

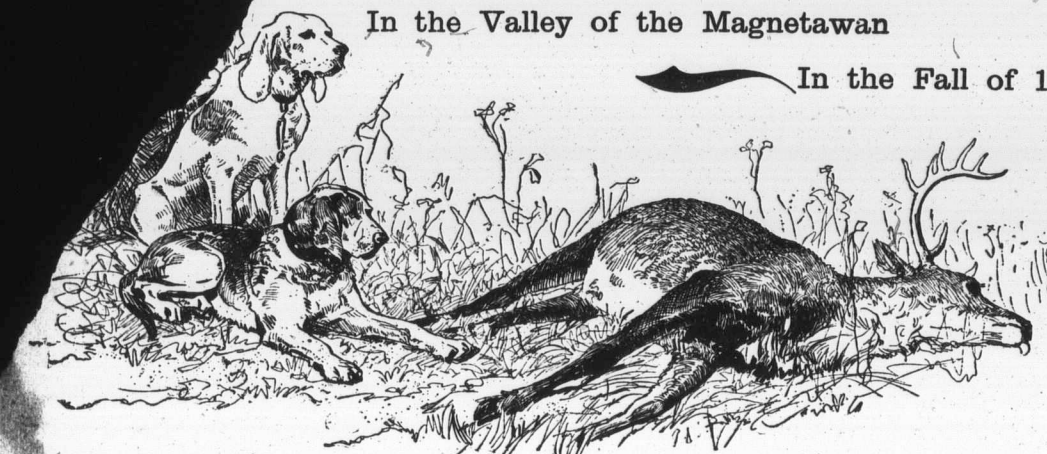
# STORY OF THE HUNT

## The Reporter Hunt Club

### At Lah-ne-o-tah Lake

In the Valley of the Magnetawan

In the Fall of 1899



Long before daybreak on the first day of the hunting season, the camp was astir. Breakfast over, the guns were taken from the rack and carefully examined to make certain that they were in proper condition; cartridge belts were filled to overflowing, and Len, to make sure that he could not be short of ammunition, put this pockets with an extra supply. The stars had not all disappeared when the president gave the orders and those going to the west stations took boats and started. Some went up the lake, down stream, and Byron was on the post of honor, i. e., the best watch known to the party, and the Scribe was to go with him to the old camp landing and then to the little mountain stream to spots where the runways crossed. It was a bright, clear morning and the landing was made just as the first grey streaks of dawn appeared in the east. They had to go about a mile up stream and followed an old trail for about half the distance when they struck down to the edge of the little stream which meandered through the hills. Owing to the dry season, this stream was little more than a babbling brook,

observe, as he swung out from shore, no less than three more deer also in the water, and all making lively time towards the opposite shore. He gave a short but rapid pull towards the nearest one and raising his Winchester he sent a ball through the animal's head, killing it at the first shot. Without stopping to take any further notice than to see it the animal was dead, he started out in pursuit of the other deer nearest to him. He made a lively run for a few rods when his boat struck on a rock and he snapped an oar off near the middle and came very near being precipitated into the water. Fortunately he had an old paddle in the boat and quickly shoving the boat off from the rock he partly rowed and partly paddled the boat out towards where the deer was swimming. Seeing that the deer was likely to get to land if not checked in some way, he took his rifle and fired a shot a couple of rods in front of the deer, which had the desired effect of turning the game from shore back towards the centre of the bay. For fully twenty minutes he varied the work of warping the boat along towards the game with an occasional shot in front to keep the

couches and enjoyed a good night's rest, preparatory to the laborious work of the following day.

#### TEMPERANCE LAKE.

MONDAY, Jan. 1.—Mr. Bennett Cavanagh succeeds Mr. T. J. Earl, retiring trustee.

Miss Emma Kincaid of Caintown is engaged to teach Temperance Lake school.

Mr. Fred Mansel has returned from Chesterville where he has been helping Mr. Chas. McClary in making cheese. He is an industrious young gentleman, ever ready to earn a dollar. He shot 7 foxes lately.

Mr. Eli Mansel, whose health and weight are greatly improved (the latter very fairly representing the surprising figures 260) has been turning out some fine work from his blacksmith shop which he once in a while explores to see if he keeps his hand.

Mr. Bennett Cavanagh and his boys, three deserving, worthy young gentlemen, are constantly improving their fine farm by ditching, fencing, repairing, etc. Their intention is to make the farm worth a little more

all the worm-nest trees on his beautiful mountain.

Our mail service will be changed in a short time, and instead of starting from Caintown will commence the journey from McIntosh Mills. This will give two mails per day. It may cost more for carrying, but it will be pretty generally accepted by the people in the surrounding district.

Could old boss Joe come back again, Some traders here he'd find—  
Lons in Caintown still remain,  
Although they may be blind.  
Caintown keeps a blooded stock,  
Kickers, cribbers, not a few—  
Bloods that came from Plymouth  
Rock

And there ages still remew.  
Mr. C. Slack will find an acrostic on his name in these verses on Old Joe the trading horse.

#### NERVES PARALYZED.

Nervous Prostration So Severe, Lost Power of Hands, Side and Limbs, But South American Nerve Root Disease and Saved Her.

Minnie Stevens, daughter of T. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., of London, was stricken down with a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which resulted in her losing the power of her limbs. She could not lift or hold anything in her hands, and other complications showed themselves. Her parents had lost hope of her recovery. She began taking South American Nerve, and after taking twelve bottles she was perfectly restored, and enjoys good health to-day. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

#### Set the Bulldog on Him.

Here is a late swindle, one that may profit our farmers to keep an eye open for: A "father-looking" fellow may call, having samples of corn. The ear will be from five to eight times the size of ordinary ears of corn, which he alleges he raised from seed sent him by his brother who is engaged in farming in a foreign land. He offers to sell a 100 grains for twenty-five cents, or the whole ear for two dollars. The victim buys, only to find, later on, it is nothing but ordinary corn. A number of ears of corn are dexterously cut and the sections glued together to form one large ear. If the swindler comes boot him off the premises.

#### WHEN HEART FAILS.

Life's Charm Vanishes—No Case of Heart Disease Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Will Not Relieve in 30 Minutes, and Permanently Cure.

Thos. Petry of Aylmer, Que., says that for about five years he was a constant sufferer from acute heart derangements—endured untold pain, was unable to attend to his daily work, any exertion caused great fatigue. He was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One bottle did him great benefit; four bottles drove every symptom of the trouble away from him. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

At the Lett Kelly farm, near Washburn's Corners, on Jan. 15th Mr. Joseph Pullah will offer for sale by auction all his farm stock and implements, including 10 milch cows 3 horses, implements, vehicles, harness hay, oats, corn, straw, potatoes etc. Sale at 12 noon. D. Dowsley auctioneer.

#### "500 ACRES FOR MY HEALTH."

Piles Were Sapping the Life From Him—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cured.

Mr. M. Beemer, of Knotman, Mich., says: "For seven years I had suffered from itching and protruding piles. I tried all kinds of cures, but got no relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application did more for me than any remedy I had ever tried. I have been such a sufferer that I would willingly give my 500 acres of land rather than have a return of my suffering from those tormenting things." 35 cents. Use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills for liver ills. 20 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

#### Opens Another Safe.

Mr. Gravelle, editor of the Renfrew Journal who has become famous owing to his ability to open intricate combination locks, has again demonstrated his skill in that direction. Mr. McCue, barrister of Carleton Place, recently purchased a Taylor safe of the latest design from Mr. H. C. Small. The latter went with the Canadian Contingent to Africa a few weeks ago and neglected to leave the combination figures with any person. Mr. Gravelle was sent for a few days ago to try his skill on the lock, which was a three-wheel combination, and in a little more than an hour succeeded in swinging open the heavy doors of the safe, using his own system of calculation in working out the difficult problem.

#### What Everybody Knows.

Or ought to know, is that health and even life itself depends upon the condition of the blood. Feeding as it does, all the organs of the body, it must be rich and pure in order to give proper nourishment. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, rich and nourishing, and in this way strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite, tones the stomach, builds up the health, wards off colds, pneumonia and fevers.

## The Rag'muffin's Prayer.

(A CHRISTMAS STORY)

Far away in a beautiful city, where is splendor and wealth and estate,  
Where is found the abode of the poor, and the gilded home of the great,  
Where the ceaseless cinders of commerce heat time to the trade-hammer's stroke,  
And the great tall factory chimneys are constantly vomiting smoke—  
Where the toilers slave at the benches for the life-saving wages they give,  
Where the one great half of the people care not how the other half live,  
Where the clang of the bell or the whistle shrieks out on the chill morning air  
And awakens the slaves from dream-land back to a world of care.

Just back from the street, down an alley, where the poor and the wretched abide,  
Where misery goes to make merry and criminals run for to hide,  
Where at midnight the concert is jolly, where the wretch and the outcast entice  
And smother the last spark of virtue in iniquity, curses and vice—  
Where the knaves dingle up their plunder and petty thieves skulk from the toils,  
Where riot stands ready to kindle as gamblers fight over the spoils—  
Surrounded by sin and the sinning, in a tumble-down tenement row,  
With a brother and sister some older, lived poor little Rag'muffin Joe.

Joe's parents were dead and were sleeping far out in a potter's field lot,  
But the kindness and love of his mother little Joe had never forgot.  
When the spring it returned with its flowers, little Joe would wander away  
To God's acre, out on the hillside, and sit by her grave through the day.  
The poor folks that strolled from the city would share their scant morsel with Joe,  
And when night hovered over God's acre he returned to the tumble-down row.  
When Winter's chill blast nipped the willows and flowers he loved for the while,  
He played with the lads in the alley and brightened the place with his smile.

His sister sewed 'round for a living, but her wage was uncertain and low  
And although surrounded by vices her heart was as pure as the snow.  
His brother was just a poor "sweater" that toiled for a wage low as sin  
In the factories of trusts and combines where the slaves throw their life's blood in.  
The kind-hearted folks of the alley, they loved and befriended poor Joe,  
And had nick-named the little rag muffin the Sunshine of Tumble-down Row.  
He would hide their misdoings with kindness, and outcasts and criminals they  
Would softly steal up the attic and list to the rag muffin pray.

One night came the sweet sounds of pleading, they silently stole up the stair,  
Little Joe, kneeling down by the cot-side, was whispering this innocent prayer:  
"Old Santy, I thought I would ask you, and good Santy, please let me know,  
When you come to this great big city, will you drive down to Tumble-down Row,  
I ain't got no father nor mother to buy me no richer nor better little sleigh,  
"And Santy, the toys that I play with are some that was thrown away.  
"If you'll only drive down through the alley, let me look at your toys and deer,  
"I know it will make me so happy and I'll be a good boy next year.

"And Santy, if you can afford it, bring sister, so kind and so true,  
"A nice little hat with a feather or a nice little jacket of blue.  
"And, dear Santy Claus, please remember my dear good brother, that's Jim,  
"If it ain't askin' too much, dear Santy, bring something along for him.  
"If you have any toys that's left over, or any that's broken and worn—  
"You know, Santy, I ain't particular—a little shell drum or a horn,  
"A sled or a kite or a shanny, or maybe a nice little knife,  
"I will, 'pon my word, dear Santy, be a good little boy all my life."

It was holiday time in the city and Christmas was drawing near,  
The gladdest time of the season, the merriest time of the year.  
In the great cathedral vestry, the Christmas carols were sung,  
And down from the frescoed arches the ivy and holly were hung.  
The memorial windows were lighted, the altar festooned with care  
With beautiful lilies and roses, their fragrance filling the air.  
The silvery chimes in the steeple rang out a harmonious strain  
That floated away o'er the city and echoed again and again.

The streets were all of a bustle, and from out the great thoroughfare  
Could be heard the shrill pipe of the news-boy as he whistled a popular air.  
The novelty stores were in splendor and high pretty toys they were piled,  
And everything there put in order to please the heart of a child.  
The shops they were all of a glitter, the windows they gaily were dressed,  
And the children to look at the treasures, their noses against them pressed.  
There were playthings of every description for the dear little girls and boys,  
Skates, bats, base-balls, and shinneys, and dolls that would make a noise.

Now the kind-hearted folks of the alley, being touched with little Joe's prayer,  
Had fixed up an old junker's window and had an old Santy Claus there.  
Little toys were hung 'round in abundance to please and delight the child,  
And picture books printed in colors—little Joe with delight he was wild.  
And when the old window was lighted with tissue and toys, it looked gay,  
They dressed up the junker as Santy and bid him give them away.  
The jolly, kind-hearted old junker loved the children all in the row,  
And a nice little present he'd bought for the favorite, "Sunshiney Joe."

The children were gathered around him to receive a nice book or a toy  
And little Joe next to the window was laughing and crying for joy.  
The junker, disguised as old Santy, was giving the things to and fro,  
And a little red sleigh and blue jacket he handed over to Joe.  
He gave a loud cheer for old Santy, then ran off his sister to tell,  
But he swooned as he ran through the alley and down in the pavement he fell.  
Loving hearts were soon to his rescue, but the dear little spirit had fled—  
The jacket held close to his heart and his hand on the little red sled.

They lifted his form from the pavement and carried him in to the light  
And a doctor that chanced to be passing said the little heart broke with delight.  
It cast a sad gloom down the alley, and the good and the bad of the row  
Went up to that tumble-down attic and wept over poor little Joe.  
They laid him away in God's acre where his dear, kind mother was laid.  
Where the flowers will bloom that he treasured, where time after time he had  
played.  
And they put up a nice little head-stone that told of the sad Christmas night,  
Of the sleigh and the little blue jacket and how little Joe died of delight.  
CRAWF C. SLACK

#### "A Heart as Sturdy as an Oak."

But what about the blood which the heart must pump at the rate of 70 times a minute? If the heart is to be sturdy and the nerves strong this blood must be rich and pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes sturdy hearts because it makes good blood. It gives to men and women strength, confidence, courage and endurance. Hood's PILLS are non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

#### Kittiey Mission.

On Sunday next, Jan. 14th, services will be taken by the Rev. Chaplin Wilkinson of Parham as follows:  
10 a. m.—St. Thomas' church, Franklinville.  
3 p. m.—All Saints', The Redn.  
7 p. m.—St. Ann's church, Easton's Corners.  
Rev. Mr. Harvey, whose sudden and serious illness was reported a few days ago, is recovering slowly. He has regained his voice.

## 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 almost indispensable in Tailor Shops, Hand Laundry and Military 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.

E. D. WILSON, Agents

SOLE AGENTS FOR REDS COUNTY

## 'XMAS -- GENTS

can supply at 'Xmas, boxes of R  
tions Violets, &c, to be delivered  
Beautiful blooming plants, Azalea  
Cinerarias, Hyacinths, well-filled

Wash out your

J. H.



not more than six or eight feet wide. The banks were covered with a luxuriant growth of Kentucky blue joint grass, which in many places was from four to five feet in height. In some places the men had difficulty in forcing their way through the long, damp grass, while in many others the deer had trodden the grass down to rods square. They were working their way along as fast as possible, in order to get to their stations before the dogs were loosened. The president in the woods back of them, when a yearling doe bounded out of the grass, not five rods in front of them. The men had their rifles in position to shoot, but the Scribe was the first to see well as the first to draw a fire on a deer for the season, making a lively race and underbrush over their shoulders, not thinking of the proximity of game, and the deer several bound before they got their rifles in position to shoot. The Scribe was the first to see well as the first to draw a fire on a deer for the season, making a lively race and underbrush over their shoulders, not thinking of the proximity of game, and the deer several bound before they got their rifles in position to shoot.

deer in the water. When he succeeded in getting near enough to risk a shot at the animal, he fired and the first shot told, as the doe was shot through the neck and was stone dead when reached. The dogs coming to the shore was a signal that the race was over and the men were called from their stations. Byron rowed over to the landing and, taking in Len and the Scribe, started down the bay to gather up his game. When near the centre of the bay a fawn was observed over near the opposite shore, the boat pulled in that direction and the Scribe placed the animal hors de combat and it was soon pulled into the boat. Just as they were swinging round to go for the rest of the game, a couple of strange dogs were seen running along the shore from which the last deer had come, and a few minutes later four or five men also appeared. The men in the boat feeling that the last deer killed belonged by rights to these men, they rowed over and, rendered them the deer, which they gladly accepted as they had been delayed in getting into camp and were getting short of meat. They had located a camp a couple of miles down the lake and had not been able to bring in any boat, except a canoe. They were from "down the country," and a mutual understanding was arrived at with them that each party killing deer before the other party's dogs should deliver them up to the owners of the dogs.

On reaching camp that afternoon, it was found the boys had four fine deer to their credit for the first day's work. A shady little nook near the water was selected as a place where the season's catch of game would be hung up. Charlie, as the butcher of the party, was set to work at once and the hide stripped from one of the deer and the cook, regaled the hungry and tired hunters with a delicious roast of venison. The boys, elated with the result of the first day's hunt, sat around and told stories of former exploits until a late hour when all lay down to their

each succeeding year than it was the one before.

Some of the visitors at Mr. Milton Mansel's dairy stables say that they like his swing bales better than any they have seen.

Mrs. Milton Mansel has lost two married sisters and a brother within two months—the last sister, Mrs. Charlie Horton, near Lansdowne Station, of consumption. Mrs. Horton was beloved by her friends, highly esteemed by her acquaintances, and highly respected by all who knew her. Connected with the Presbyterian church, she passed away in the bright hope of meeting in joy those who had gone before. This last parting filled Mrs. Mansel's cup of sorrow until it overflowed with grief.

Misses Annie and Mamie Anglim, students at the Athens high school, were home for the Christmas holidays.

#### 125 MEN ENTRENCHED.

From the Troops of Dreaded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Did for Mr. LeBlanc He Proves Will Do For Others.

Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder rescued him when everything else had failed. To-day when he goes to his lumber camp with his 125 men, this great remedy is considered as much a necessity to comfortable camp life as anything else. It is sold in the head in ten minutes; prevents the growing of catarrh germs, and when they are sown it cures them. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

#### FRONT OF YONGE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 2.—Election in this municipality is very tame this year; still, some able men have trooped up. Good roads were the principal platform topic at our municipal nomination. Mr. Ormond Gibson is cutting down