

New Dog Proved His Worth Wildcat and Bear Hunt In a Nova Scotia Swamp.

Annapolis, N. S.—Uncle Ned held up a letter, took out his big iron rimmed spectacles, set them carefully across his nose and read:

Dear sir I received your letter will set the dog for ten dollars. It is a good dog for wildcat or minks otter or enny track you put him on he was trained befor I got him seven years with him in seven years old I give 24 dollars for him wood not sell him but am getting so I want you in the woods with mink and otter I want you to put part with the dog I send him C o d as you want by mister pennyman he will stay in a canoe skold him if he goe zong he will go rite he'll chace all day will come back at if he smells a moos or a hare he will live and go after it if he wuz you just stay whar you are and he will bring the moos back to you he is a good dog his name is range a r a n g e will close so good by yours truly Mr. John Mc-Bain.

With a smile Uncle Ned transferred his attention from John Mc-Bain to the "good dog," a fairly well bred English foxhound of uncertain age and modest demeanor, with a few deep scars on head and ears that represented his diploma as a wildcat and bear dog.

"Hi!" he mused, critically regarding the animal, who wagged his tail amicably. "Ten dollars is a pretty good bargain for a really first class hound. I've heard of him before, too. Old John Mc-Bain used to be one of the best all around hunters and trappers in Digby county, and this old Range was always called the best dog in Digby county. Wonder why he wants to let him go, and at such a price."

We explained that the old man was really getting too feeble to cruise about the woods and wanted to have his dog in kind hands, but Uncle Ned was still sceptical as he led the way to the canoe for the cat hunt.

The late November weather was cold and crisp, and a light dry snow that covered the ground for about three inches promised to make tracking and going easy.

Our costumes were regulated by the advice of Uncle Ned. We wore thin underclothing of pure wool, thick woollen gray shirts, neckerchiefs, stout knickers with long stockings, and canvas leggings over a pair of ankle gaiters, which were made to closely by worn in an extra pair of socks. We also wore our canvas shooting coats, which, though noisy, we soon found were excellent for smashing through the killing Nova Scotia thicket, and there is no reason for special quiet when after wild cats with a hound.

Hardly had we landed when the hound began to whine and howl and sniff the air eagerly. Uncle Ned nearly lost him by an unexpected hard and sudden tug on the chain, but recovered and let the dog drag him ten yards up the carry, where, sure enough, a fresh wildcat track led directly across the path. Uncle Ned hung on to Range only long enough to make sure of the freshness of the track, and the next moment the merry music was echoing through the treetops. "Ow! Ow! O-o-o-o-ow! Ow!"

Jack and I started to dash into the thicket after the hound, but Uncle Ned restrained us.

"Hold on, boys; no rush," he said. "Let's see whar he's going. May come right around after the trail again, you know."

"We'll just sneak along the carry for a while and listen. If he gets too far away we'll follow and keep him within earshot."

"No use tramping through these swamps now'n then. We're likely to get more of it before night anyway. For I guess the best dog in Digby County is a good one, all right."

The admonition was well timed, for though the trail was actually recessed, the carry, it would certainly have necessitated a forced march of some miles without result had we followed the hound, for that cat's track must have described several figure 8s with a couple of miles between each, and judging from the baying of the dog, now faint, now stronger.

At one time he was entirely out of earshot, but a plunge of half a mile into a black spruce swamp brought this indignant and yet mellow old howling boy to our ears again, and rather less before we knew it he was past us not a hundred yards off. Uncle Ned and we hurried over to the track and found that the cat was evidently getting tired; at least, as said the old man, we judged from the slightly irregular footprints.

"We've got her sure, boys," he exclaimed, and a moment after the words left his lips the dog was heard again a quarter of a mile on our right.

"He's circling," said Uncle Ned. "Likely the cat won't leave the swamp. So we might as well wait and see whar'll happen," whereupon the old trapper squatted on his haunches while we, less afraid of forest evils, or rather less experienced in woodland precautions, followed his example as to rest, but seated ourselves upon adjoining logs.

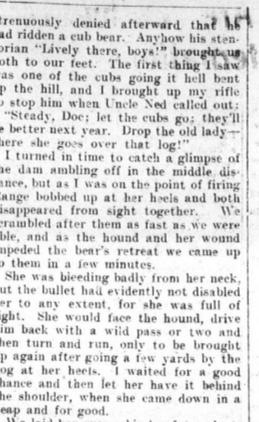
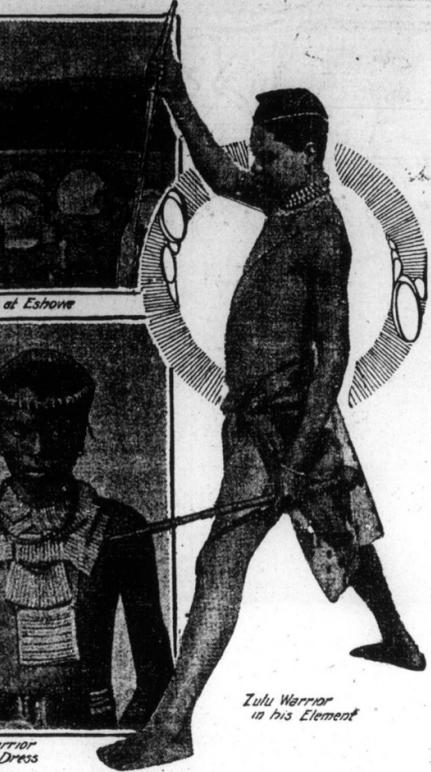
Nearer and nearer came the deep baying and all at once I thought I heard him puffing at my very side. Looking down I saw an enormous wildcat half trotting, half slinking through the tangled and snow broken brakes, his ears laid back and his mouth half open. He seemed to take no notice of me, and before I could raise my 303 had disappeared in the bush.

In a second the hound rushed past as fresh as a daisy, and we all followed the fact as the thick tangle of fallen logs second growth hemlocks and spruces and soft swamp would permit. Within half a minute we heard the hound bay "reed!" with frantic regular barks: "Ow! Ow! Ow!" without rest. Pretty soon came a yowl from the cat, followed by a series of howls, snarls and barks which betokened a canine-feeling scrap of the liveliest description. As we came to the scene of the battle there was pass, a big tom, backed up against a log, like the very image of Satan. He was puffing and had evidently been cornered by the hound before finding a tree suitable for escape.

Now, I read last winter a series of letters by famous woodsmen on wildcats and Canada lynxes, the purport of nearly all of which was that these animals are potholes of the worst description. Manly Hardy told us even how they are killed by a man with bare hands alone.

So be it, I question not the fact. But of one thing I am sure, namely, that those cats were not the kind we have in the Maritime Provinces, or at least in Nova Scotia, the Lynx gigas, or giant wildcat. However the question may be determined, let it be placed on record that this wildcat put on an excellent fight, all in and outnumbered as he was.

He would make little jumps at the



DUSKY WARRIORS WHOSE PATRIOTISM HAS BEEN AROUSED BY THE SLOGAN OF "AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS"

Considerable trouble has been brewing in Zululand, which is now an administrative portion of Natal. There has been a great deal of unrest among the warlike Zulus, who have only recently taken to the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture and cattle rearing. This nation of warriors is always liable to be aroused by a cry of "Africa for the Africans," which, it is reported, has recently been preached to them by emissaries from a society started among the negroes of North America. Recently one of the loyal chiefs, Sitshishili, was found murdered in his kraal. He had been loyal to the government since 1884, when Dinizulu succeeded his father, Cetewayo. This and other events have shown that the pacification of the country which was attempted last year has still to be brought to a successful conclusion, and on November 30 the Governor of Natal issued a proclamation at Pietermaritzburg calling attention to the disturbances in Zululand and the necessity for their cessation. The arrest of Dinizulu was effected without the firing of a shot. The chief, accompanied by fifty followers, surrendered unconditionally at 11 o'clock, and is now under a strong guard at Nongoma. Dinizulu shows every sign that the severe strain has added to his physical infirmity. The Zulus are the most magnificent and warlike of the South African natives. Before the first Zulu War they had learned some sort of discipline, and they inflicted terrible punishment upon the British forces before they were subdued. There was a small outbreak last year, and they have again become turbulent. Outrages and murders have been increasing, and the government has decided to bring Dinizulu as a prisoner to Pietermaritzburg. It is believed that the Zulus, as a nation, do not desire war with the colonial forces, and that when the king is out of the way order will be restored.

Our Scotch Corner

THE SCOTS TONGUE.

It would be a pity if in the revival of vernacular which we hear around us in Lowland Scotland should be neglected the dialect of the Highlands and Islands, which seems to be taking on a new lease of life. It is recognized that if racial and local characteristics are worth preserving, the best preservative for what is idiomatic and individual is a separate speech. There must, of course, be some "lingua franca" for the daily round of business and politics, but for the other side of life there is merit in a tongue which sets up a sharp distinction between our public and private interests. What is granted to a language like Welsh or Gaelic should be granted to a dialect. We make no extravagant claims for Lowland Scots. Let us cut it, if Professor Skeat wishes, Northern English. All we are concerned with is that it is a speech different from modern English, that it contains many words and phrases apter and racier than their English equivalents, and, above all, that great literature has been written in it. If our children lose touch with it their children will be still further away, and the time may come when to a Scottish boy the speech of Cuddie Headrigg and the lines of "Tam o' Shanter" may be difficult to understand.

In no sense, to be sure, as Mr. Neil Munro pointed out recently, the speaking of Scots is not only not decadent but on the increase. As the population of the country grows more people will speak the Scots dialect, just as the population of Greater London speak Cockney. English public schools and universities do not prevent the sons of the richer classes from pronouncing many words, as Lord Mansfield said, "more Boreali," and no amount of Board schools where a Scots word is tabooed will prevent the children from talking a distinct form of Scots idiom. To be sure, it is not good Scots, two hundred years ago, when the dialect ceased to be spoken by all classes, it began to degenerate. Its new words were generally mispronounced modern English. "She is a Scotchwoman," says the Duke of Argyll in "The Heart of Midlothian," and speaks with a Scotch accent," and when Mr. Butler objects that this must sound vulgar, he replies, "You must suppose it is not the broad, coarse Scotch that is spoken in the Glasgow of Edinburgh or in the Glasgow of London. It is a pure Scotch, so generally disused now that it sounds like a different dialect, entirely distinct from our modern 'patois.'" The Duke would probably have called the tongue of Burns a "patois," but, if not "court Scotch," it was many degrees nearer a substantive language than the modern speech. There is no objection to the modern speech appearing in literature any more than a good deal of irrelevant abuse was levelled by purists at the Scots of the "Kailyard" novelists. No doubt it is weakened and broken backed, and, in the main, mis-spelt and mispronounced English, but two modern novels, both masterpieces of their kind, "Wee Macgregor" and "The House With the Green Shutters." To a purist the dialect in both is horrible, full of modern slang and perverted Cockney, but who can deny the realism of it? The Glasgow workmen and the loafer of the small burgh do not talk the Scots of Allan Ramsay. So long, therefore, as there are novels written about Scotland, there will be a kind of Scots dialect in literature, and as Scotland exists the bulk of its people will speak differently from their southern neighbors.

When we are concerned with is not call "classic" but what we may call "realistic" and felicitous words, a speech in which great literature has been produced, and which in certain lands and parts is still spoken. There are many varieties of it, from the Scotch of the Lothians, in which Ramsay and Ferguson and Scott and Stevenson wrote, to the metropolitan type of classic Scots, leaving out of account the slightly more different, earlier form, like Dunbar and David Lindsay, while a wealth of good literature is to be found in the work which, beginning with the later versions of the ballads, ends, for us at least, with "Weir of Hermiston." The spoken word may be a thing of the past unless we bestir ourselves to prevent it. The Scotch Education Department last April issued a Memorandum on the Teaching of English, in which teachers were urged not to treat Lowland Scots as a provincial dialect, but to encourage its use among children. This is satisfactory, provided some effort is made to keep the Scots as near to the old, pure standard as possible. There will always be plenty of Scots dialects; what we want to see perpetuated is the knowledge of the language of the best Scottish literature.—The Scottish Review.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIDOW.

(By M. S. Keay.)

It was her last night in the wee thatched house which stood where the plowed land merged into heather, in the wee house that had suddenly grown so unfamiliar and so eerie.

For nearly sixty years she had lived in it, since that long past day when she was young Peggie Bhan, the bride, and her heart was sore for her own folk in far away Loch Broom.

She had never been back again in all these years.

Her old neighbor, Bell Macleay, sat beside her at the end of the house, and they saw the sun go down behind Ben Wyvis, and the lights of Dingwall begin to twinkle on the side of the Firth.

"And it is to-morrow," she said, "I will be in Dingwall myself, with my daughter Peggy. I will be living in a town."

"The bees were flying home and the air was full of pleasant country sounds. Old Peggie's patient eyes rested on the familiar landscape, daily growing more dim for her.

"It is well that you are leaving this lonely place," said Bell, and her voice was low and kind. "It is hard to live alone."

"You will be thinking that, my dear, with your happy home and the children, and so should I in the old time when my man and me would go out at three in the morning to look to the lambs, and would leave our own wee lambs also cosy curled up in the bed. He was never very strong, my poor man, and many a cold night have I helped him with the sheep on the hill. There are two and thirty years now since he was taken from me."

The summer wind came over the barley in green gleaming billows and the old woman continued, "Oh, it is wonderful, and I cannot tell it to you in the English, how the Lord Himself will keep you company. In the spring of the year, when I was so weak, I could scarcely leave my bed to light the fire, I would be losing courage, and saying to myself, 'Oh, it is some day Peggy will come, and find that her mother had been dead many days; but now I know He sent me a dream to comfort me.'

"I was standing, in my dream," she continued, fitting her thoughts carefully into the unaccustomed English, "at the ferry which lies between us and the town and many people were there who were young with their faces very plain, though most of them are dead this long time. My heart it was heavy, for how was I to reach the town across the water? I was waiting for a boat, and none came, and I was distressed, when suddenly someone said, 'Look, what is that coming over the sea?' As I looked I saw a great arm between me and the sky, and the next moment I felt the hand laid upon my shoulder.

"Was I afraid? Oh, no, child. It was the most pleasant thing, and the Arm felt so gentle and strong. It lifted me up and carried me right over the firth. In a beautiful smooth place it set me down, and the thought smote me that this might be a little island where the tide would come up and drown me. Some people were drowned like that one very dark night when I was a lassie in Loch Broom. But the sun began to shine, and I saw that it was the green fields on the other side of the ferry. Then my heart it was glad, and I said, 'The strong Right Arm of the Lord hath done this thing for me.'

"Oh, happy, happy souls that trust Him! be never so poor, so lonely, so feeble!"

The little house was tenantless still, and falling into ruin, and old Peggie Bhan has got over the ferry by whose brink we all must wait some day.—Celtic Monthly.

Landlady (after helping him the third time to meat)—I thought you told me you were a light eater? New Boarder.—So I am, ma'am, I eat burning torches in the dime museum.—Syracuse Herald. Wait is a hard word to the hungry.—German.

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This is a snapshot taken of the Empress of Germany while she and her husband were in London on a visit to King Edward. Although it is a snapshot it is especially posed by the Empress herself who was asked permission before it was taken. It will be noticed that her expression does not give the idea that she is very much worried, so probably her husband's health is not as bad as the people say.

First Englishman in Japan.

Mr. Wilson Crowdon, chairman of the council of the Japan Society, points out that the grave near Yokosuka, in Japan, of Will Adams, famous in history as the first Englishman to set foot in that country, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has fallen into decay and needs considerable repair. Will Adams was so highly respected that he was ennobled by the founder of the last family of Shoguns, and his memory is still so highly revered in that country that a movement has been set on foot for a considerable sum subscribed by the leading Japanese statesmen, Generals, Admirals and others to restore the monument that fast perishing tomb which marks the place of his burial among the beautiful hills that overlook the great naval station of Yokosuka.—From the London Evening Standard.

The virtue that is in us is put in us by the Divinity.—Plato.

"Still I am learning."—Michael Angelo.

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He would make little jumps at the