

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



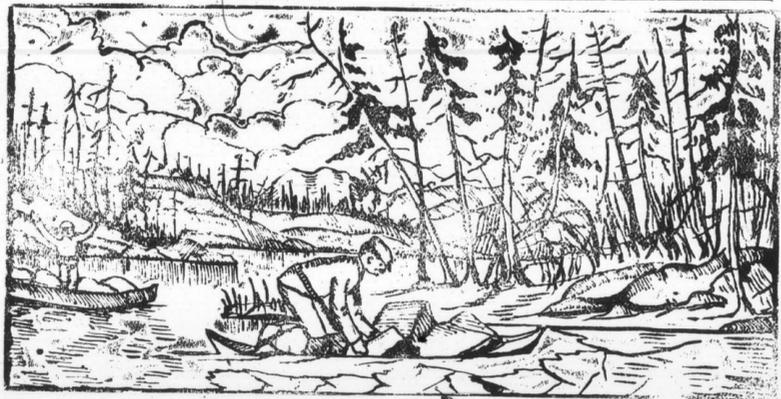
It was nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the four boat loads of game slowly moved away from the landing. It was over two miles up to the foot of the rapids where the boats were to be unloaded. In many places, the stream was too narrow to use the oars to advantage and in those narrow places the current was running at race-horse speed. The boats being heavily loaded, it was with the utmost difficulty that they were poled or dragged up against the current. Charlie and Len being provided with long rubber boots, often got out into the water up above their knees and pulled the boats in their charge up stream by "main strength and awkwardness." The deer had to be taken out of the boats in two places and with the boats portaged over a shallow place about three or four rods and then loaded up and taken on again. It was nearly dark when the landing was made and in a pile, ready for loading on the jumper in the morning.

While the party with the boats were away, the Scribe, Cook, and President busied themselves in picking up the odds and ends around camp and placing each man's goods in handy posi-

where the raft lay, and a little after sunrise the boats were pushed off from the landing and the hunters bid farewell for a year at least to camp Lah-ne-o-tah, and pulled slowly and silently away from their old camp where they had spent three weeks of hard work, great sport, and satisfactory success. There was a feeling of sadness resting over the party as they took a farewell look at the now familiar landmarks, and no doubt the thought occurred to nearly every one "shall we ever visit those scenes again, sit by the camp-fire, and enjoy the pleasant reminiscences so dear to the genuine sportsman?"

On reaching the landing the party found the Dutchman and his son with the team. They had brought the team across Lake Say so sag-a-saw the evening before on the raft and bunked in with the party occupying the camp at the old hunting grounds of the Reporter Club. It took two trips with the jumper to take the came and camp equipage over the old lumber road, and three toasts were taken up by water, the way they were brought down. It was after noon when the party all gathered at the shore where the raft lay, and after

drawn ashore and a huge log fire built and an attempt made to dry the goods as much as possible. The provisions were thoroughly soaked, the grip and kodaks wet through, and the gun barrels filled with water. The other two boats coming up at this juncture, the boys were told to go on to the Dutchman's and get on dry clothing and the rest would load up and follow. To add to the troubles of the day, the wind commenced to blow in a wrong direction quite hard when the raft was about half way up the lake, and in spite of all the efforts of those on board it drifted to shore some quarter of a mile below where they had intended to land. The team was taken off and led through the woods to where the wagon stood and a couple of men took a boat and brought up the goods and deer loaded on it. The team was hitched on and about half the deer and boxes piled on the wagon and a start made over the corduroy road to the Dutchman's, whose house was reached before dark. After partaking of a hearty supper, the team and a couple of the men went back to the landing for the balance of the stuff. The Dutchman's good wife prepared a warm meal,



tions to pack up in the early morning. The boys were both tired and hungry when they reached camp that night and the cook made extra efforts to provide a large amount of the best the larder contained for their supper.

When the table was cleared off, the President called the boys to order and called attention to the by-laws which said that the officers for the following year should be elected on the last evening spent in camp. In suitable terms, he thanked the members of the Club for the readiness with which they had obeyed his orders during his term of office and also testified to the good feeling that existed between the officers and members. No jars or discord had been allowed for a moment to mar the pleasures of the trip, and he attributed the freedom from accidents or mishaps to the perfect system that prevailed in all their actions in the woods or in camp. The election of officers for the following year were all by acclamation and resulted as follows:

President—E. A. Geiger, Brookville.

Vice President—Byron W. Loverin, Greenbush.

Secretary-treasurer—B. Thel Loverin, Athens.

The appointment of the different committees was left over to a meeting to be held a few weeks before the next annual hunt.

It was late that night when the men sought their couches, and before retiring it was decided to get an early start in the morning, as the day's work would be the hardest of the whole trip. The alarm clock was set for 5 o'clock and at that hour every man was busy packing up his belongings and before daylight every one had his kit packed. Then the camp utensils and dishes were washed and stowed away in the boxes prepared for them, the stove and pipes taken down and packed, and then all was placed in the boats. The Scribe and cook were delegated to take the hounds overland, some five miles, and meet the rest at the shore of the lake

partaking of a hastily prepared lunch, the boats were loaded up, the team and the balance of the stuff loaded on the raft, and a start made up the lake, about two miles, to the end of the road made by the Dutchman, where the wagon would be loaded up.

Byron, with the largest and heaviest load was the first to get away. His load consisted of a couple of deer, the boxes containing the balance of the groceries, the rifles belonging to the party, and the kodaks and grips containing the negatives of the views taken on the trip. On reaching the mouth of the creek, he found the ice too thick to force the boat through and he went back a short distance and cut a good stiff pole, some ten feet long, with which to break a passage up the creek about ten rods to where the wagon had been left. Standing up on the seat in the middle of the boat, he would break the ice in front and sides and then pole the boat up to the solid ice again. He had accomplished about half the distance, and was congratulating himself on his success, when in an unlucky moment his pole slipped on the ice and nearly precipitated him into the water. He made a lurch to save himself from going out, with the result that he stepped too much to one side of the boat and tipped it over, so that the water rushed in over the side and in an instant the boat was full of water and grounded on the mud. He sprang out into the water up over his knees and flung the boxes and guns out onto the ice as far as he could. Charlie came up just at this moment with another boat load of bags and boxes and in his haste to assist his comrade he managed to tip his boat partly over, which filled with water, and the two boats lay stranded in about three feet of water and nearly four rods from shore. The men were thoroughly wet by this time and they concluded to take everything out of one of the boats and force a passage through the ice to shore. This they were able to do after a lot of hard work, and the goods thrown out on the ice were

with a couple of pieces of apple pie and a bowl of milk extra for Len, who had a special liking for the pie prepared by his kind hostess.

(CONTINUED)

ONE GASP FROM DEATH.

And Yet Not Beyond the Power of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart to Save and Cure You—This is Not Fiction, But Fact.

The constant terror and distress of those in the throes of heart disease, only the sufferer can know, and what a boon, so magical a relief and cure as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has proved itself to be. In many cases recorded the patient seemed but a gasp from the grave, and this wonderful liquid heart specific has tied over the crisis, given relief in 30 minutes, and after taking a bottle or two perfect health has been restored and all the distressing symptoms and sufferings seemed but as a dream. It cures hearts weakened by a gripper. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

A Kingston exchange says: Honey, both strained and in the comb, is very scarce in the city. The pound sections sell for 15c each, and the glass jars of the strained article command 12c each. This is a high price, and the article is hard to obtain at that.

A BUSINESS MAN'S FAITH.

Tortured by Rheumatism for Months, He Finds His Faith in South American Rheumatic Cure and is Healed—It Cures in One to Three Days.

Mr. S. Barker is a business man in Toronto, and lives at 9 Suffolk Place. He contracted very acute rheumatism, and for months was a great sufferer. He treated with best physicians without any relief. He took South American Rheumatic Cure for what it claimed to be in advertisements he read of it, and when he had taken two bottles he was completely cured. He says: "I voluntarily give this testimonial that other sufferers may be benefitted, as I believe the remedy is a perfect specific. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

STARVED



Slow growth of hair comes from lack of hair food. The hair has no life. It is starved. It keeps coming out, gets thinner and thinner, bald spots appear, then actual baldness. The only good hair food you can buy is—

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

It feeds the roots, stops starvation, and the hair grows thick and long. It cures dandruff also. Keep a bottle of it on your dressing table. It always restores color to faded or gray hair. Mind, we say "always."

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have found your Hair Vigor to be the best remedy I have ever used for the hair. My hair was falling out very much, but I thought I would try a bottle of it. I had used only one bottle, and my hair stopped falling out, and it is now real thick and long."

Wm. J. Moore, Yorkers, N.Y.

Write the Doctor.

He will send you a book on The Hair and Scalp. Ask him any question you want, and he will answer it. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

THE RODENT HUNTER

HOW THE PROFESSIONAL RAT CATCHER DOES HIS WORK.

He Uses Traps, Tongs, Ferrets or His Hands and a Bag, as Circumstances May Dictate—The Method of Attacking a Stable Described.

Professional rat catchers, who devote themselves exclusively to freeing buildings from rats, are found in only a few of the very largest cities of the country. There are rats everywhere, and so it comes about that the rat catcher is more or less of a traveler. Trips of 50, 100, 200 miles and more in various directions out of the city are not so unusual as to be considered remarkable. These include trips to cities and towns and places in the country. The structures that are freed from rats include not only private houses in city and country, but also factories, and ships, and stores, and hotels, and storehouses, and stables, and in fact buildings of all sorts. The rat catcher makes contracts to free a building of rats, and also to keep it free, by the month or the year. A rat catching contract running up into four figures, that is to say of \$1,000 and more, would not be an unheard of thing.

City rat catchers lay their work out in routes for greater convenience in handling, and the places on these routes are visited as often as may be necessary to keep them free of rats. There are three or four professional rat catchers in the city, each employing a number of men.

Rats are caught with traps and with tongs, the greater number with traps. Bait-cage traps, in which the rats are caught alive, and spring traps, that kill them when caught, are used, the larger number of the traps used being of the latter described kind. Ferrets are also sometimes employed in rat catching. The means adopted for catching the rats may depend on the place and the circumstances. The rat catcher looks the place over and determines on the way in which to go about it. Perhaps he stops up most of the holes and establishes what are practically runways that lead the rats to his traps. There may have been a dozen traps in the house and rats caught in none of them. It might be that a trap would be set right over a rat hole and that a rat would come up and crawl under it to get into the hole, but keep out of the trap. It is not likely to be so with the rat catcher's traps. He knows enticing baits or a preparation to put on baits that makes them so attractive that the rats cannot resist them, and he catches rats when the amateur in that line, the householder, fails. The rat catcher varies the trap arrangements according to circumstances and uses the tongs in various places, perhaps in kitchens or in picking rats off pipes or elevated places or reaching into recesses, and tongs might be used in catching rats in stables.

In a stable the bait would be scattered in various places where it would be convenient to get at the rat with the tongs while it was feeding. The feed, scented with the enticing preparation, is put in the same places and at the same hour for two or three nights in succession. The bait is not in large chunks, as of bread or cheese, that the rats could pick up and carry off, but it is perhaps oatmeal, which it can pick up only a grain at a time and which it must stay there to eat. The preparation put upon it is so attractive that it might induce a wild rat to take the food from the rat catcher's hand. The lights are all turned down, and this stable work is not done on moonlight nights, when moonlight coming in through open doors or windows or spaces might cast shadows that would alarm the rats. The operator carries a small lantern with its inner reflecting surface so fixed as to throw but a slender beam of light.

When everything is ready, he throws this beam upon the place where the rats are feeding to locate them. There may

be one or there may be more of them. The light dazes the rats for a second or so, and the rat lifts up its head to look. In that brief period the rat catcher gets it with his tongs. If there is more than one rat, he sweeps the first one caught around the other, on the ground, which helps to keep the other there until he can reach for it. He may have arranged ten places in the stable and gets rats in every one. He will reach into the manger with his hand, where there may be two or three rats, and sweep them together in such a manner that he can grasp the bunch by the tails. He lifts them up with a swing that dazes them for a moment, at the same time calling to a keeper who goes with him on such occasions, holding the bag into which the live rats are tossed.

This bag has attached to it at the top a tape, not as a gathering string, for there wouldn't be time to close the bag in that way, but to hold on by, held between the holder's teeth, thus giving him both hands free with which to open and close the mouth of the bag quickly. When the rat catcher calls, and swings the rats around, the bag holder opens the mouth of the bag, and the rat catcher drops in the rats. They recover almost instantly from their temporary bewilderment, and the instant they strike the bottom of the bag they start to scramble up the sides to get out, but the bag holder closes the mouth promptly and keeps it so till there is occasion to open for another rat.

It might be that working along with the tongs and lantern the rat catcher would come upon rats unexpectedly, or when the bag holder was not at hand. Then he would swing the tongs right around under his arm and close his arm down on the rat and draw the tongs away and leave the rat there, giving it no opportunity as might be into the bag. While of the traps used the greater number are of the kind that kill the rat when caught, still with traps and tongs many rats are taken alive. Years ago thousands of live rats were in the winter season collected for rat pits. The number gathered nowadays for this purpose is everywhere very small owing to the existence and activity of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. A few live rats are sold to physicians for experimental purposes, but substantially all of the great number of rats taken alive by professional rat catchers are destroyed.

A Dubious Compliment.

An ambitious but awkward golfer was trying out the links at the Presidio and had made one round under the guidance of a youthful caddy. It was a round of unexampled disaster.

"You should join a club, sir," said the caddy as the golfer turned homeward.

"You'd have a fine chance for the prizes."

"Do you think so?" asked the gentleman, brightening up at this word of encouragement.

"Aye," said the caddy fervently. "You'd get the biggest handicap of them all!"—San Francisco Wave.

THE CYNIC.

Visiting is like gambling—everybody gets the worst of it.

A man who can't borrow \$10 of a man can borrow \$1,000 of his widow.

Help your friends while they are alive. Don't wait to give them a big funeral.

We have heard of several, but never knew a man who could enjoy a joke on himself.

The women who go to prayer meetings are the ones who are fond of attending funerals.

Some people are like the parson's mare—they plug along, but are mighty swift when you attempt to pass them.

If opportunity knocks at every door, in most cases it is with as timid a knock as if there were a corpse in the house.—Aitchison Globe.

THE PUNSTER.

The stereopticon man is always changing his views.

A true philosopher is too philosophical to bother about philosophy.

The amateur photographer cares but a snap for any pretty girl he sees.

Everything comes to those who wait. It is now the autumn leaves turn.

An axiom goes without saying. Would that all earthly bores were axioms.

A man isn't necessarily rich when he is accused of having more money than brains.

The man who tried to steal a coat of paint and a dog's pants evidently needed a new suit.

CHEERFUL EDITORS.

If some one or a dozen want to pay their subscription to The Journal with cobs, now is the time—\$1 a load.—Wakefield (Neb.) Journal.

The editor moved into John Graham's residence this week, where he will be glad to receive wood, chicken hay, corn, oats, pumpkins or even money on subscription to The Enterprise.—Ozward Enterprise.

Wonderful Self-heating Flat Iron.

We guarantee its merits superior to any other iron, and claim it is the only successful self-heating iron on the market today.

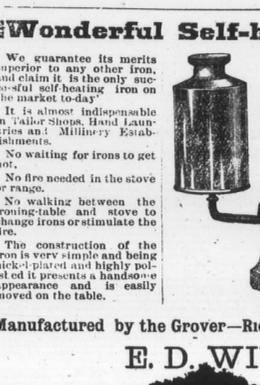
It is almost indispensable in Tailor Shops, Hairdressing Establishments, and in all Millinery Establishments.

No waiting for irons to get hot.

No fire needed in the stove or range.

No walking between the ironing-table and stove to change irons or stimulate the fire.

The construction of the iron is very simple and being nickel-plated and highly polished it presents a handsome appearance and is easily moved on the table.



Manufactured by the Grover-Richards Supply Co., Toronto, Ont.

A prohibition resolution will be moved this session in the House of Commons by Mr. Fin, a Liberal, and seconded by Mr. Craig, a Conservative.

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers.

It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household.

Running Sore.—My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore, she took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now well. Hood's Olive Ointment helped to heal the eruption." Mrs. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawn, Ancaster, Ont.

Rheumatism.—"I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief. Was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and five bottles gave me relief and enabled me to go to work." WILLIAM R. ROACH, Margaretville, N.S.



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

WORTH \$50 A BOTTLE

It may be worth a life to the man who needs it.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, N.Y.

WAGES OF SIN

A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD ESTD 1878 250,000 DISEASED MEN CURED

WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN & PRIVATE DISEASES

250,000 CURED

YOUNG MAN Have you stoned against nature? Have you committed the terrible crime you were committing? Did you not consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood contract any TRYPHATIS or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Dare you marry in your present condition? Do you know "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON?" If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. A man isn't necessarily rich when he is accused of having more money than brains.

CURES GUARANTEED

"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 2-cent stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME EXAMINATION.

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