A FIGHT WITH A MOOSE.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF QUEBEC.

A Battle to the Death With A Forest Giant, That Reads Like a Hunting Story From the Wild West.

Lake Temiscouta, a beautiful little sheet of water in the province of Quebec, is one of the finest hunting grounds in the world. It is a region abounding with deer, moose, caribou and other wild animals. Far down in the waters of the lake trout and black bass rush and dive, yet the stillness of the woods is rarely broken by the crack of the hunter's rifle and the fish swim unmolested in the glassy depths.

This condition of things has existed because Lake Temiscouta has been hitherto inaccessible. The completion of the Temiscouta Railway has brought the lake and its charming wooded environments to within a few hours' ride of Montreal, but the place is still so little known that wild animals of every kind are still abundant.

Dr. Charles Granville, an English physician who resides on the lake, had an adventure with

A GIGANTIC BULL MOOSE

that rivals in excitement any of the blood curdling hunting stories which the wild west could furnish. One night a party of the doctor's friends arrived from the front and told him he must give them some hunting. Gippe Tippe, a French-Canadian, whose knowledge of woodcraft amounts to second nature, said that he had found tracks of a big moose on the shore of Lake Squatic. Lake Squatic is about ten miles distant from Notre Dame du Lac. At 3 o'clock the next morning the physician aroused his guests, and they took their places in the birch bark canoe which had been provided for their accommodation. In the party were T. F. Plednow, and George T. Howlands, Gippe Tippe and another guide accompanied the party.

After an hour's steady work the canoe debouched from the lake into the Squatic river where the high banks towered aloft fringed with oak and pine. Twenty minutes' hard-paddling and the voyagers emerged upon a broad sheet of water, the gently sloping shores of which were fringed with deep woods.

En joining the strictest silence upon the occupants of both canoes, the doctor directed the boatmen toward the left bank of the lake. Taking Mr. Plednow with him, Dr. Granville stepped out on shore. Mr. Howlands followed, accompanied by Gippe Tippe. All pushed at once quickly but silently forward. It was hardly daylight in the dense forest.

Suddenly, just as the party of four men reached the edge of an open glade, there was a queer sound heard.

"Youer! Youer!"

It was the cry of the male moose, calling to its mate. Instantly Gippe dropped on his knees, and putting two very dirty fingers almostly entirely within his mouth, gave forth the answering cry of the female:

"Youee! Youee!"

From the direction of the sounds it seemed as if the animal was only a few yards right ahead. Everyone was on the very tiptoe of expectation. It was Dr. Granville's wish to give his guests the first chance at a shot, and he moved Plednow and Howlands to the front. As they

CREPT QUIETLY ALONG

through the underbush, skirting the glades, the surface of a small green knoll was exposed against a back-ground of gray sky for a moment. On the top of the knoll, with its splendid head erect and its great antlers branching aloft, was a superb bull moose. The doctor moved aside to permit Mr. Plednow to come up.

"Aim just below the shoulder," whispered the physician.

Plednow put his rifle to his shoulder and took a long and deliberate aim. Then, breathing heavily, he set his rifle down. The bull still held its head aloft, and uttered its cry.

"Youer! Youer!"

Plednow caught his breath again and put his rifle up to his shoulder, where it seemed to stay for an eternity. At last he pulled the trigger. There was a loud report. The bull, stricken above the shoulder, staggered a moment, and giving vent to a loud bellow of defiance, turned around on his haunches. Mr. Plednow's bullet had merely scraped him. With a snort of rage and defiance, the infuriated animal charged down the slope.

"Scatter for your lives," shouted Gippe, at the same time plunging into the underbrush.

Plednow, however, though a bad shot, stood his ground. He looked as if he was entirely accustomed to encounters of the kind as he again raised his rifle.

I have got another barrel," he said calmly.

The doctor was hardly the man to desert his guest in such an emergency, but he knew that the best shot in the world could not hit a charging moose in that kind of light. The next moment he had seized Plednow, who is a small man, around the waist, threw him over his shoulder, and ran for his life, ran as one would think it impossible for a man to run burdened with a rifle and and a fellow-being. After the two came the moose,

CRASHING THROUGH THE BUSHES

as if they were grass in a hayfield. There was a little hollow or depression half filled with dead leaves and branches, and into this crashed the doctor and his friend and both fell. The next moment the moose was on top of them.

With one of its sharp forefeet firmly planted on Plednow's chest, whom the blow had knocked unconscious, the moose endeavored to transfix him with its sharp antler points. Gippe and Howlands both leveled their rifles, but, mixed indiscriminately with moose and flying branches, the doctor was seen engaged in a terrific hand to hand fight with the enraged animal. To shoot was out of the question.

In the fierce rush of the animal, which had sent Plednow and the doctor head over heels into the little hollow, the doctor's rifle had been sent skimming from his hand into the bushes. But it would have been a useless weapon in that close encounter. With one hand grasping the left antler of the moose close to its enormous head, with the other the plucky physician drew his long hunting knife and plunged it forward into the bull's shoulder. It missed making any kind of a wound that served to do more than doubly enrage the maddened animal. With a lunge of its sharpened forefoot it struck the doctor just above the knee, crippling him for the moment and rolling him over like a log.

At this moment a bullet from Gippe's rifle struck the moose on the right flank, and in its desperate and headlong charge upon the fallen man it swerved slightly. As the moose reached him the doctor regained his feet and sprang on one side, but the giant antler caught him and tossed him on the other side like a feather.

The next thing he knew he had the moose around the neck, and then he realized that the struggle must end soon, for he was becoming rapidly exhausted. Leaning far over he slashed viciously at the animal, and succeeded in severing the tendon achilles in both its forelegs. The moose uttered a loud bellow and fell to its knees. Froth ran from its mouth, and its gread red tongue dropped lolling from its black lips.

Just then Gippe ran up, and placing the muzzle of his rifle against the animal's side, pulled the trigger. When the doctor came to Howlands was bathing his face with water, and Gippe was cooking moose steaks over a fire in the little clearing. No bones were broken but the animal had fallen clear over on the physician and bruised him badly.

This moose was the second one killed a Lake Temiscouta that week. The firs was killed by Lord Haddo, the eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Haddo is now hunting on Temiscouta lake, and is killing a great deal of caribou and deer. Purcell of Halifax is stuffing the one killed by Dr. Granville, and he intends to present it to the new governor-general. The head and antlers are valued at $250.

POETRY.

The Old Man Dreams.

Oh! for an hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a grey-haired king!

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's font of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer
And, calmly smiling, said:
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While swift the seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest soul o' womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew:
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband, too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girls—and boys!"

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why, this will never do;
This man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with the noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the grey-haired boys.

—[Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Sleigh-Riding.

My mem'ry goes back to that sleigh-riding party,
That party of pleasure, of joy and delight,
When each boy and girl in the neighborhood gathered,
With no thought of chilling, though freezing the night.
They heed not the cold nor the winter winds wailing
While joys are unburdened and hearts beating light.

No faultless matched horses nor upholstered cutter
Were needed or wanted to make the turn-out.
The team that was driven was willing and able,
To draw, without tiring, the bob-sleds so stout,
While this way and that way, and still yet another,
O'er snows that were creaking, we wandered about.

We went hither and thither at the will of the driver,
We never went anywhere—only "sleigh-riding."
Our mirth was as joyous as that of school children,
With skates and with sleds, so joyously sliding;
Our rapture more keen than the pleasure of boatman,
While o'er crystal waters so placidly gliding.

Oh, long we'll remember those times of sleigh riding,
So light were our hearts and so swift were the hours.
Of blessings of youth, or those who are older,
That heaven on men so lavishly showers,
There none greater are or with more pleasure laden,
Than health to enjoy a sleigh ride like ours.

—[Ohio Farmer.

Night and a Star.

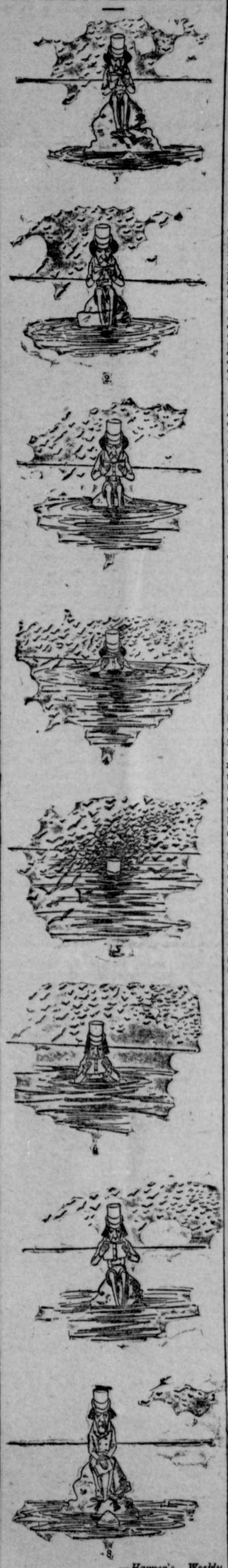
Fast bound I sat, the thrall of inward gloom;
Heard the great tidal rhythm of Life and Law,
Unheeding; and without emotion saw
The flowerlike world's immortal tint and bloom.
And a voice echoed through my soul's dark room:
"O helpless on fate's torrent as a straw!
To strive—to fail—to feed oblivion's maw—
Such, and no more, thy work and wage and doom!"

Then, from some height beyond these dusks and dews,
Methought a sphery whisper fluttered down:
"To suffer and in silence build thy days,
To knit life firm and earn thine own soul's praise,—
Such, if thou wilt (for power is thine to choose),
Such, and so great, thy task and meed and crown."

—[William Watson.

Bacon—"I'm troubled with insomnia. I haven't closed my eyes for five nights." Egbert—"You want to play football. The first game I played, I remember, my eyes were closed for a fortnight."

AN ABSORBING TALE



"We'll have it," said the authoress,
"E'en though we sit up nights;
We're now possessed of equal talks,
And we want our equal writes."

Mr. Figg—"Tommy, my son, do you know that it gives me as much pain as it does you when I punish you?" Tommy—"Well, there's some satisfaction in that, anyhow."

"How do you know that DeVere is not in love with Mabel Sweetbriar?" "Because I heard him tell her the other evening, when they came from church, that he knew of a short cut home?"

Rose—"I think I'll say yes. It is better to marry a man you respect than one you adore." Dolly—"But it is so much easier to love men than to respect them."

You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust.

Ya-Honk!

"Ya-honk!"—up north, out on a bay,
The rocking flock of wild geese lay.
The gander, swimming round them all,
His voice—"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"—let fall,
He looked above and saw the snow
Come rifting to the earth below.
He felt his wives were better far
Where warmer winds and waters are.
"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"—they know him well;
His meaning none hath need to tell.
He counts them all with anxious eye,
Then southward, like the storm, they fly,
While ever and anon the note
Falls from his red and panting throat—
"Ya-honk!"

"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"—his eye is red,
His bill is yellow and his head
Is strong and broad; his breast is white,
The grey upon his back is light;
His neck is wondrous straight and long;
His wings are mighty loud—and strong;
His voice is masculine and harsh;
It falls on forest, farm and marsh—
"Ya-honk!"

"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"—'tis in the night
He takes his wild and weird flight.
He leads his wild wives thro' the sky
With winkless and unerring eye;
He guides them sure from dark to dawn;
He comes—"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"—he's gone!
The listening hunter cries, "Yo, ho!"
He, scornful, drops his voice below—
"Ya-honk!"

"Ya-honk!"—he leads them with that cry;
They, faithful, follow him or die.
"Ya-honk! Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"—he calls
None faithless from his rude rank falls
They urge their wings—the wind's outstript;
The cob webs from the moon are whipped;
They fondly follow him who leads.
Who sows the swamps with sounding seeds—
"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"

"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"—to-night afar
They rest their wings where waters are.
They rock and rest in some still lake
Which they for months will not forsake.
But when the spring comes back again,
And people splash through April rain,
Go listen on the inland shore,
You'll hear them surging north once more;
But fear not, if you are alone,
To hear a voice fall like a stone—
"Ya-honk!"

—[The Khan.

FLIM FLAMMED OUT OF $30.

John Graham of Malton Meets an Obliging Friend and Is Minus His Winter' Savings.

A Toronto despatch says:—Yesterday at noon a man wearing an imitation grey freeze ulster and an imitation seal cap alighted from a Grand Trunk train at the Union Station. He was a fine specimen of a well-to-do farmer. He stood on the platform for a short time with his carpet bag in his hand as if at a loss which way to go. A young man, who evidently noticed the stranger's dilemma, approached him. The result was that the couple adjourned to a boat house in the rear of the station. There the man with the carpet bag was flim-flammed and buncoed.

This is how it was done: The farmer's new acquaintance knew where he could make $20. A friend of his had a gold watch that could be bought for $30. The watch could be sold to another party for $50. If the farmer advanced the money he would be given $6 as his share of the profits for advancing the money.

Six good dollars could not be made on the farm in the same number of weeks, and the man took the bait. The owner of the watch was seen and the deal closed. The farmer and his friend started up town to find the man who was to pay $50 for the watch When the pair arrived at the Daly House Front street, the friend asked the farmer for the watch, at the same time telling him that the $50 man was inside. The farmer gave up the watch, and that is the last he saw of it or his $30.

At the police station the farmer gave his name as John Graham, Malton P.O.

Queen Victoria's First Days.

William IV. was dead. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were dispatched to inform the Princes Victoria of the fact. It was a warm night in June. The Princess was sleeping in her mother's room, her custom from childhood, and had to be summoned out of her sleep. The messengers awaited her in the long, unlofty room, separated only by folding doors from that which was inhabited by the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. The young girl entered alone, in her nightdress, with some loose wrap thrown hastily about her. The moment she was addressed as "Your Majesty" she put out her hand, intimating that the lords who addressed her were to kiss it and thereby do homage. Her schooling and her instincts were admirable from the first. Self-possession combined with perfect modesty came naturally to her.

A few hours later, at 11o'clock in the morning, the child Queen met her Council. In the corridor at Windsor there is a picture which commemorates the event. Never, it has been said by an eye witness, was anything like the first impression she produced or the chorus of praise and admiration which was raised about her manner and behavior, certainly not without justice. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her—for she had lived in complete seclusion—excited interest and curiosity.

Asked whether she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, she said she would come in alone. Accordingly when all the lords of the Privy Council were assembled, the folding doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, quite plainly dressed and in mourning, and took her seat for the first time, a young girl among a crowd of men, including all the most famous and powerful of her subjects. She bowed and read her speech, handed to her by the Prince Minister, Lord Melbourne, in a clear and firm voice, and then took the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland.

Immediately the Privy Councillors were sworn; the royal Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex first, by themselves. It was observed that as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance, she blushed up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations. Her manner was very graceful and engaging, and she kissed them both, and, rising from her chair, moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was too infirm to reach her.—The Fortnightly Review.

Steele—"Marie Arlington has lost her good name." Sapsmith (hungrily)—"Good gwacious! What are the particulars?" Steele—"She has married a man by the name of Snooksby."

Tommy—"Maw, what is an average man?" Mrs. Figg—"He is a man who is pleasant and smiling downtown all day, but who comes home and gives his wife fits to make up the average."

TOO SACRED TO TOUCH.

A Japanese Dignitary Stricken Down, but No One Dare Raise Him.

The ex-Lord Abbot of the Otani sect, says the Japan Mail, who died at 1 p.m. on Jan. 17 at his residence in Kyoto, was the head of all the Buddhist priests in Japan. He had been suffering since the fall of last year, when he contracted a cold, which appears to have been of the character of influenza, being attended with much pain and obstinate fever, and which finally wore out the strength of the old prelate. From the 14th inst. his case developed grave symptoms, and on the morning of the 15th he was declared by his physicians to be in a hopeless condition.

He does not, however, seem to have been altogether prostrated, for on the morning of his last seizure he was making his way along the corridor attended by a maid servant. The latter, seeing him fall insensible, gave the alarm, and instantly a cluster of women, charged with all sorts of duties and ceremonial offices in the house of the prelate, where a state of ceremony resembling that of a court was observed, ran to the spot. There were about twenty of these women, but so inflexible is the etiquette of the ex-Lord Abbot's household that in the absence of his wife not one of the attendants might venture to

TOUCH THE BODY

of the incarnate Buddha, even in the moment of his death agony. All they could do was to send a report to the official in charge of the affairs of the household, and by him the tidings were conveyed to the present Lord Abbot, whose residence was about a furlong distant.

Some thirty minutes elapsed before the Lord Abbot arrived, simultaneously with a physician, and during the whole of that time the venerable old man, too sacred to be touched, however much his humanity needed tending, lay helpless on the ground. He died about an hour afterward. A court physician, specially despatched by the Emperor from Tokio, had been in attendance on the old prelate during the last days of his illness, and his son, the present Lord Abbot, had been at his side almost continuously. Yet it was his fate to die as has been described.

His remains having been packed in vermilion were laid in state in his residence, where on the 18th inst. the public was allowed to visit them. The ceremony commenced at 2 A. M. and continued until 3 in the afternoon, during which time more than 20,000 persons paid their last tribute to the Buddha.

On the following day the coffin was conveyed upon a splendid chariot to the two temples of Amida Daishi, and, high mass having been performed in Hokushoin, the remains were finally laid beside those of his predecessors, a quantity of uji tea and incense having been laid over the vermilion immediately surrounding the corpse. The coffin itself was of pure white pine, without any special ornamentation other than its richly chased gilt mountings. It was enveloped, however, by gold brocade of the finest type, and upon it were laid the state robes of the deceased, the magnificence of which may be conceived from the fact that they are said to have cost 10,000 yen.

This however does not represent the final rite of sepulture. A funeral ceremony on a grand scale will be performed on the 29th of January, one feature of which will be a feast at which there will be present the dead prelate's successor, chief priests of the branch temples

THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE,

the wife, nearest blood relations, and immediate female attendants of the deceased, the duties of waiting usually intrusted to the councillors of the household being on this occasion delegated to the principal male attendants of the Lord Abbot's person. The viands served will be of the plainest kind—a little miso soup, with square-cut pieces of bean curd, and some rice.

Similar simplicity will be observed with respect to food distributed to the general body of mourners. It will be limited to a ball of rice and a few slices of pickled turnip. The recipients of this consecrated food do not eat it. They carry it home and treasure it as a talisman against disease, distributing portions to friends, who keep it for the same purpose.

The bier, as carried in the procession, will be surmounted by a golden phœnix standing on a ball of the same metal, and from each of corners will hang chains supporting swallows, also of gold. In advance will walk six temple officials, representing the "Six Roads" of the Buddhist doctrine, the fresh bamboo staves carried by them being emblematical of the salvation which a Buddhist saint extends to all believers. The chief mourner will be shod with hemp sandals on bare feet, and twenty-six ladies of the household will have zori of straw, also on bare feet.

Other ancient customs peculiar to this, the most solemn rite of the faith, will be carefully observed, and those privileged to be present on the occasion may expect to witness a most impressive ceremony.

The deceased prelate was born in March, 1817, and was therefore in his 76th year. At the age of 11 years he became Abbot of Daidoji, in Omi, and in 1846 succeeded to the headship of Hongwan Ji. The services rendered by him to the imperial court were numerous. Thus, in 1842, when the sovereign was expected to take the field in person against foreigners, he presented to the court 10,000 rivo and a similar sum in 1867, together with 4,000 bales of rice on the occasion of the restoration. Thenceforth duties connected with the finances of the court were intrusted to officers of the temple, and the manner of their discharge in connection with the northern expedition against the last adherents of Shogunn, as well as the opening of Hokkaido, won the Emperor's approval.

In 1872 the deceased prelate received a patent of nobility and a pension, and in 1889 he surrendered his high office to his son. Shortly before his death he was raised to the first class of the second grade of official rank.

They were looking at a marble bust. "Who's that a head of?" asked the young man. The young woman studied a moment. "It's ahead of us," she said with a small chuckle, and they passed on.

"Thank heaven! that new insect powder worked. The cockroaches have come to grief at last," said the landlady. "Yes, assented old Peterby, "they're in the soup