He soon perceived a fine doe coming along at a leisurely trot. Just as it came opposite, and within thirty yards, he fired and succeeded in dropping her; and after cutting her throat, he hung her on the branch of a tree and returned to camp bloody, but elated, arriving just as we were getting up. The blood on his hands and coat told as plainly as words, of his success.

Three days after this I brought down my first deer. While walking quietly along I heard a stamping noise in some bushes to the right, and, after cautiously parting the branches, beheld a doe and fawn feeding in a small clearing. The doe at once scented danger and bounded away, but she had not taken three leaps before I fired and brought her to her knees, then fired again and put her out of misery. The fawn escaped, and as the doe was too heavy for me the cook brought it into camp.

During the next few days two more were shot, my brother getting one, the cook the other. The Doctor had no success, and as the time

for departing was near at hand, he offered to make it worth while for the cook to get him a deer. This, Doc intended to take home to prove his skill. Nothing loth, the cook went out every night to a feeding ground by the marsh and was at last rewarded by bringing down a fine fat buck, which saved Doc's reputation.

Next day the yacht returned, but we were storm-bound for a week on the island; then as our provisions gave out we decided to attempt the return voyage. The lake was cutting up so rough that twenty-seven vessels were in the lee of the island when we started. As soon as we got into the open every movable article began to toss from one end to the other and kept us in great apprehension for three hours, when we landed at Dover, just in time to catch the afternoon train, on which we returned home greatly pleased with our outing on "The Point."

Prize Day Speculations.

At present there is a bright outlook for the coming prize-day and speculations are being made on every hand as to the various winners. There is naturally much difference of opinion, especially in the larger forms, but the members of each and every form can almost invariably pick out three or four fellows who will be among the lucky ones, but much "cramming" is going on, and this alone may bring a "dark horse" among the foremost, and even the most competent judges will probably receive some startling surprises. Anyone who is — (!!) enough to rise at 5 a. m. will discover our infant prodigy, "I" Price, at work, half asleep at his table; and it is rumored that there are many others who work with equal perseverance. Billie Carter doesn't get up at such an unearthly time, but he spends long hours pouring over his books when other less studious chaps are playing games and enjoying life in a civilized sort of way.

The "ACTA" wishes the fellows who are taking their exams for Varsity and other colleges, the best of luck, and Carter, Nicholls, Max., Griffith and "Suse" Matthews, must do famously if they fulfil our expectations.

Let us all do our best to make prize-day a grand success.

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Young "Bob" Patterson will be back after the midsummer holidays. We all hope he has enjoyed his short (?) vacation, and welcome him back to Ridley.