

## "OUR VANISHING DEER" SHOULD DOGS BE USED?

Interesting Article on a Timely Subject

### UNSPORTSMANLIKE PLAN

Hunter Should Match His Art and Rifle Against Deer's Fleetness.

The following article in the August number of that excellent sporting publication, "Rod and Gun" is from the pen of Mr. James Dickson, O.L.S., of Fenelon Falls, a gentleman eminently qualified to discuss the question from a common-sense standpoint. For many years Mr. Dickson, owing to the nature of his employment, has come into touch, so to speak, with deer in many parts of the Province and we doubt there is anywhere a man can speak with more authority on the subject chosen. The article is as follows:

I, and I am sure many of your other readers, have been very much interested in the numerous papers on "Our Vanishing Deer", which have appeared from time to time in the pages of "Rod and Gun". The discussion of hounds- versus still hunting, also shooting in the water, has been both interesting and instructive, and shows the great interest some of our keenest sportsmen are now evincing in the best methods to be adopted for the preservation of our game. The question of issue seems to have been given careful consideration and the articles are well written, and will eventually lead to beneficial results. But it is to be regretted that some of them show a bitter feeling and a lack of respect for the opposite party, which is quite uncalled for.

To one who is not a hunter, the arguments and facts seem so convincing as to be unanswerable until the other fellow puts in his oar; then the whole fabric is knocked into smithereens. Each writer discusses the subject from the standpoint of his own experience, and his views and suggestions are worthy of consideration. I observe that all the writers are sportsmen and their sole aim appears to be the devising of the best method to so protect our deer that the wyl have them in sufficient numbers to enable them to deprive one

or two of life in each year with a minimum of trouble.

As I am not a sportsman and never go hunting, but from my profession and experience in the woods, have had exceptional opportunities of studying the haunts and habits of our game; and as I take a keen interest in its preservation, a few remarks from me are as likely to be unbiased as any from those who go out on their annual deer hunt.

With the exception of my first six years, all my life has been spent in the deer country, and from four to eight months of each of the last thirty years have been spent under canvas at all seasons of the year in a game country, so that no matter what views I may entertain respecting deer, my opportunities for studying them have been exceptionally good. It was when a lad on a backwoods



MR. JAS. DICKSON, O. L. S., of Fenelon Falls.

farm that I first saw the introduction of dogs in deer hunting. It was all still hunting with muzzle loaders and mostly smooth bores sure to kill only at a distance of one hundred yards or a little over. The woods were well stocked with all sorts of game. There was a primitive game law which no one ever thought of observing. A few of the boys could make wooden snow shoes, and taking a dog for a fore-

(Continued on page 7.)

## BEING CHOKED TO DEATH WHEN KNIFE WAS PULLED

Villagers Think Fenelon Youths are to Blame

### JEALOUSY IS THE CAUSE?

Prisoners Lodged in Jail—Remanded For a Week.

(Special Despatch to The Free Press.) Fenelon Falls, Sept. 2.—The court room here was crowded to the doors yesterday afternoon when Percy Nettleton and W. Burton appeared before County Magistrate Moore on a charge of having assaulted John Barry and Sam Nicholls, and having inflicted bodily injury by means of a knife. The stabbing affray has created considerable excitement about the village, and every person was desirous of hearing the case. Mr. F. A. McDiarmid, of Lindsay, appeared for the prisoners, but the Crown Attorney was absent. Drs. Graham and Wilson, who attended the injured men, were both in court and reported that their patients were unable to appear. When the prisoners were brought in every head in the room was turned toward the youths as they took their seats beside their counsel.

The magistrate read the charge, but Mr. McDiarmid refused to either elect or plead in the absence of the Crown Attorney. His Worship then adjourned the case for a week, and the prisoners were brought down to Lindsay last night by Constable Jones and lodged in the county jail.

#### Case Over For Vacation.

The story of the affair, which has made such a regrettable ending for the vacation of these two visitors, has turned the sympathy of the villagers towards them, and although the residents regret that the knife had to be used, yet there is a feeling that Nicholls and Barry were to blame, as it is thought they were anxiously waiting for a fight.

Percy Nettleton is the step-son of Mr. A. J. VanOrstrum, who was at one time foreman of the Sandford Furniture Co. here, but left with his step-son two years ago after the fire. The boy is well known and popular throughout the village, and especially with the young ladies. His father moved to eKearney, near Owen Sound, after leaving Detroit, and now holds a position as foreman with a furniture factory there. Burton comes from St. Louis, Missouri, and has been a friend of Nettleton's for some years. Some weeks ago, when they were thinking of their vacation, it was proposed to go to Fenelon Falls, and last Saturday the two boys arrived. They only intended to stay a week, which time was to be spent in fishing and shooting. They paid their board in advance, bought a shot-gun and rented a boat for the seven days.

#### Followed All Night.

Since his arrival here Nettleton has been renewing old acquaintances, and on Monday night, he and his friend, started out for a walk about seven o'clock with two of the young ladies of the village. They had not gone far when they discovered that they were being followed by Barry and Nicholls, who, it is said, hurled jeering remarks at the visitors and im-

pertinent ones at the young ladies. The route taken by the quartette was up and down the sidewalks of the main street. Nicholls and Barry continued firing jibes at the boys and walked past them three times, and on each occasion jostled the visitors. About nine o'clock the young ladies spied a girl friend on the other side of the street, and excusing themselves went across to meet her, promising the boys to be back in a minute. Nettleton and Burton waited, and while the girls were away Barry and Nicholls passed again. The two visitors, it is learned, were standing on the inside of the sidewalk when they passed, but were pushed off with the kind salutation, "More sidewalk, please." The boys, had become indignant at the ungentlemanly conduct of the local youths, and Nettleton replied, "You have been following us all night, and if you think you can keep us off the sidewalk you can come and try it."

#### The Fight.

With this Barry and Nicholls wheeled around and sprang at the two visitors, the former taking Burton and the latter Nettleton. The local boys had the advantage in size and strength and are much older than the prisoners, who are both under twenty. There was not much of the preliminary sparring and side-stepping, as all parties clinched at the outset. Nicholls soon overpowered his opponent and seized him by the throat. Nettleton began to gasp for breath and tried to free himself but was held pinioned. His right arm was free and he reached for his penknife, which was in his side pocket, and after some difficulty he opened it and made several slashes at Nicholls. The first one tore a deep gash in his cheek and the others inflicted deep wounds upon his cheek and breast. Suffering from intense pain Nicholls slacked his grip and Nettleton shook free. In the meantime Burton had fared very badly in the hands of Barry, and when Nettleton looked around in search of his companion he saw him lying on the ground with Barry on top of him. In a moment of frenzy he ran over to his friend's assistance and jabbed Barry several times with the knife. The boys were then both free and made for their homes.

Bleeding badly from the wounds that had been inflicted upon them, Barry and Nicholls were taken home, where medical aid was called, and it was found necessary in each case to use several stitches to close the wounds. Both men are still confined to their rooms, and it will be a few days before they will be able to be about again.

#### Jealousy The Cause?

Why these two visitors should be singled out is not known, but according to the prisoners' stories they believed that their assailants were jealous because they were out with the two girls. Both boys feel their position very keenly as it is the first trouble either of them has been in. Mr. F. McDiarmid was seen this morning by a Free Press representative relative to the case; he had nothing to say about the affair save that Nettleton pulled his knife in self-defence, and was being choked to death when he resorted to this method of saving himself. The counsel also informed The Free Press that he was wiring the fathers of both boys, and it is likely that they will be present at the adjourned hearing of the case.

be fenced in and put in proper shape for the coming exhibition. This will mean that the grounds will have a frontage on Adelaide-st. of nearly 300 feet.

The house that stands on the purchased property will probably be used for a dining hall, and it will now be possible to have another main gate for horses and rigs for admittance to the grounds. No one will know what an improvement this purchase is to the Agricultural Society until they attend the fall fair and see for themselves. The indications are for the largest, grandest and best exhibition ever held in Lindsay under the auspices of the South Victoria Agricultural Society, and it is only three weeks away. This means that farmers who intend to exhibit, and people who intend to attend, should be making preparations.

## COMMUNICATIONS

### OLD TIMES AND OTHER TIMES.

(To the Editor of Free Press.)

Dear Sir,—As your name implies, you are a "free" Press—not bound to anybody or anything save the best interests of the town. I thought I would give you a few impressions of the good old town of my youth.

After an absence of many years I arrived in town by way of the railroad by which I went—the Midland (now G.T.R.), and arriving at the station, looked across the road for Hanlan's hotel, but it was not there, then I asked for the Queen's hotel and the fellow I spoke to looked at me and said, "Fym's?" No, I said, "the Queen's, run by John Maunder." He said, "John Maunder runs the Central." Just then my old friend, John Gunigale, came up with that pleasant smile of his, and I explained to him my difficulty. "Why," he said, "you are turned around—this is the south ward, and you left here when the R.R. station was in the 'ast ward.'" So I really could not see either Hanlan's, or Queen's, or Maunder's either, as far as the east ward was concerned, but my old friend John is still doing business at a more central point, and standing his age well.

Well, I took a walk around the old playground of my youthful years, next day, and sure enough, the G.T.R. left the east ward and went south; Sennett's flour mill gone, and an old burned mill stands in its place called Brunwell's. The Queen's hotel is now the Baker Lumber Co. office, and where an old residence stood, now rears an elevator; Hanlan's hotel, now a row of houses, but the old pump which I suppose was nandy in days gone by, still stands on the street. The Queen's hotel and Mason's grocery store have given way to the C.P. railroad track.

Going farther north, I find Brown's old mill replaced with a big foundry—the Williams, I think they call it; Harry Rogers' old stand at the R. R. bridge, and also the bridge, gone; that bridge was very handy to cross to the north ward in the old days. The roundhouse of the Midland R.R. gone, and no trace of it left, only a great big embankment built by the C.P.R.. Going still north, I found the old Yankee mill gone, but replaced by a better one of the Baker Company.

Coming back to town, I miss all the old homesteads on Colborne-st., Cahill, Rose, Hallinan, and others whom I have forgot, all gone to make way for the C.P.R.. I crossed the river to look over Peter Forbert's old stand at the waterworks pump in the Needler & Sadler mill, but found it gone also, and I am told that in the big building standing in its place they make porridge for the whole country, and also supply baseball and curling presidents.

Continuing on my walk, I thought I would go to where I used to swim in the Scugog—Hennessy's landing—but I found it not used now. I was told by an old grey-haired woman down there that the powers that be stopped it, for that's what they drink up town now. I guess she was correct, for I noticed the pump-house in close proximity. Many a good day I put in there, and often I thought of it, along with the Dean's, Knowlson's, Scanlon's, Heenan's, Brady's, and dozens of others.

I might add that all along my walk I noticed the great improvements of the town—cement sidewalks everywhere, and I expect sewers also, for I noticed the manholes at nearly all the corners; fine houses, well-kept lawns, and good roads compared with those I left in my ooyhood days. I may let you have my impressions of the north and west parts of the south ward before I go home—if not, excuse me. I have taken up too much space already, as an old friend of mine puts it, "with those few rambling remarks."

LINDSAY OLD BOY.

Aug. 28th, 1908.

### GENEROUS TREATMENT.

Through the efforts of the Court Lindsay, No. 181, I.O.F., the supreme officers have granted Bro. John Petty's claim of total disability, and a cheque has been issued for the \$1,000 insurance carried by him under the total disability clause.

Mr. Petty, who sold out his well-known jewelry business to Mr. A. S. Welsman some months ago, is now residing with relatives in the neighborhood of Hamilton.

## NEW TOWN OF DONALD IN HALIBURTON COUNTY

Established by The Wood Products Co., Toronto

### USING HARDWOOD FOREST

In Manufacture of Charcoal Alcohol and Acetate of Lime

It is one of the most natural turns of the human mind, when confronted by some ingenious product of human skill to ask the simple question, "How is it made?" In the following article, it is not the writer's intention to go into details of the manufacture of charcoal, alcohol and acetate of lime, but to weave the main features into a story of general interest to the readers of The Free Press.

Donald, a small town on the Haliburton branch of the G.T.R., is the site of the Wood Products Co's mammoth factory, in course of construction, in which a log of wood will be transferred into clear black charcoal, wood alcohol, acetate of lime and tar, for, strange as it may seem, these product are all contained in any good log of hardwood. The separating of them is a matter involving great expense, intricate mechanical equipment and a wealth of skilled labor.

#### THE NEW TOWN.

On leaving Lindsay, the journey to Donald takes the traveller through beautiful country, the sun shining on the rocky edges turning them into visions of fairyland. The train winds its way into innumerable bays, through miniature gorges and up steep grades, making the engine's lungs gasp so badly that the passengers help it on. But Donald comes at last and the train is left for more pleasant surroundings. The village owes its existence to the Wood Products Co. of Toronto, and has come to be within the past few months. The first thing that impresses one, is the hustle and bustle that can only be seen around a new town where everybody is imbued with a spirit of progress. To the left of the station stands a large building designed to accommodate the company's store and also to serve the purpose of a hotel. Extending beyond this building there are number of cottages, all prettily painted and standing out in clear relief against the dark woods behind, and to the westward along Oliver Haenne The building operations are being rapidly extended. Turning to the right of the station the factory confronts the view, and the sightseer cannot fail to be impressed when he sees the raw materials at hand, being transferred into magnificent buildings of concrete and steel. To the back of the building flows the picturesque Burnt River, whose natural course has been blocked by the erection of a 250 ft. concrete dam, making a very pretty lake, and affording means of boating and bathing for the residents of the town.

#### THE FACTORY.

But turning to the description of the factory, which is really the object of this article. The primary purpose of the factory is the production of charcoal, an article so useful in hundreds of Lindsay homes. In fact, it is more than likely that the charcoal you will use in the near future will come from this place, and therein lies an abundant reason why you should know the outline of the manufacture. First of all, the raw material must be secured, which consists of hardwood. In the woods for miles around the factory at Donald are scores of wood choppers employed by the company, whose business it is to keep the great piles of wood in the yard replete with the very best of hardwood, for it must be remembered that about fifty cords of wood are used every day in the year. This wood is brought from the limits in the district, which are controlled by the Wood Products Co., and piled up in the yards. From there pieces are taken to one of the oven house, and it is here that the process begins. The hardwood is loaded in twenty-four cars, each holding two cords of wood, and three of these cars are rolled into each oven, on rails, making in the eight ovens 48 cords of wood. Inside these ovens the heat, as may be imagined, is terrific, the temperature being kept constant at 750 deg. fah. The intense heat necessary to bring about this temperature is generated beneath the level of the ground and under fire brick arches, the fuel consisting of mill refuse and wood gas. When all the ovens are filled with the steel cars and their burden of wood, the doors are hermetically sealed and baking process begins. In order to absolutely insure the retention

of gases, which are evolved from the wood, and as even a heat as possible, the ovens are constructed with two sets of doors, both of which may be rigidly locked to make an air tight compartment for the destruction of the wood. After being subjected to this heat for about eight hours, the gases begin to form and the wood undergoes a distinct chemical change, which turns the light colored tough fibres, with the clinging brown bark, into je black lumps of charcoal.

It is so arranged that the gases pass out of the oven through copper pipes into condensers, which are also made of copper, and here the vapors are condensed by a stream of cold water which runs around them. The hot vapors from the wood, striking the cool surfaces in the condensers, changes the vapor into a liquid consisting of pyroigneous acid and tar, whitish in color, with streaks of brown, intimating the presence of the tar. This liquid is run out of the condensers into tanks and the non-condensable vapor, known as wood gas, is conveyed to the oven fire through long pipes, where it is used as fuel. We have now a liquid which combines alcohol, tar acid and some impurities.

#### REFINING PURPOSES.

This liquid is now taken to another building known as the still house. This structure is a commodious and well arranged building, where the process of refining is begun and ended. At the first distillation the pyroigneous acid is freed from the tar, which passes into a great tank, to be stored and used as fuel. The pyroigneous acid is now carried through an arrangement of intricate but effective machinery to the "lime lee still", where in contact with lime, the acid of the liquid is neutralized, and together with the lime forms a distinct chemical compound known as acetate of lime, which, it is interesting to know, forms the basis of smokeless powder and has a wide market in any country. When the remaining liquid leaves the lime lee, it is still a combination of alcohol, oil, water and a few impurities, the alcohol being about 15 per cent. strong. The object is to strengthen this and make it ready for the market, so it is run into what is known at the 80 per cent. still, where its strength is brought up to almost absolute purity by the elimination of foreign materials. Before it is placed on the market it is even further refined so as to prepare it for use in the manufacture of fine shellacs and high grade gums. The alcohol, when taken from the tanks, is placed in large barrels lined with glue, to preserve the contents from waste through leakage or damage from possible contact with impurities.

In following the liquor to the last stage of its refinement, we find ourselves at a considerable height above the ground, in the still house, and looking back, the eye meets a great series of copper tanks with innumerable pipes leading to and from them, and everywhere the immaculate neatness and cleanliness of the apparatus is a striking feature.

Returning to where the acetate of lime was kept, which at its last stage did not look like a valuable product, it is found removed from the lime tank and taken to the drying room, which, for the sake of economy, combined with the highest efficiency, is placed on the second floor of the building containing the ovens, and directly above them, so that all the heat is utilized. An hour in this room would probably send the average man home in a faint. The heat coming from every square inch of the floor is penetrating to an extreme degree. The acetate, which leaves the lime lee still with a brownish earthy color is, through the action of heat, transformed into a granular substance of a distinct greyish hue. Every day of the year produces about 10,000 lbs. of this acetate, which is placed in bags ready for shipment.

#### THE CHARCOAL.

We will now return and see what became of the charcoal which was left roasting in the great ovens. Supposing that it has been in for the required 24 hours, and the man in charge of the works, Mr. James Montgomery, a thoroughly experienced and capable official, deems that the process of charring has been completed, the men in charge of the department gather about the iron doors, and, after the levers are turned, both doors swing open. A great wave of heat streams out, but the men, who have been at the work all their lives, care not for such a detail, and stick resolutely to their posts. The car is then gradually moved out over the tracks, but as soon as the superheated wood meets the oxygen of the atmosphere, it an once increases in temperature

(Continued on page 7.)

## Old Hayseed Thinks That City Styles Have Invaded the Farm

BOYS AND GIRLS TIRED OF LONESOME COUNTRY—CORRESPONDENT TELLS OF THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION ON THE FARM—YOUNG FOLKS LEAVE THE OLD HOMESTEADS.

Sw.—I wish these agents for machinery would stop at home; the dog should be set on them. They come about every other day. They have always something new, and each has the best, and the machine the other fellow sells is no good at all, made of poor stuff, don't give satisfaction, and they all save a whole lot of time. But when the notes are due you have to scratch and make the grade double quick.

It was different when old Hayseed was a boy. We got up about 3 o'clock, sharpened our scythes, and mowed until 6 o'clock; then we took out the pitchfork and shook the hay. Later in the day we took the little hand rakes, and the boys and girls raked the hay in a row and put it in bundles, lashed it by hand on the wagon, and forked it off by hand. We sweat some in those days, but we didn't mind it. What we made we made for ourselves. We could build a comfortable house, big barn and put something aside for a rainy day. Now, everything the farmer makes goes into machinery. First, it was the mower, and it took \$100 of hard cash to buy one when they first came out, and now we have the binder and the hay fork. I don't like to grumble about it, for it saves one from a lot of mighty hard work. The seeder, manure spreader, cream separator, sulky plow etc., and it is one machine after another. They all cost when you come to buy them, but if you want to sell after they have been slightly used, it is another story.

Now here is just where the farmers are blowing in their money. Some of them buy a binder when they have no building to put it in. Some of them get a thing they don't need, because their neighbor has one, and they don't want to jog behind. They want to hold their heads just as high. Others buy because they don't have to pay the spot cash and can get it on time, but Old Hayseed is not one of them. He wasn't raised after that way. He was taught to only buy what he needed and what he

could pay for, and what he couldn't pay for he was to do without. But they don't teach these things any longer. It wouldn't be well for the town chaps if they did, but it would be better for the farmer.

The present generation are getting stylish, too stylish for farm life, the girls want to go to town, it's too lonesome on the farm for them. Their hands were never made for milking and the boys say dad can be an old hayseed if he wants to, but we are going into something different. The top buggy was the first thing that turned their heads. Years ago a spring-board was good enough for Mary Ann and me, and when we got a wagon with springs we thought that was comfort enough for the king and queen. A few years later an agent got our neighbor silly enough to buy a top buggy. He didn't need it and was not able to afford it. With home-spun clothes, cowhide boots and a straw hat, he didn't appear as if he was at home in it. But he got it, and began putting on airs. Then nothing would do but the boys must have a top buggy, too. We got one, and now every farmer has one. And what next?

Then there was the organ. Nothing would do the girls but an organ, and I got one, because I was tired of having the agent call at the door. Then look at the bill every spring and fall for the women's hats. Years ago one hat did Mary Ann for a few years. Those were happy days. Nothing would do the boys but a bicycle, then their trousers must be pressed and they must have patent leather shoes. I repeat that Old Hayseed is of the opinion that too much style has been introduced on the farm, and now we have to make money enough until late to make money enough to pay for their style. It has mortgaged many farms and made fools of hundreds of farmers. Now, Mr. Editor, I am not through yet. I have a number of subjects I want to talk about, but this will do for this week. Yours truly, OLD HAYSEED.

## Lindsay Fall Fair Promises to be A Great Success This Year

MANAGEMENT HAVE SPENT MUCH TIME AND MONEY TO MAKE IT SO—SPLENDID ATTRACTIONS IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND—SPEEDING IN THE RING.

The Lindsay Central Exhibition is only three weeks away, and this thought is occupying the minds of a good many, both in town and in the country. The question is often asked, "Why is Lindsay's exhibition always such a great success?" The management probably deserve the largest amount of credit for that state of affairs, also the farmers of the surrounding country who are always willing to do whatever may lay in their power to make it a success. The management are always alert to any improvement that can be made, either to the grounds, attractions or prizes, to attract exhibits.

Some fall fairs have not improved in the last four or five years, while Lindsay's fair has showed a marked increase in attendance every year. This year it is expected the largest attendance on record will be registered, and deservedly so, for the president and secretary and the committees are going to more trouble to make this year's exhibition a success than they have ever done before. They have benefited from the experience they received other years, and the management of the Lindsay exhibition are certainly experienced men.

A larger number of prizes will be

distributed this year than ever before. The horse racing is to be an important event and the size of the prizes should attract twice as many horse owners as have heretofore raced on the exhibition track. A large number of people attend the fair for the sake of the horse racing itself—this class of spectators will not be dissatisfied this year, but will have the pleasure of seeing a class of races that have never been presented to the public before.

The exhibition of live stock will also be one of the most important events this year, and from all appearances it will be far ahead of that of last year, and twice as large. This is one part of the fair that the management have improved upon—a good deal of time and money has been spent to make it a success, and if on can judge from appearances they will be justly rewarded for their trouble.

#### Amusements.

The attractions in front of the grand stand are to be of a special class, and will contain specialties that will be appreciated by everyone.

The public are probably aware of the fact that the Warner property, just to the south of the agricultural grounds, has been purchased, and will