

there came a noise of crashing branches just in front of my ambush, when it was all thick cover and nothing visible, and before I had time to move or indeed to do more than grasp and raise my rifle, the regal beast, accompanied by his ponderous queen, was literally upon me. I was conscious of a giant form looming before my very eyes, as yard off from those organs; I knew that my rifle exploded; I was also aware that my insignificant person came into violent collision with the far weightier form of the leading elk and cap of second hand, and a very bad second, too; and then I realized that I was actively engaged in executing a series of back summersaults, the fifth of which landed me violently against a tree-trunk. This was the last fact of which I was entirely conscious until I recovered my "wind."

I was not hurt in the least; but I had snow enough in my pockets and down my neck to make a large-sized snow-man. But what had become of the elk? Also, they were far out of shot, even if they had been within sight, which they were not, though I could still hear them crashing through the cover.

But there is Arthur hastening along through the trees, on the trail of the elk, which naturally brings him straight toward me, as I had reason to know, I had stood very much in their direct line. He came panting up, hot and excited. "There's blood on the track," he cried, "and the sight of me." "Was it from your first or your second shot?" It could not have been the second, I said, because I had not fired until the brutes knocked me over, and the blood was about their track before they reached my place. It must have been my first shot; unless, indeed, Arthur had wounded one of them when he fired.

"Oh," Arthur remarked, blushing a little, "I killed one of the cows." I struck me as a curious circumstance, for Arthur never fires at a cow, willingly; but the good fellow explained, presently, that he had only had a snap shot at the bull, a hundred yards off, and that one of the cows had run into his bullet before it reached its intended billet. At this stage of the proceedings up came Stepan and his lieutenant, and all was bustle and hurry. They had seen the blood marked tracks, and we must be up and after the wounded creature as quickly as might be, they declared, or we should lose them. Needless to say, I was very willing; in deed, I had not dreamed that there was a hope of overtaking my violent friend; he had sent me flying with so lavish a display of power that it was difficult to suppose he was in any condition save that of the rusted horse!

In a moment snowshoes were donned, guns taken in hand, and away we fitted in pursuit. There was a considerable quantity of blood, here and there, so much so that Stepan assured us that there could be no doubt that we should ultimately come up with the wounded monarch—"either to-day or to-morrow." To-morrow, perhaps! Arthur and I exchanged grim looks, which, being interpreted, signified: "What about dinner? what about our little white legs? What about our weary, weary legs after five hours of fatiguing snowshoe running?" However, we "hoped for the best."

Through the trees we went, Stepan leading at breakneck speed. We were all of us more or less asleep at the art of snowshoe-running—less, so far as I was concerned. I think I was the least proficient of the party, and I regret to be obliged to confess that I delayed the procession at least once by coming to terrible grief in shooting a hill, involving in my fall poor Arthur, who was coming along just behind me. My shoes slipped over something or other, causing my speed to be arrested for one instant, and in that instant Arthur was upon me. Well, we flew like linked meters through space

and disappeared together in a magnificent display of snow-floes, and for awhile we lay buried, a mixed mass of limbs and snowshoes. The keepers eventually sorted us all right.

After getting ourselves put together as well as circumstances would permit, we reformed the procession and resumed our flight. I need not describe that long run; suffice it to say that by the time the sun had nearly completed his diurnal round we were all reduced to a consistency resembling putty, and were puffing along like amateur steam-engines. But still we went, for the chase must be brought to an end before darkness set in, and there were indications that the elk could not be very far ahead. The old bull was tiring; his faithful spouse with him, and once he had lain down. A little farther and we could distinguish the crashing of branches as the animals tore their way through the cover in front of us. The sound encouraged us to make a supreme effort, and we spurred like mad things. We had long since cast off all but the last of our outer garments, leaving each where we had stopped.

Very soon after this Stepan suddenly stopped and placed his finger to his lips in token of silence. We all listened. "There is no more crashing of branches short sport of a couple of hundred yards ahead," said Stepan; "I am looking at a grand old bull, lying prone beneath a cover in front of us. The sound encouraged us to make a supreme effort, and we spurred like mad things. We had long since cast off all but the last of our outer garments, leaving each where we had stopped."

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A CHURCH CLUB WITH BEER

CANON SHUTTLEWORTH, in *The Young Man*, describes a successful experiment which he has made in starting the St. Nicholas' Club in London, in connection with his church. The club is open to both men and women, and beer is not forbidden. Canon Shuttleworth says:

"When we were starting the St. Nicholas Club the question was, shall we sell liquor? We decided to do so, and have never regretted it. If we had not sold liquor, Esau, who likes something more than ginger beer with his mess of pottage, would not have joined the club, or if he had, he would not go without his beer, but would walk across the street to get it. Thus I should defeat my object at the very outset. I should lose Esau. Therefore at our club those who want beer can have it of good quality and unadulterated."

"How does this work out in practice?" "First, we sell so little liquor that it hardly pays us; second, no one at the club ever takes too much. Public opinion is too strong for that. If any member so far forget himself he would be put down stairs with promptitude. That this has never been necessary I attribute largely to the influence of our women members."

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The writer of the article says:

St. Nicholas' Club is at present located on three top floors of 82 Queen Victoria street. It comprises a large drawing-room, supplied with reviews, magazines and newspapers, with a permanent stage for entertainments, lectures, etc., a commodious library, a refreshment room and bar, with a "club ordinary" at midday and evening at 1s. 3d.; and a large games room, with two full-sized billiard tables. The club is open daily from 12.30 to 11 p.m.; on Sundays from 12.15 to 10.30. The subscription is 15s. yearly, and the club is managed by a committee elected by and from the members. There is no religious test of any kind, and Mr. Shuttleworth told me he is careful never to speak as a person to his young men when in the club, where he meets them as man and man on neutral ground.

"But, curiously enough," he remarked with a confidential air, "I find they drift across the road to the church, and then, of course, I can say what I like in my own special province." The club, which numbers 400 members, one-third being women, has outgrown its present accommodation, and from his study window the president pointed out to me, with natural satisfaction, the foundations of the new building—the result of his unremitting zeal. The new site covers 1,200 square feet, and Mr. Shuttleworth hopes that when the work is complete they will have accommodation for a thousand members. It may be well to state that gambling of any and every kind is strictly forbidden on the club premises. "Although the work is primarily intended for Esau," the rector explained with a merry twinkle, "Jacob is not uncomfortable." All through the winter dances are held in connection with the club, "and very good they are," Mr. Shuttleworth assured me, evidently speaking from pleasant recollection, though he does not dance himself.

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