

# 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 next morning, the party all went down to the foot of the lake, taking their old stations on land and water. The morning proved wet and disagreeable, as a heavy fog enveloped both land and water, and a quantity of soft snow had fallen during the night, which adhered to every tree and bush, it was very disagreeable traveling. Byron, who selected a station on the side of a hill near a large swamp, took his station under the spreading branches of a small balsam tree and made a comfortable shelter from the cold wind. The tree was low and he had to sit in a cramped position in order to get the full benefit of his shelter. He had not been there more than half an hour when a fine doe stepped out from behind a cluster of bushes, not two rods distant. For a moment it was hard to tell which was the most surprised, the hunter or the deer. Byron's gun was leaning up against the trunk of the little tree and he had to reach for it before he could get in a shot. He grabbed the gun and, without taking very good aim, fired, just as the animal made a spring down the side of the hill. The deer tumbled head foremost down the steep side of the hill, but sprang to its feet

and his paddle and carefully taking up his rifle glanced for an instant along the sights and pulled the trigger. The ball struck the animal in the neck, but it did not reach a vital spot, and it plunged forward to be stopped the next moment by another shot, which took effect in the animal's skull, breaking the horn loose from the bone, and when the men paddled up it was stone dead. The deer proved to be the largest and fattest one killed by the party, and the head would have made a beautiful mount if it had not been spoiled by the last shot. The last two were hung up with the rest and the men were well pleased with the result of the day's sport.

The next day being Sunday, the boys laid in camp, except a couple who went out to the half-way station for the mail and some supplies that the Dutchman had agreed to leave there for them the day previous. In the afternoon the Scribe and Cook concluded to go over to the little beaver lakes and see if the family of beavers were still inhabiting their house, discovered a couple of years before by the Scribe. The distance was half a mile by boat and then up over the hills for a couple of miles. They

to the other lake, and then on the raft across that lake to his home. (CONTINUED)

### RHEUMATISM'S ORGINS.

The Relentless, Unrelenting Pain Giant is Shorn of His Strength by the Aid of South American Rheumatic Cure—It Never Fails.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Mount Forest, says: "I was sorely afflicted with rheumatism for over a year. I was almost totally disabled, and at times suffered agonies of pain. I tried many remedies and doctors without avail until I began using South American Rheumatic Cure. I derived great benefit from one bottle and was so pleased with the results I continued using it, and my advice to-day to all sufferers from rheumatism is to use this great remedy. I feel satisfied it is the greatest of rheumatic cures."

Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Mr. J. Donoghue, of Westport, has purchased the farm of Mr. John R. Polk, known as the Shanks farm, Kitleigh, paying for it \$6500 in cash. Mr. Donoghue was a county councillor, but had to resign his office on account of moving.

## Crouching

In every cough there lurks, like a crouching tiger, the probabilities of consumption. The throat and lungs become rough and inflamed from coughing and the germs of consumption find an easy entrance. Take no chances with the dangerous foe. For 60 years there has been a perfect cure. What a record! Sixty years of cures.



## AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

soothes and heals the wounded throat and lungs. You escape an attack of consumption with all its terrible suffering and uncertain results. There is nothing so bad for the throat and lungs as coughing. A 25c. bottle will cure an ordinary cough; harder coughs will need a 50c. size; the dollar bottle is cheapest in the long run.

"One of my sons was spitting blood with high fever and was very ill. We could hardly see any signs of life in him. I bought him no good. But one bottle of your Cherry Pectoral cured him and saved his life."—C. A. WILSON, Nov. 19, 1898. Pukwana, S. Dak.

Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and need the best medical advice, write the Doctor. Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

## THE YELLOW VIOLET.

When beechen buds begin to swell and woods the bluebirds' warble know, The yellow violet's modest bell Pops from the last year's leaves below.

Ever sunset fields their green resume, Sweet dower, I love in forest bare To meet thee, when thy faint perfume Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train the hands of spring First plant thee in the furrow mold, And I have seen thee blossoming Beside the snowbank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view Pale skies, and chilling moisture drip, Has clad thee in his own bright hue And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form and low thy seat, And earthward bent thy gentle eye, Unapt the passing view to meet, When loftier flowers are flaunting high. —William Cullen Bryant.

## SNOGGLES, THE SNORER.

Tricks Played by His Tent Companions to Make Him Stop.

"One of the worst snorers I think that I ever had the misfortune to be personally acquainted with," began the white haired dry goods drummer reflectively. "His name was Sam Snoggles, who was in the same company with me in the army during the civil war. The poor fellow is dead long ago, I believe, and I don't want to say anything to injure the feelings of his friends, but the truth of the matter was that when Snoggles slept there was mighty little rest for any one in the neighborhood.

"The minute he got to sleep he would roll over on his back, open his mouth and increase in volume until the whole tent was packed so full of it that the sides bulged out, and then he would suddenly wind up with a terrific snort that nearly shook the ground.

"Naturally, this was rather wearing on the rest of us, and we tried various schemes to break him of snoring, but without success. Finally we hit upon the plan of tying a piece of hard tack to a string, attaching the other end of the string to a pole and then, after the snoring had begun, we would gently scrape a fiddle bow across the strings, and as he went on the sound would gradually rise higher and higher and spread out and increase in volume until the whole tent was packed so full of it that the sides bulged out, and then he would suddenly wind up with a terrific snort that nearly shook the ground.

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## He Protected the Clerk.

A typical story of Lord Curzon is the following: A government clerk in India on a visit to his provincial office left a day or two and was dismissed by the head of his department. As the man had over 20 years' service he appealed to the viceroy, and in due course the head was asked to explain. He gave the reason for the dismissal as general incompetence. The viceroy ordered the clerk to be reinstated and wrote across the report that in his opinion the incompetence lay with the man who took 20 years to discover such a shortcoming in his clerk.

## where Lead Pencils Disappear.

At desks at one side of the wonderful center of the great reading room of the Washington National Library—that center, with its labyrinth of pneumatic tubes, endless carriages for books, speaking tubes, telephones, and so forth—there are blanks for readers to fill with the title of the book they desire and the name of their author. Lead pencils, new and of full length, are placed there every morning, tied to the desk with twine. Readers begin to stand in line usually within one hour after opening there is not a pencil to be seen.

"I give it up," said one of the assistant librarians who was questioned about this remarkable disappearing act. "Kellar might explain it, but I can't. Of course, we can at times imagine a bit of circumstantial evidence, but we wouldn't like to treat our intellectual friends as they do the shoplifters in the bazaars, and so the government has to wink at the petty larceny and buy more pencils."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## A Liberal Education.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work that his intellect is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations and who, no unskilled ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all life, whether of nature or of art, to hate all villainies and to respect others as himself.—Huxley.

## Followed Instructions.

"That's one or them agents what sells clocks on a credit wants to see you right off," said the new farmhand.

"Hang the agent!" exclaimed the farmer. "I don't want to see him or his clocks!"

The new farmhand vanished and did not return for an hour.

When he put in an appearance, he asked: "Whar'bouts roun' here does the corner live?"

"What in thunder do you want with the corner?"

"Well," said the new farmhand, taking a seat on a stump and wiping the perspiration from his brow with his shirt sleeve, "I hanged him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## "ONE OF THOUSANDS."

Miss Lily Cox, 2 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, contracted acute catarrh through taking a severe cold some two years ago. Her suffering was very distressing at times. She tried several remedies, but none gave her any real relief. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was recommended to her—one application gave instant relief, and when she had used four bottles she says she was entirely cured. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

## The Poor Yorkshireman.

The emblem of Yorkshire is one of the strangest things in heraldry. It is a fly, a flea and a bunch of bacon.

A Derbyshire man told me the significance of that emblem. Maybe you know it; if not, you will be interested.

It is this: A fly will drink with anybody. So will a Yorkshireman.

A flea will bite anybody. So will a Yorkshireman.

A bunch of bacon isn't worth a continental until it's been hung. Neither is a Yorkshireman.—Detroit Free Press.



and was out of sight before he could throw another cartridge into the barrel of his Winchester. A few minutes after, a bound picked up the track and in less than ten minutes drove it to water and Marsh, taking after it with the boat, captured it after an exciting race of nearly a mile. Only one shot was required to place it "hors de combat," but when the Scribe (who drew it in the final divide) came to take off the skin found that Byron's shot had passed directly through the animal's body, and that it would have died from the wound had it not been driven to water and killed by Marsh.

One of the hounds got a start near the spot where Ed captured the big buck a few days before and followed it through the woods back and forth for several hours. The President gave the signal to call the men from their watches and, taking Charlie in the Peterboro' canoe, started for camp. The hound could be heard away out in the north woods, but the men concluded that the game would lead off to some other lake and were paddling leisurely along down towards camp, chatting over the incidents of the day and hunt, when to their surprise they saw an immense buck spring from the bank nearly half a mile ahead of them and make for the opposite shore. It was a question of the "survival of the fittest" between the men in the canoe and the deer, with the odds in favor of the animal. Phil was in front, and, as they used paddles to propel the canoe, had a chance to see ahead as they pulled along. The only words used by either of the men was a simple "Pull—pull for all your worth," and the long steady pull given by the two men sent the frail bark at a race horse speed toward the deer, which realizing its danger, put forth all its energies to escape. For a long time (so it seemed to the two men), it was hard to tell whether they were gaining on the deer or not, but finally they began to have hope that they would out-wind the animal and succeed in capturing it. When still between thirty and forty rods away, Phil carefully laid down

## found the home of the beavers had not been disturbed since the Scribe saw it before, and from appearances the beavers were still there. Several trees nearly as large as a stove pipe had been cut down lately and cut into lengths and dragged several rods to their house, where it had been stripped of the bark and soft part of the wood and the remnants piled on top of their house. Several handfulls of the chips cut from the trees were gathered up and brought home and can be seen at any time in the editor's sanctum at Athens. The men secured a fairly good photograph of the beaver house, and then followed the shore of the lake to where the beavers had constructed a dam across the outlet of the lake in order to raise the water in the lake. This dam was about fifteen or twenty feet long and constructed of logs that it would take two men to place in the position they were in. The spaces between these logs were filled in with shorter pieces and the whole plastered up with grass and mud, making a nearly water tight dam between three and four feet in height. It was after dark when the men reached camp and found those who went out for mail had returned bringing several letters and large bundles of papers for the party. Monday, the hunters were out early and a couple more deer were brought in, and it was decided to hunt on the forenoon of the following day and then commence to pack up preparatory to starting for home. The full complement of eighteen deer having been captured at noon on Tuesday. The Scribe and Ed got out their kodaks and took several snap shots of the camp, the fine row of deer hung up, and several points of interest around the lake, and then the boats were placed alongside the shore near where the deer were hung up and each was loaded to the water's edge and with a man to each start was made up to the foot of the rapids, where they were to meet the Dutchman with his team to take the baggage and game across the country

## CURE THOSE UGLY PIMPLES.

By Using Dr. Agnew's Ointment—Any Form of Eczema Helped, at Once, and Cured Eventually by its Use.

Not a skin blemish caused by eczema, tetter, ringworm, salt rheum, scald head and other skin diseases that will not vanish as by magic on the application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application will give quick comfort and relief, and in a few days the skin heals up and is as soft as a baby's. It will cure piles in from three to five nights—no matter what nature or how long standing. 35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

The Toronto Star says with a good deal of truth: "Under the statute labor system in Ontario, the farmer mends the roads for two days, and darns them all the rest of the year."

An exchange reports that it received the following communication from one of its patrons: "Send me a few copies of the paper which had obituary about death of my child a month or two ago. You will please publish the enclosed clippings about my niece's marriage, and I wish you would mention in your local columns if it does not cost anything, that I am going to have a public sale and will rent part of my farm, also that I have a few extra calves to sell at public auction. Send me a few copies of the paper this week, but as my time is run out you may stop my paper as times are too hard to waste money on a newspaper."

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

## "Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyse the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. It never disappoints.

Rheumatism—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." Mrs. PATRICK KENNER, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MISSIE JACQUES OSHAN, Ont.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappears

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**

WORTH \$50 A BOTTLE

It is worth a horse to you if it cures spavin for you.

Dear Sir:—I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure for several years, and I have cured a spavin on my best horse, and I would like to see for which I refer to the enclosed stamp, and I will be pleased to have your book and receipt for the enclosed stamp, and I will be pleased to have your book and receipt for the enclosed stamp, and I will be pleased to have your book and receipt for the enclosed stamp.

Yours truly,  
FRANK SMITH

Hartington, P. O., Ontario, Mar. 6, '98.

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

It is an absolutely reliable remedy for Spavin, Blisters, Cuts, Bruises, etc. Remove the blisters and leaves no scars. Price, 50¢ a bottle. As a Hint for those who are frequently deceived by cheap imitations, please send me the book as you advertise in on bottles, for horses.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

## DRS. K. & K.

The Leading Specialists of America  
20 Years in Detroit.  
250,000 Cured.

## WE CURE STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight difficulty in commencing voiding, organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of stricture—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or tearing you. This will cure you, as will our NEW METHOD TREATMENT. It is a safe, reliable, and permanent cure. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the blood of rancor returns.

## WE CURE GLEET

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Failing Memory, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability at times Smarting Sensation, Burning Eyes, with dark circles, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of Diseases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars for a case we accept for treatment and cure. Terms moderate for cure.

## CURES GUARANTEED

We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOSE, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAIN, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN  
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.  
DETROIT, MICH.

## 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 to-day.

It is an indispensable in Tailor Shops, Hair Dressing and 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 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.

**E. D. WILSON, Athens**  
SOLE AGENT FOR LEMDS COUNTY

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION