

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1905.

# Blazed Trail Stories

## Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

### THE FIFTH WAY

The prophet confessed four things as beyond his understanding—the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon the rock, the way of a fish in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid—but we of modern times must add a fifth, and that is the way of justice. For often a blunderer caught red-handed escapes with alight punishment, while the clever man who transgresses, yet conceals his transgression craftily, pays at the end of a devious sequence with his life. Of this fashion was the death of Regis Brugiere.

It happened that in the fall of the year two strangers came to Ste. Jeanne for the purpose of shooting grouse, and Regis Brugiere hired himself to them as guide. His duties were not many. He had simply to drive them from one hardwood belt to another. But in his leisure he often followed them about, and so fell in love with Jim.

Jim was a black-and-white setter dog. Regis Brugiere watched him as he trotted carefully through the woods, his four legs working like pistons, his head high, his soft, intelligent eyes spying for the birds cover. Then when he caught a faint whiff of the game, he would stop short, and look around, and wag his tail. Not one step would he take toward securing his point until the man had struggled through the thicket to his side. Thus his master obtained many shots at birds flushing wild before the dog which otherwise he would not have had.

But when the bird lay well, then Jim would tread carefully forward as though on eggs, until his nostrils filled with the warm body-scent, he stood rigid, a living statue of beauty. A moment of breathless excitement ensued. With a burst of sound the bird soared away. There followed the quick crack of the fowling piece, a clod of feathers in the air, a long starting fall. Jim looked up, eager, but self-controlled.

"Fetch, Jim," said the man. At once the dog bounded away, to return after a moment in the pride of an army with banners, carrying the grouse daintily between his jaws.

Or the shot failed. Jim waited until he heard the click of the gun as he breeched after reloading, then moved forward with well-bred restraint, to sniff long and inquiringly where the bird had been.

These things Regis Brugiere saw, following the hunt through the thickets, so that he broke the ten commandments and coveted Jim with a great love. He worshipped the dog's aloof dignity, his gentlemanly demure of unobtrusive gaze as he sat on his haunches staring into the distance. So Regis Brugiere stole Jim, the black-and-white setter, and concealed him well. He did not know Jim's value, for in the

protest, for Jim came to be as much at home in the snow as in the sun. His point was the perfect dog—a pause of preparation before the spring. Jim was beautifully independent. Except in the matter of delicacies, he supported himself. But one thing he knew not, and that was the deer. To him they were as horses or sheep. He could not understand, nor did he care greatly, why they should flee so suddenly when he appeared. So Regis Brugiere tried to teach him, but vainly. Thus it happened that often Jim had to be left at home, for to a solitary trapper the deer is a necessity. There is in him food and clothing.

At such times Regis Brugiere was accustomed to pile high the fireplace with wood in order that his friend might be comfortable during his absence. Then he would leave the dog disconsolate. On the first of these occasions Jim effected an escape, and rejoined his master at a distance with every symptom of delight. Regis Brugiere, returning disgusted, found the cabin-door sprang wide; Jim had learned to pull it toward him with his teeth. Shortly after the trapper was forced to make a dash so that the dog could not pull it ajar by the strength of his jaw and legs. Perhaps it is as well here to explain that ordinarily such a cabin-door merely jams shut against the spring of a wand of hickory.

Now mark you this: If Regis Brugiere had not retired and stolen the dog Jim, he would not have been forced to construct the latch; without the latch, he could easily have pushed open the door by leaning against it; if he could have pushed open the door, all would have been well with himself and Jim. And in this we admire the wonder of the fifth way—the way of justice by which a man's life is forfeited for a fault.

One morning in the midwinter, when it was very cold with seventy degrees of frost, Regis Brugiere resolved to hunt the deer. As usual, he filled the fireplace, spread a robe for Jim's accommodation, thrust the latch-stick through the small hole bored for that purpose, and set out in the forest. When he reached the straggly edge, he removed his snow-shoes and began carefully to pick his way along the fallen tops. Mounting on a snow-covered rock, he thrust his right foot down into an unexpected crevice, stumbled and fell forward on his face.

Was the blow of pain had cleared away, and he was able to take stock of what had happened, Regis Brugiere found

that he had snapped the bones of his leg short below the knee. The first part of his journey home to the cabin was one of profound agony, the second of prayer, the third of grim silence. In the first he lost his rifle; in the second his courage; in the third his knowledge of what was about him. Like a crippled rabbit he dragged himself over the snow, a single black spot against the whiteness. The dark fore-forest gathered curiously about his wavering consciousness to look down on him in aloof compassion. And over him, invisible, palpable, hovered the dreadful north-country cold, waiting to stoop.

Regis Brugiere by the grace of a woodsman's perseverance and the instinct of a wild creature, gained at last the clearing in which his cabin stood. Behind him hovered a long, deep-gauged furrow-trail, pitiful attest of suffering. His strength was water, but he was home. After a long time he reached the door, and rested. The incident was cruel, but it was only one of many in a cruel way of life.

The twilight was coming down with threatening mysterious voices. Among them sounded fiercely the voice of the cold. Regis Brugiere felt his breath on his heart, and, in alarm, broke through the apathy of his condition. It was time to recall his forces, to enter where could be found support and warmth. Painfully he turned on his right side and prepared to reach the latch-stick. His first movement brought him an agony to be endured only with teeth and eyes closed, only by summoning to the minute task of thrusting his hand upward along the rough door all the forces of his being down to the last shred of vitality. At once the indomitable spirit of the woodsman answered the call. Regis Brugiere concentrated his will on a pin-point. Like a sprinter his position was fixed on a goal, beyond which lay collapse.

Each by inch the hand kept on, blindly groping. It reached the latch-stick; passed it by. Then, like a flame before it expires, the spirit of Regis Brugiere blazed out. With strange contortions of the body and writhings of the face he came upright, the arm still reaching. So it stayed for a moment, then fell. The man's will-power ran from him in a last supreme effort. Twice more he struggled blindly, but the effort was feeble. At last with a sigh he gave himself to the cold, which had been waiting. And the cold was kind. Regis Brugiere fell asleep.

Five days later Jim, the black-and-white setter-dog, ceased his aimless wanderings to and fro, ceased trying to leap to the cold window beyond which lay the forest and food in abundance, ceased vainly clawing below the shelf-high supplies of flour and bacon, to curl himself by the door as near as possible to the master who lay without. There he starved, dreaming in a merciful torpor of partridges in the snow. Thus was the way of justice fulfilled in the case of Regis Brugiere and the setter-dog Jim. (The End.)

### CITIZENS' LEAGUE

A general meeting of the members of the Citizens' League will be held in the Board of Trade rooms, Prince William street, on Thursday evening next, Nov. 2nd, at eight o'clock. There will be discussion of the proposed change of the present system of electing aldermen and other business of importance. A full attendance of all the members is particularly requested.

Joseph Hughes, one of the men concerned in the assault on Charles Murray on Pond street a short time ago, and sentenced to six months in jail with hard labor, escaped from the chain gang yesterday at Rockwood station. He failed permission to get a drink of water and while away from his brother workers and guards left for more comfortable quarters by means of the woods.

### CANCER OF THE BOWELS

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

### PRINCE LOUIS WIRES THANKS TO PEOPLE THROUGH GOVERNOR

The following telegram was received yesterday by Hon. J. B. Sawbail, lieutenant-governor, at Chatham: Halifax, Oct. 29, 1905. His Honor Lieut. Gov. Sawbail, Chatham (N. B.): "Just back from my delightful visit to your province. I desire to express to your honor my hearty thanks to New Brunswick for the warm welcome and charming hospitality accorded me and my officers by all the ministry of which we shall always cherish. The splendid specimen of a moose head which your government has kindly given me will be a much treasured souvenir for which I tender your honor my best thanks." (Sgd.) LOUIS BATTENBERG.

### For Anaemia You Must Have Iron

AND ANYONE CAN USE IRON, AS IT IS COMBINED WITH OTHER INGREDIENTS IN.

### DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Anaemia or bloodlessness is indicated by paleness of the lips, the gums and the eyelids, and is most frequently found in girls and young women. Other symptoms are deficient appetite, impaired digestion, irritable temper, shortness of breath, dizziness, faintness, headache, easily fatigued, depression and despondency.

The blood is lacking in the life sustaining power which is necessary to the proper working of the bodily organs, and can only be restored by the use of iron, as any qualified physician will tell you. But iron alone cannot be taken into a weakened stomach. In Dr. Chase's Nerve Food iron is combined with certain nerve restoratives in such a way as to be readily assimilated into the blood and thus afford immediate and lasting benefit to the system.

And more than this, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, through its action on the nerves, sharpens the appetite and aids digestion, so that help is also afforded in deriving the full nourishment from the food taken into the body.

On account of these two ways in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food enriches the blood and builds up the system, it is beyond doubt the most effective treatment for anaemia and similar wasting diseases they have ever experienced. Note your increase in weight while using it.

Mrs. Vitalina Tull, Lower Niagara, N. B., writes: "Since the age of twelve I have been subject to spells of weakness which would come on me two or three times a week. I would be obliged to go to bed and was almost unconscious. I had pains in my stomach and back and no medicine seemed to be of much benefit to me. "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was also in my possession, so we began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and continued the treatment for seven months. During that time I gained about thirty pounds in weight, am now strong and well and entirely freed of these distressing spells. "My sister Fred was also in very poor health, so we began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and continued the treatment for six months. During that time she gained about twenty pounds in weight, is now strong and well and entirely freed of these distressing spells. "We are glad to say that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a most valuable medicine, and at all dealers, or on Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto. The printed signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box."

### BEWARE OF POISONOUS & ADULTERATED PACKAGE DYES

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