

# Haliburton Train This Train Will Be Held Until 430 p.m. on Feb. 15, The Middle Day Of The Lindsay Carnival

## THREE JO

Niagara Falls, N.Y., Feb. 7.—A great ice bridge that has broken the river channel between the and the upper steel arch bridge below the Falls for the last time broke from its anchoring moon-to-day and went down taking with it to their deaths Mrs. Eldridge Stanton, 70, and Burrell Hancock, 75, both of Cleveland. Four other persons were on the bridge at the time, but managed to get ashore in safety.

The bridge was considered safe. For weeks the great ice had been coming down piling up against the barrier. It was from 60 to 80 feet under the influence of zero weather. The great mass had become anchored to the shore. The about 1,000 feet in length, some places a quarter of a mile. For two weeks it offered safe passage to the hordes of tourists who came to view the wonder of the river.

Somewhere deep in the pool to-night, sleeps the twice put aside chances in order to remain with the stricken wife, and who, in the face of death, spurred himself and attempted to free the woman's body from the lower steel arch. And the lad, Burrell Hancock, cast in the same mould. He not turned back on the ice assistance to the man, he, have made the shore.

The man and woman started towards the American shore they were stopped by a last water. Back they ran towards the Canadian side about and made for the side. When hardly more than a yard from the rocky shore as fell on her face, utterly dead.

"I can't go on; I can't," she cried. "Let us die here all the time the great field driven onward by a south wind and pressed by a jam, from its anchorage near the Horseshoe Falls, without being broken. As an fell the man strove to her feet again and tried to along the ice, calling for to Roth and Hancock, the nearest. Hancock turned the couple and helped the. This cost him his life.

Roth struggled along hummocks of ice, getting open stretch of water at



A Head in Velvet

BY LAWRENCE MOTT.

BRISK, clear dawn, typical of October in Northern Newfoundland. In the early morning stillness the chattering of jays came harshly and the reverberations of the cook's axe strokes carried far into the quiet of the motionless pine and fir. A faint sheen of pink and bronze was stealing over the treetops, tinting the last night clouds with delicate colors as Andy rolled from his blankets.

"No wind now—not much later! Good day!" he grunted.

Cold? It was bitterly cold!

I crawled out of my sleeping bag and crouched over the breakfast fire that crackled warmly, while streams of sparks shot up among the pine branches and vanished.

Andy pulled on his heavy sweater, dipped his face and hands into the tiny spring that bubbled by our camp and lighted his pipe.

"You be ready soon, sir? I go take look 'cross Big Barren."



The Writer Starting Across a Portage

The writer has tested their scenting power and has found that with even a light breeze they will swing off with their rapid trot at a mile and a half's distance when a human being crosses down wind to them. Working up wind, moving only when their heads are down, it is possible to get within a few yards of them unless one makes a noise. The least crackle, the faintest click of a rifle hammer and they are off without any attempt to see what frightened them.

### Curiosity of the Caribou.

The really weak point in the caribou's defensive wit is his insatiable curiosity. Conditions being right, viz., no wind and a clear day, the writer has tolled them singly and in pairs to within a few feet of his "blind" by slowly and regularly waving a red handkerchief fastened to a stick. This cannot be done in the case of a "company," though, because there is always some old doe who has either had experience of like kind before or who just "doesn't want to" and, strangely enough, a doe's example and warnings are always more heeded than a stag's.

Andy and I cut the distance down to about three hundred yards, then to two

# STALKING the WARY CARIBOU



Up Stream Difficulties

hundred and fifty. From behind a tuft of barren brush I saw the best head plainly. He was on the far side of the group, with three does close beside him.

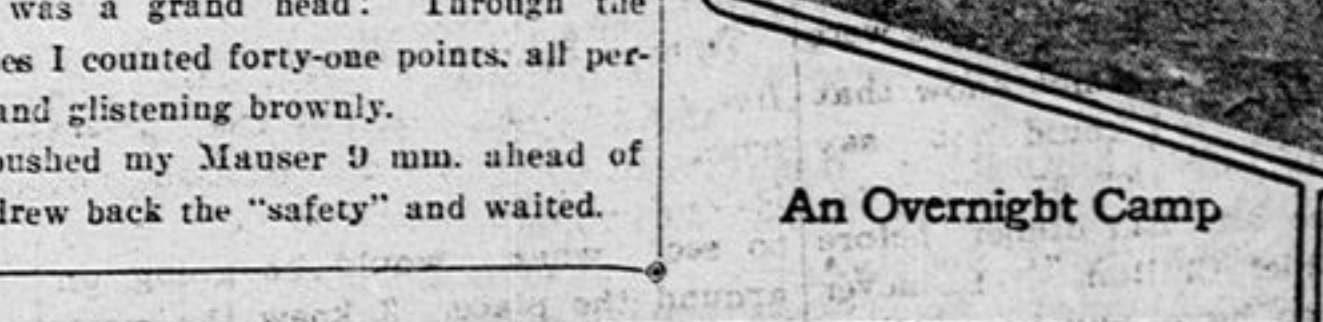
### Locating the "Big Head."

The "road" they were followed swung from us, and as their rumps turned toward us one by one we snaked our way past the brush and into a deep valley, down which we ran, hoping to be able to cross over ahead of the animals and so be on the good head's side.

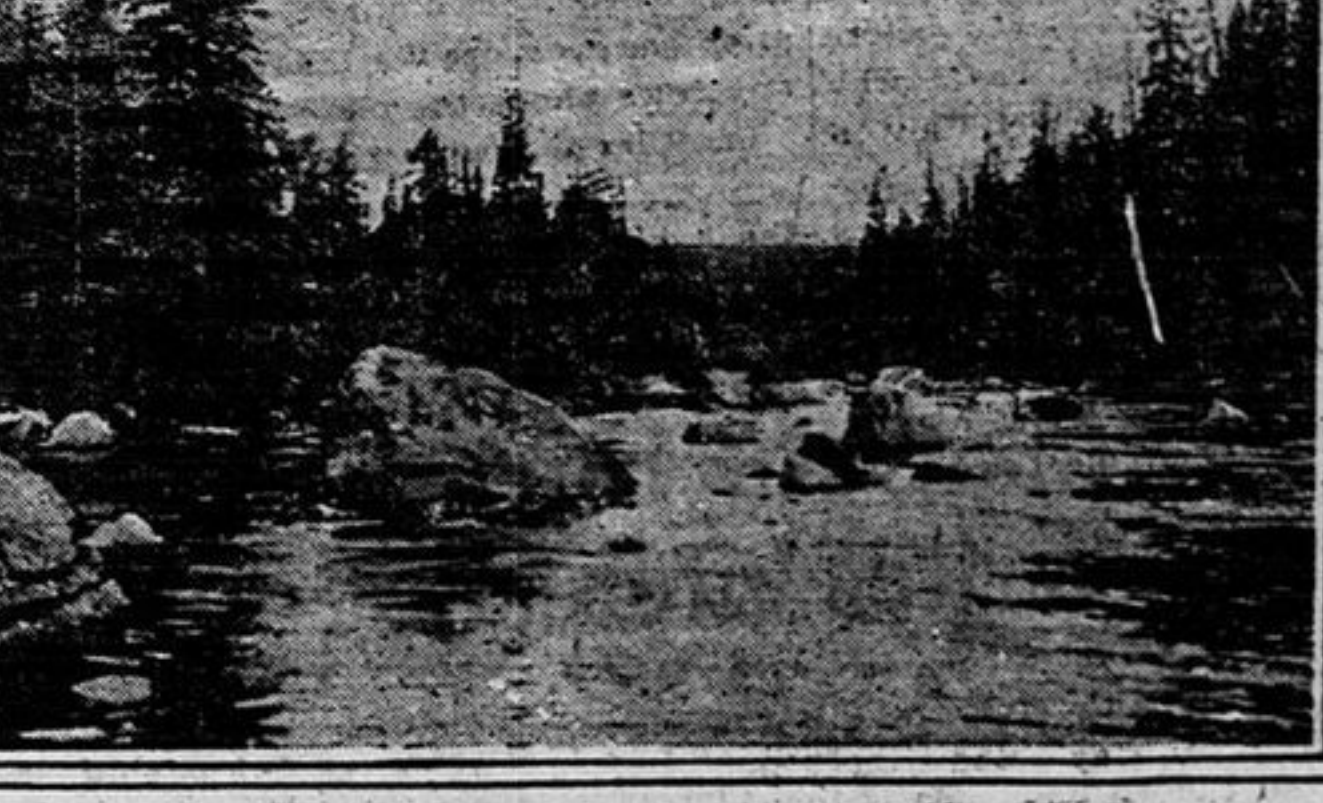
Everything was satisfactory. We came up on the barren we, forward and in an excellent position.

It was a grand head! Through the glasses I counted forty-one points, all perfect and glistening brownly.

I pushed my Mauser 9 mm. ahead of me, drew back the "safety" and waited.



An Overnight Camp



Crossing Point of Caribou During Migration

## Automobiles as Fat Producers

WITH their penchant for automobiles and sylphlike figures—and this applies equally to men and women—society finds itself in a quandary. The lure of the automobile is irresistible, and in consequence flesh, great rolls of it, continues to pile up, and modistes and tailors are put to desperate straits when they seek to bring out and accentuate graceful lines in the garments they design for Madame and her husband.

Dame Fashion decrees that the men and women of the present era shall be willowy and graceful. Devotees of the automobile find, to their utter dismay, that instead of being willowy they are fast becoming billowy, and staring them in the face is the choice of starvation or muscle racking exercise, the latter meaning, of course, less lounging in motor cars.

No less an authority than Dr. J. T. M. Finney, the eminent chief surgeon of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, who has lately declined the presidency of Princeton University, declared that if the men and women of to-day devoted more time to golf and less to their automobiles, not only would their general health be much improved but they would not be assailed by that arch foe of the average man and woman of wealth—embonpoint.

Dr. Finney believes in lots of healthful exercise, and this he thinks cannot be obtained if men and women owning motor cars, or having the wherewithal to hire a passing taxicab, insist upon riding to every objective point they start out for when walking would do them immeasurable good.

"The motor car," said Dr. Finney, "is a thing of luxury, but it makes work for the doctor and the surgeon. There is a growing tendency on the part of the wealthy men and women practically to live in their cars. They argue that this keeps them out in the fresh air and their general health improves accordingly, and endurance that would tax the prowess of our most skilled athletes."

## GARAGANTIAN BANQUETS

DIODORUS SICULUS relates that an Agrigentine on the marriage of his daughter feasted upward of twenty thousand persons. The brother of the Emperor Vitellius once treated them with two thousand fishes and seven thousand birds, all of great variety and exquisite flavor.

Heliogabalus never ate fish when he resided near the sea, nor any fowl or meat but what came from a great distance.

His horses he fed with grapes, lions and tigers with partridges, quails, pheasants and woodcocks, and his dogs with the livers of ducks, geese and turkeys, while as items of his daily fare he had the heads of parrots and peacocks, the combs of cocks and the brains of thrushes and nightingales.

For these banquets he would frequently invite eight old men blind of one eye, eight blind, eight deaf, eight lame with the gout, eight blacks, eight excrementally and eight so fat that they could scarcely walk, who, when they had eaten as much as they could, were taken out of the apartment on the shoulders of several soldiers.

At this marriage were drunk forty tons of Spanish wine, 1,100 setiers of Austrian, Rheinish and Tyrolean wine, besides vast quantities of liquors of other kinds.

The festivities began on January 26, 1878, and closed May 1, during which time there were consumed 150 oxen, 504 sheep, 548 calves and 684 hogs, 30 headcocks, 240 pheasants, 2,050 partridges and not less than 2,130 hares.

Besides these there were 120 pieces of other game and forty stags. Of poultry there were 3,106 capons and pullets, with 5,135 geese, garnished and attended with 30,997 eggs. The quantity of fish consumed was equally surprising, as most of them were silver fish—678 lampreys, 4,060 trout, 1,830 carp and 10,200 pike, besides 380 mulls of steel fish, 2,600 lobsters and 7,690 dried fish of different varieties.

## Apropos of the Bite of a Dog.

DOGS are animals whose temper, and there is nothing astonishing in the fact, is not always equable. While some are gentle and ever ready to caress and be caressed, there are others which are surly tempered, showing their teeth on the slightest provocation and not hesitating to bite.

In all this there is nothing extraordinary. But it was because persons did not bear this distinction in mind that the bite of a dog which was simply surly tempered was considered in one instance as the bite of a rabid animal. In this case the arm of a young person who had been bitten was so severely and thoroughly cankered that a very large wound was made.

A young lady who happened to be in a house where there was a dog attempted to stop the animal when it was called from one room to another. The dog thus teased finally bit her on the inner surface of the right forearm. The result was a strong contusion, plainly showing as it did two extremities the marks of the animal's teeth sharply implanted in the tissues.

Bewilderment on the part of the young lady, still greater bewilderment on the part of those who saw the incident and the owner of the dog. What was to be done? No time was lost in attempting a remedy. The injured region was liberally washed with pure carbolic acid. The doctor, who saw the patient two hours later, had no trouble in predicting the aspect of the skin all ready affected, that the cauterization, even if it had been justified, had been badly done and would inevitably result in a large wound.

People make a great error in thinking that every dog which bites is rabid, and that consequently the resulting wound must be cauterized. In this instance it was a question of a dog which was sim-

## Sport in Northern Newfoundland in Which the Resources of Man Are Taxed to Meet the Keen Scent of the Quarry

after. Already five hundred yards away, going like mad, was the "company."

"How in the 'd'— I began, when I felt the light wind on my face. They had scented us and had not stopped to make further inquiries!

We ate our luncheon in unobtrusive silence, for forty-one pointers are not to be seen every day, even in Newfoundland.

When Andy's pipe was finished he looked inquiringly at me.

"S'posin' we go chase? Mebbe find 'tree, four mile. Mos' likely gone Doctor Hills. Big set horn dat feller! Le's go!"

I was not particularly keen about it, as I had been on the Doctor's Hills and the going is very bad, the moss very heavy and continual bogs. However, Andy had his way—he always did—and we trudged steadily on.

The miles came up into our faces and fell behind; still no sight of the big chap, or of any of his friends with that matter. We sighted two 'dingles, both small; a "little company" of four and another of nine, but none had antlers that were worth bothering about.

"S'posin' not get back camp darktime? Alright?"

We had come so far that I was more and more intent on getting that big head.

"Go on, Andy."

Su-down, with its profusion of colors and shadowy mists, came. Far ahead of us loomed the backbones of Newfoundland, from which the water runs into White Bay, across the island. As dusk was rapidly deepening I took one last look round. Not a caribou in sight—nothing!

Another "Big Feller."

We ate sparingly of that which we had left over from luncheon and curled up together as closely as we could.

ing until Andy whispered:—"Big feller not far. Le's go!"

Dawn had broken, and we started again, breakfastless, because we had no breakfast, I doing my best to keep my teeth from chattering.

Down a little valley we went, Andy travelling very fast. My eyes were blurred by the cold and from being but half awake, and when Andy dropped I fell beside him.

"By damn—big feller—hunner' yards—shoot!" he whispered.

To save my life I could see nothing that even faintly resembled a caribou. Gently swirling mists wreathed along the hillsides opposite and drifted over us.

"Shoot!"

And then I saw!

A scant hundred yards away was a big stag, and as the mists rolled aside for an instant he loomed huge above the others that were lying down all round him. His magnificent white mane hung low and the brown paws seemed incredulously massive. I held for his shoulder and fired.

"No touch! Shot 'gain!" growled Andy, but as he spoke the great head sank slowly forward; very gradually and almost as though he were lying down of his own will the big fellow sank to his knees, remained so for an instant, then rolled over.

The others stamped in their places, not knowing which way to run. They had



Halfbreed Eskimo One of the Guides

scented nothing, and had not been able to locate from whence the crashing, sharp sound had come. Then when they saw us stand up they wheeled and disappeared over a rise, going like the wind.

### A Perfect Head.

A grand head it was! Not a prong broken or injured, yet the big stag had been in many amorous battles quite recently, for there were several jagged rips on his flanks and one between his forelegs that was still bleeding.

The caribou shooting in Newfoundland is a fascinating sport, especially if one will take nothing but really good heads. Of course, the animals are so plentiful that the mere killing of a caribou is the most simple matter in the world, and can be done at very little expense.

There are two open seasons in which they can be shot. The first is from August 15 to September 15, and the next is from October 20 well on into the winter. The latter time is preferable, because the antlers are then free of velvet and in perfect condition, although the stags are thin and worn.

It is difficult for the writer to suggest any one place as being better than another for caribou, but he personally prefers to get away into the northern end of the island, where the animals are not harassed by the rapidly increasing number of summer sportsmen, and where the better heads are liable to be found.

Haw's Bay is not uncomfortably accessible by going from Port-aux-Basques to Bay of Islands by train and then taking the little mail ship to Port Sanders, which is at the mouth of Haw's Bay. Excellent and efficient guides can be secured there, one of the best being Abraham House.

When it comes to an outfit for caribou shooting the writer is in the better, for the best country is only obtainable by poling up the swift rivers and portaging round the great number of impassable falls.

Supplies should be ordered from St. John's, Newfoundland, to be sent to whatever point of departure that the sportsman selects. In this way a high tariff is avoided.

The question of the course to be adopted when one has been bitten by a dog has already been dealt with in these columns. Do not become alarmed or alarm the person who has been bitten, but rather reassure him. Cleanse the contusion by means of boiled or borax water. If there is a wound, wash it well and make it bleed, then cauterize it with anything at hand, such as lemon juice or ammonia.

But never make use of carbolic, sulphuric, nitric or hydrochloric acid. A burn or less deep, and extensive wound must always result from such a course.

## Direct Road

Everything is shaping for the building of the road from Cameron direct, say, thus saving the climb steep, rock hill, known as Hill.

At the meeting of the to held Tuesday a telegram from the Hon. S. Hughes, Minister and Defence, in regard above road stated that he ing after the government plan that the road would be called McLaren's Creek properly by Reeve Babcock—"The m brought up at the County and a deputation was app go to Ottawa. By building it connects Lindsay and

FANNING'S BIG SALE.

The next big week end Fanning's Repository will on Feb. 17, and big prepar being made to make it of best in the history of Fann bars. Owing to an error part of the proof reader the last sale was not reported. However, despite