# The Acton Free Press.

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## The Acton Free Press.

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—AT THE—
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MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Tuesdays, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.



## Business Directory.

W. H. CLOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

DR. SPRINGER,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

C. M. FRENCH, L.D.S., D.D.S.,
Dentist, Brampton.
Visits Acton first and third Tuesdays in each month.
Artificial Teeth a specialty.—Office at Agnew's Hotel, Acton.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. P. MARSHALL, M.D.S., D.D.S., L.D.S
Dentist.
Will be at Clark's Hotel every Friday.

C. MCKINLAY, L.D.S.,
SURGEON, DENTIST, GEORGETOWN.
Visits Acton at Agnew's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. MCLEAN. JNO. A. MCLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
Office:—Matthews' Block, Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

## Agents Wanted.

If you want to make money, take hold and sell our choice Nursery stock. Now is the time, write us at once for terms.
MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

## Wellington Marble Works.

QUEEN STREET, GUELPH.
CLARK & CARTER,
DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.

Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf.
J. H. HAMILTON

## AGENTS WANTED

In every Township,
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

## PICKET WIRE FENCING

Costs from 50 cents per rod (16½ feet) up.
For the farm or garden there is no fence so durable and lasting.
Send us a trial order and we assure you satisfaction will be the result.
Discount to the trade price lists and particulars on application. Address
J. M. DOOLEY & CO.,
Guelph, Ont.

## Coal & Wood.

JAMES BROWN
Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

## Christmas - Goods.

Oxford Bibles,
Church Prayer and Hymns in Cases,
Baxter's Bibles,
Plush Goods, large variety,
New Goods,
OPENING EVERY DAY
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH,
Day Sells Cheap.

## Bank of Montreal

CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - - 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

## W. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

## Waters Bros.,

THE PICTURE GALLERY, - GUELPH.
FRAMES & PICTURES.
PICTURE MOULDINGS,
ROOM MOULDINGS,
CORNICE POLES from 25c.
BRASS RODS,
BANNER RODS from 15c.
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Oil Colors, Water Colors, China Colors, Brushes, Etc., Etc. Ready Mixed Paints, Aspenwalls Enamels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Chains, Hooks, Etc.
WATERS BROS.,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

## WANTED.

A good pushing Salesman here. First-class pay guaranteed weekly. Commission or salary. Quick selling new Fruits and Specialties. Farmers can get a good paying job for the winter. Write for full terms and particulars.
FRED. E. YOUNG, Nurseryman,
Rochester, N. Y.

FRANK BURGESS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc.,
If prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton, will receive prompt attention.

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

YOUNG MEN
And boys starting in life for themselves, or assuming the business of a father or relative and wanting the best preparation to secure success;
YOUNG LADIES
Desiring to qualify themselves for good positions and to make themselves independent for life, in a short time and at a very moderate expense, will find the short, practical course of study at the
Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
Just what they need. For terms, etc., address
M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

## Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor
Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

## New Planing Mill

—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING,
MATCHING,
and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber,
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish R'gs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

## The Traders' Bank

OF CANADA
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED ..... $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP ..... 600,000
GUELPH BRANCH,
Corner of Wyndham and Quebec Streets.
Advances made to farmers on their own notes at the lowest current rate of interest.
Sales' and other notes collected promptly. No charge made if notes are not collected.
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit in this department and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, and credited half-yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
DEPOSIT RECEIPT DEPARTMENT.
Special arrangements can be made for large sums left on deposit for stated periods.
A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and payable in all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

DURING THE FALL
Careful House-Cleaners, Renovaters,
And those who move will generally require
Wall Paper & Window Shades
A full supply of which can at all times be had at lowest prices at
JOHN SMITH'S,
Guelph.

LAMPS. LAMPS.
The largest and best stock ever shown in Guelph
Hall Lamps,
Library Lamps,
Banquet and Piano Lamps,
In Polished Brass, Bronze, and Silver.
Decorated and Bronze Stand Lamps. The Celebrated "B and H" Lamps From 75 to 400 Candle Power.
The - Best - in - the - World.
Imported direct by
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.
Direct Hardware Importers.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS taken for all daily and weekly newspapers or any Journal or Magazine you wish to take, at the
DRUG STORE,
J. V. Kannawin, Acton.

A Little Talk About
SHOES
Figures may lie and facts distorted be,
But seeing is believing, come and see.
The Peek-a-Boo Boot and Shoe store is just now showing a number of new lines of Shoes and Slippers specially adapted for the season. These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those asked for old styles and shopworn goods elsewhere.
Everybody can be suited, for we have all sizes in
Gent's Wear,
Ladies' Wear,
Youth's Wear,
Children's Wear.
Baby's Wear.
Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and Best value for the money at
W. Williams', Acton.
Custom work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and valises in variety.

—ACTON—
PUMP FACTORY
—AND—
PLANING MILL
THOS. EBBAGE, Man.
I have resumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from
The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Specialt.
PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME
Our Planing Mill
Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.
Shop at foot of River Street.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager


## Poetry.

### THE OLD FARM HOME.

If you've been a happy rover
Through the fields of fragrant clover,
Where life is all a simple round of bliss;
When at eve the sun is sinking,
And the stars are faintly winking;
You can call to mind a picture such as this

Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland pastures gloaming;
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the leafy dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle,
And the oft repeated echo of the bells.

Strange how memory will fling her
Arms around some scenes we bring her,
And the fleeting years but make them stronger grow;
Though I wander far and sadly
From that dear old home, how gladly
I recall the cherished scenes of long ago.

Hark! The cows are homeward roaming,
Through the woodland pastures gloaming;
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the leafy dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft repeated echo of the bells.

## Select Family Reading.

### Our Autumn Holiday

BY SHORTY.

It had been definitely settled among us during the close of the summer that if we could get away during the middle of October for a short vacation we would spend it up on the B—— peninsula in hunting the fleet-footed deer. When the time arrived the fates were propitious and on the evening of Monday, Oct. 13th, we left Acton bound north with enough firearms and ammunition to slay all the game in the country, and sufficient other impediments in the shape of clothes and stores to almost equip an Arctic exploring party. There were four of us, three being perfect greenhorns at deer hunting, having never seen a live deer at large in his native haunts, but the fourth was a regular old nimrod, had hunted deer in nearly all parts of the Province for many years and hundreds had fallen before his unerring rifle. As is usually the case in excursions of this kind, each man belonging to the party was known by a distinctive name that was not exactly his own but seemed to fit him as it were, better than the one he was accustomed to answer in every-day life. Accordingly the nimrod referred to above, who was not only the oldest of us, but leader-in-chief and practically father of the party was dubbed "Pa." The next man, who during the expedition was always either wanting to sit down or get something to eat, was called "Phil," why, nobody exactly new; he was appointed as treasurer and looked after the finances of the expedition. The third man was hailed as the "Loon," chiefly because he greatly resembled—in action only—that well-known bird. His duty was to look after the dogs—sort of matter of the stag hounds as it were; he was also the Munchausen of the party. The fourth man answered to "Shorty," simply because he was the very reverse of that, being exceedingly long limbed, and as he is somewhat accustomed to slinging ink he was appointed general historian, and to him was entrusted the duty of taking notes of the expedition. The fifth and last man who joined us *en route* we called "Uncle," as ranking next in age to "Pa." The historian thought it better to write up his notes in the form of a diary, so we begin with:—

MONDAY, OCT. 13.—Left Acton per G. T. Railway and after sundry vexatious changes arrived safe bag and baggage at W——, shortly after midnight. Weather dismal and wet. Put up at the —— House, a very comfortable Hotel, well managed. Made the dogs comfortable in barn, and we all retired in good order.

TUESDAY, OCT. 14.—Pa, the indefatigable never-tiring Pa, was first up and roused us all out in good time. After an excellent breakfast Phil bustled around to secure a rig to carry us over the thirty-two miles to our destination, while the rest of us collected our various belongings. Of course there was the usual complement of loungers, loungers in, and gentlemen-of-ease, loafing around the hotel front and our party and dogs came in for a good deal of raillery and gratuitous advice. One man thought it was ridiculous for perfect greenhorns to go after deer their first hunt with rifles. "You'd orter hev shot guns and buck shot," said he, "and them hounds, ringed hounds, I call 'em, they ain't no good; they won't run deer, nary a deer!"—but they did all the same. We finally got away about nine o'clock, four of us started ahead on foot and Phil remained behind to help load up the stuff. Fine and mild, little muddy under foot, and an occasional sprinkle of rain. The rig soon caught up to us and we all piled in, letting the dogs run behind. Pa let his run loose, but Loon had a brilliant scheme, he coupled his two together with a short chain, hoping thus to prevent them from running rabbits in the swamp or along the road. This was all very well as long as they kept the road but they would persist in running into every little swamp or bush they came to, and the way they yanked each other about and the contortions they went through was simply dreadful. If they wanted to get through a fence for instance, one dog would want to jump over the top and the other was equally determined to crawl underneath. They'd make a rush at the fence together and the result was chaos. However, we were not many miles on the road before the climax was reached; the dogs in rushing along in the bush got one each side of a tree, neither would give way, nor did the tree, they gave a mighty tug and the chain snapped. They got along a good deal better after that. By alternate walking and riding, seldom off a walk, we reached McC——s, a sort of half-way house at 1.30, and stopped for dinner. We found the front axle of the rig badly sprung so that the wheels grazed the box and it's a wonder the whole concern didn't collapse over such roads. We had a good dinner, "the *piece de resistance* being herrings—fresh from the Lake only a few miles away—and some fine potatoes. Pa said, "These are fine large potatoes, White Elephants, I guess." "No," said McC——, "them's what they call the Red Elephants; why they grow so large here we have to raise 'em outer the ground with a handspike!"—that settled Pa. After an hour's rest we resumed our journey, and the further we went the rougher the roads got. To properly describe them is almost an impossibility. They simply baggar description. There is one consolation, however, there is not much mud. There isn't room for any as the road is chiefly either rock or corduroy—called up here crossway. These corduroys are just bare logs, no earth on them, and about one log in every two or so missing or broken, you can imagine the bumping you get going over them. I would recommend any one who is a martyr to dyspepsia or indigestion to take a thirty or forty mile trip over these roads in a lumber wagon with just a board across the box for a seat, and I'll guarantee it will knock the indigestion out of him. We passed one or two small hamlets—couldn't call them villages—and settlements, but they are few and far between. A settlement consists of three or four settlers' houses in more or less of a cluster with a few acres cleared round them and is called So-and-so's settlement, after the name of the most prominent man there. Occasionally you see a house shingled all over, sides, roof, everything, and rather queer they look, too. The houses are all log houses and the chimney is always a piece of stove pipe thrust up through the roof. In fact this peculiarity in chimneys seems to be the dividing line between the backwoods and civilization. You can always tell when approaching a town or village in this region by looking for brick or stone chimneys, if you see them to the exclusion of the ubiquitous stove-pipe you can be reasonably sure that a town or village is not far off. Night came on soon after leaving B—— River within almost seven miles or so of our journey's end, so the driver walked ahead of the team with a lantern to look for holes and bad places in the road while Phil drove the team, the Loon and Shorty trudged along behind and the rest rode. Arrived at B——s, our destination, at 8.30 and all glad enough the trip was over, especially the Loon and Shorty who walked the last 12 miles, mostly in the dark. Our reception was hearty and a good hot supper was done ample justice to. Then we all gathered round the stove, pipes were lit and conversation general, chiefly on hunting, while the Loon and Shorty enlivened the proceedings with several songs. Quite a nice little crowd altogether, seventeen men, three women and some children, not to mention several dogs. The house was a small one and the problem of stowing away twenty adults for the night seemed a puzzle, but they did it somehow, with three in a bed and other expedients.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15.—Our first day's hunt and a veritable red letter day. It was quite a sight to see us start off. If we only had had a camera, what views we could have brought back home! Every man carried a Winchester with magazine full and an extra half dozen cartridges in his pocket. Phil couldn't get lunch enough in his pockets, so wore a leather haversack. Pa also had a game bag. Pa and the Loon started off in one direction to put in the dogs and the rest of us started the other way for the "runway" having half an hour's grace. The dogs had been let go only a few minutes when they started up a fine buck and two does. The does went off by themselves and the dogs ran the buck. Phil was the first man it approached, he heard it coming and got ready. It trotted up about fifty yards from him and halted momentarily listening for the dogs. He thought first it was a cow, but then he saw the antlers and blazed away twice at it, one shot struck it fair behind the shoulder, down went its tail, and it ran a few yards and fell. The dogs stopped running so we knew the deer was shot and all hurried in the direction of the firing. Uncle arrived first and asked Phil if he shot the deer and where it was. Phil didn't seem to know whether he had or not. Uncle hunted around and soon found it, dead as a herring. We hung it up, cleaned it, cut a pole and strung the buck on it, and then came the tug to carry it out of the bush. The buck was heavy and swung on the pole and it was quite a big job carrying it out. We weighed it at the house, it scaled considerably over two hundred pounds and was very fat. We learned afterwards that it was the biggest buck that had been shot on that part of the Peninsula for some time. Pa was immensely tickled, especially over the dogs because they had run so well and the first deer they ever ran was shot in front of them. We loaded it on a wagon and sent it by team to B—— River, thence by stage to W——, there to be hung in the ice house until our return. Started out with the dogs again but didn't make another raise. Did very well for the first day. Settlers say deer are very plentiful here this year, anyway there are lots of tracks all over this district. Back home at dusk. What with the seductive pipe, checkers, songs and chat we managed to put in fairly enjoyable evenings. To-night we had an innovation in the shape of a peripatetic fiddler who is staying around this settlement. He has a pretty good instrument and regaled us with jigs, reels, strathspeys and so forth galore.

THURSDAY, OCT. 16.—Took a new route down G—— Road. Put the dogs in where they started up a couple of fine deer and ran them right down to the Lake about three miles. We all hustled down as fast as possible to the shore. Phil, the Loon and Shorty reached there together at a place called L—— P——, heard the dogs over towards P—— Harbour. Two of us started along the shore to intercept the deer should they take to the water at that point, leaving Phil at the Bay at L—— P——. But of course he wanted something to eat and went over to the fisherman's shanties and while there the deer doubled on the dogs and took to the water almost at the place where we had been standing. Pa and Uncle arrived on the shore just in time to see the deer getting out on the shore across the bay, too far off for a shot. Quite a disappointment all round as we should have had these deer. However, couldn't be helped, fortune of war. Went over to the fishermen's shanties to inspect the fishing industry. Sorry that want of space precludes a description of this, one of Ontario's great industries. Dogs got back in the swamp after rabbits, couldn't get 'em out and had to come home without them, arriving there at dusk. Usual chat, smoke and songs after supper with humorous readings from Cole's "Fun Doctor," by Shorty.

FRIDAY, OCT. 17.—Had to go down to swamp at Lake to get dogs out—had been running rabbits all night and still at it. By dint of a lot of shouting, whistling, and firing, we got two of them out, pretty tired, lame and hungry, had some grub for them and they eagerly snapped it up. A most amusing incident happened on the road going down to the swamp. The Loon walked ahead and Pa and myself together, a little in the rear. Presently we saw the Loon strike an attitude, motion to us to halt, and raising his gun aim at something near the side of the road. After aiming for what seemed to us to be several minutes he fired, dashed into the bush and presently emerged in triumph swinging by the tail a dead fox. We examined it, it was dead, quite dead, in fact had been dead for some days, by its appearance. The Loon explained that he saw it curled up at the foot of a tree and thought it was a live one asleep. He cut off the tail as a trophy, the hide being spoilt. Pa had to go right into the swamp to get his dog out and the rest of us returned to the house and had dinner. Just as we started out again Pa's dog came up so we took all of them with us to a good place in G—— Road. Found quite a fresh track, but going the wrong way for us, and contrary to all advice the Loon would persist in putting the dogs in with the result that the deer headed direct for the Lake. It had far too much start for us to try and head it off, so we had to let it go, dogs and all. Same thing occured again as yesterday, dogs put deer in Lake and then started after rabbits in the swamp and stayed out all night again. Took a walk down to E—— Lake, a pretty little sheet of water with a pair of twin islands in the centre, gravelly bottom, water very clear, said to be lots of fish in it. Back at house at dusk. Found Pa there. Chat with old folks' reminiscences of their life in Auld Scotia, well informed people, have seen better days, came from the vicinity of Dundee only a few years ago and have a well developed accent. Pa's dog returned alone at bed time.

SATURDAY, OCT. 18.—Party separated this morning. The Loon went by himself down to the Lake to hunt up his dog out back of G—road and uncle and I went down to M—— Lake about a couple of miles away, to head off any deer that Pa's dog might raise and run in that direction. We found a punt on the shore and put off in the Lake with a paddle each. A nice sheet of water about three miles long by half a mile wide, well wooded almost to the water's edge and lots of bass and pike in it. We were well out towards middle of Lake when dog put a deer in the water from opposite shore. Two boats belonging to a party camping at Lake put after it and after an exciting chase finally shot it. Such shots we never saw before, and the water with hardly a ripple; they actually fired eleven shots at it and opened fire within fifty yards, some of the shots struck the water scarcely a yard from the boat. Paddled all over Lake and trolled a spoon behind but couldn't get a bite. Landed to inspect the camp, found only two fellows in, rest out in lake. They were quite a large party, fourteen of them and eleven dogs. Had three good roomy tents, one each for eating, sleeping and cooking. They came from P—— Sound, driving the entire distance and were mostly railroad men and nice fellows. They camp here at this time for a month every year. Found they had shot four deer, all shot in Lake and small ones at that, just fawns, yearlings, the lot wouldn't weigh two hundred pounds. We found one of our lost dogs in their camp and it turned out that it was our dogs put the deer they had just shot in the Lake. Crossed over and met the Loon on the other shore with other dog. He had found it round the shore. Uncle and I started home with dogs and the Loon went for a troll and succeeded in getting a nice pike. Had it for supper. Home about dusk. Fiddler in after supper and several neighboring settlers had an old-fashioned-loghouse-hoe-down-dance, presumably in our honour. I can tell you it was a great performance and we appreciated it. One individual favored us with sundry solos on a tin whistle, and he really did it remarkably well on that primitive instrument of torture. Several of the company sang very creditably and the Loon and Shorty pumped out songs by the dozen. Had quite a big time all round. Closed the performance at midnight with Auld Lang Syne by the entire company, some twenty-five all told, and drank in pure cold water the old Saturday night toast—"Absent wives and sweethearts, God bless them every one." Our quarters being rather crowded some of us bunked in the hay mow and slept very well.

SUNDAY, OCT. 19.—Enjoyed little extra morning sleep. Nearest church some seven odd miles away, would have to walk both ways, so none of us went. Phil and Uncle stayed at home to rest, and Pa, the Loon and Shorty went for a walk down to P—— Harbor and L—— P—— fishing stations. Found a crew of a fishing boat skinning a bear in the rocks at the shore. It had been shot with a spring gun and the man who got it had bagged three that week in the same way. The fishermen throw some of the heads and entrails of the fish they catch in a pile on the shore and set a gun with a string attached to the trigger in such a way that the bears in coming to feed on the refuse fish, stumble over the string and set off the gun which shoots them. They get quite a number in the season in this way. They also set dead-falls and other traps baited in the same way. The bear they were skinning was very fat. Pa and the Loon secured a paw each as a trophy, and a lump of the fat to grease our boots with. On the road home we met another fisherman setting dead-falls for 'coon and baiting them with chunks of fish. Struck us as rather queer bait for an animal like a 'coon but the fellow said he had caught several with it. Arrived back at house about 1.30 for dinner. Stayed in all afternoon reading and sleeping. During evening sang several hymns, and Shorty read one of Talmage's Holy Land Sermons for the edification of the crowd, but his reading seemed to have a rather soporiferous effect as when he finished nearly all hands were sound asleep in their chairs.

MONDAY, OCT. 20.—Pa roused us all out at 4.30. Packed up all our traps, shot-guns, except clothes we had on and rifles and cartridges. Trunk to be sent by team to B—— River for Thursday's stage. Took out dogs over the N—— property. Soon started up a nice deer and ran it in direction where I was posted. Saw it at a good distance off coming straight for me; let it come up within about eighty or ninety yards going at a good speed, and then fired, and struck it off the back of the neck, ball lodging in the loins, the deer turned at nearly right angles and ran hard, fired a couple of rum shots, one went through base of ear and other struck it in cheek and out top of its head, fell all in a heap about fifty yards from me. I ran up held its front legs down and stuck it, bled well. I felt quite proud of the feat, to have shot the first deer I ever saw, and running at that. Phil was the nearest man to me and by a lot of whistling and shouting I got him over to me and we cut a pole slung the deer on it and carried it to the road, only a short distance, and hung it up on a high root. A nice doe weighed a little over 100 lbs. cleaned. Dogs ran several more deer over the 'lum' but not within shot of any of us. Along in the afternoon Pa and Phil were measuring their property with a line, when a deer jumped up right in front of them, they fired nine or ten shots at it while it remained in range but couldn't hit it, as it was jumping around so much over logs and dodging around trees and rocks. Dogs put up a very large buck in other side of road from where we were stationed but it ran the other way down to the Lake. We heard afterwards that it took the water near one of the fishing stations and that one of the men there fired at it with buckshot and hit it, but not hard enough to hurt it much. Team came along road with our traps and we loaded deer in to be sent in stage from B—— River to W——. Back at house at dusk. Songs and games after supper. Two deer so far, not bad all things considered.

TUESDAY, OCT. 21.—Out at daybreak, take out two dogs only. They started a rabbit near the house and we lost a lot of time getting them out of the 'burn.' They ought to be led to the hunting grounds, but then that's too much trouble for his honor, the master of the hounds. Took up our positions and the Loon and Uncle put in dogs back of property. Started up a fine doe near them. The Loon and Uncle both blazed away at it, but the latter bagged it with a clever shot. A nice doe and weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds. Put dogs in again further back and they soon started up another deer. Pa and the Loon put the dogs in this time and they had the satisfaction of shooting the deer. The killing of this deer was the most exciting episode of the whole trip. Pa and the Loon blazed away in great shape and fired not less than seventeen shots at it before they brought it down. The deer got in a sort of golly, with Pa on one side and the Loon on the other, and then they blazed away, at the imminent risk of hitting each other. Pa fired the fatal shot so it was his deer. After it was badly hit it still kept on running because the dogs made it, though it fell several times. Pa hollered to the Loon to run after it, he did, and the way he coursed madly along over the rocks and logs was a caution. He fell several times and barked his shins, hurt his chin and knocked the nail clean off one of his thumbs, and though he nearly fainted from pain kept bravely on and at last reached the deer which the dogs held at bay. "Prince" was standing on a top with his front paws on the deer barking right in its face—so the Loon said. When the deer saw him it tried to run again but the Loon fired at it again and keeled it over. It was a very plump little beast, very nicely shaped. Managed to get a passing team and carted the deer up to corner of lane leading to B——'s house and hung them up in trees there. Went up to dinner. Pretty good morning's work—two nice deer and both shot inside of an hour. In the afternoon took out one dog only and tried to make a raise in the sand hills, but the dog wouldn't or couldn't hunt because he had rather sore feet. Tracks all around without end, must be a lot of deer around here; regular padded down paths two and three inches below the surface of the ground where they run around the hills. There seems to be a regular range of these sand hills, some of quite a respectable height. They extend up to the very head of the Peninsula, and we were told extend across the Manitoulin Island and to the mainland beyond again. The deer seem to resort to the neighborhood of these hills at night-fall, evidences that they pass the night there were very plentiful. Back at the house at dusk. No songs to-night, the Loon nursing his wounded thumb, and it was very sore too; it's no joke to have the nail torn violently and completely off. Pa declared that he shot it off at the time they were both shooting at the deer in the gully. A daughter of one of the neighbors dropped in for a social chat. She was rather a pretty girl with a nice complexion and rosy cheeks. In fact all the girls and young women we have seen up here among the settlers are especially noticeable for the freshness and healthy bloom of their complexions. They all have rosy cheeks and bright eyes and well rounded arms that many an aristocratic town-bred woman would sigh for.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22.—Our last day's hunt and I regret to say a blank one. Took the dogs down to the N—— property. They soon got on the track of a large buck and ran it a long way round and finally put it into E——Lake, it swam across and away out over the side, which settled the question of getting it, as far as we were concerned. It didn't come near any of us, as it took a runway that we did not know of. Started the dogs in again but couldn't make another raise, so went home for dinner. In the afternoon took the dogs around the sand hills, no luck there. In crossing over a large burn a drove of six fine deer got up about four or five hundred yards ahead of us. We blazed away a few shots at them but didn't hit any, too far off and jumping over rocks and logs like a lot of rabbits. It was quite a pretty sight to see them moving off, they looked and moved so gracefully. The dogs got after them, and three of us put for the lake as hard as we could go, we had to take the bay road as being nearer to us and I guess Phil and the Loon covered that three miles and a half down to the lake in quicker time than it had ever been covered before or would be again. Couldn't make it in time, the dogs ran the deer very hard and had them in the water some time before we reached the shore. No trace of them when we arrived there. Back to the house at supper time. Pa and Shorty went up to the settlement—about a couple of miles—after supper to arrange for a team to take us and the two deer shot yesterday to B—— River to catch morning stage for W——.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23.—Up at 4 a.m., left by team and lumber wagon for B—— River. Phil and I stayed to load on deer and rest walked ahead with dogs. We walked and carried a lantern ahead of team till daylight. Made the 7½ miles in little over two hours. Such a shaking up as we got in that wagon we never had before. When about half way the board on which the driver and Phil sat broke down with the combined weight and jolting and they sat in the straw in bottom of waggon balance of way. Found another party at the River bound also for W——, who had been camping in the Lake Huron shore at a place called B—— Pine. They had five deer,—one nice doe, one buck and three spike buck—mostly shot in the water. Made McC's half-way house about noon. Had some trouble with the dogs on the road, got into a swamp after rabbits. Chained them behind stage for rest of journey. More of the famous Red Elephant potatoes for dinner and salmon fresh from the Lake and of course the omnipresent pie. After a very wearisome trip made W—— about six. Had a good wash, changed our clothes and tackled a supper with well developed appetites. Found there had been some trouble about Phil's big buck. When it arrived in W—— by stage the man that promised to look after it and put it in an ice house was away and it laid round until it began to spoil. Then a butcher there who knew Phil, took charge of it, skinned it and salted it down. It was fine looking meat so Phil decided to have it spiced and smoked and sent down to him, with the hide when done. He took the head over to a taxidermist's to be mounted and secured the bullet that killed it, as a memento. So we advised him to get the bullet mounted so he could wear it on his watch chain.

FRIDAY, OCT. 24.—Took a stroll round the town, splendid harbour and an important passenger place this season; good docks built by the Government; town lighted by electric light, good sidewalks and efficient waterworks system; some fine buildings, splendid store, would be a credit to any city; large brick business blocks, well supplied with hotel accommodation; they have a fine park and the boating and bathing facilities the Bay, or Harbour, affords, could not be excelled; the principal industries are saw and flour mills. Left for home shortly after nine a.m., mixed train, entailed frequent stoppages; at one little station stopped long enough to load a car of cattle and attach it to train. Stopped for dinner at P——, had an hour's wait at G—— and finally reached Acton and home at six p.m.

Our trip is over and as we look back at it and recall the jolly time we had; a feeling of determination steals over us that next year, if we are all well and still all together we will do it over again. All things considered four deer—and good ones—amongst us was not so bad; to be candid it was better than we expected. Had we been able to stay another week we could, undoubtedly, have added to the number. However, the information and experience gained will be of great service to us should we hunt the fleet footed deer another year on the same ground. We had to rely entirely on ourselves and had not, (as is the case with most hunting parties in other parts of the province, as well as in the peninsula) the benefit of experienced guides who know the country. The weather during our trip was all that could be desired. Want of space forbids any extended description of the settlers and their *habitat* as we found them, suffice it to say that as a rule they do not seem to understand or rather appreciate the great natural timber wealth with which grows in value as the years roll by. Nor do they seem to take any interest in the reports current that this is also a mineral district. Men competent to judge have declared their belief that minerals exist in this section. As a matter of fact pieces of rock have been picked up showing considerable traces of ore of some kind; old Mr. B—— had one piece found near his place and to crown all some men have started a silver mine at B—— river though with what success I cannot say as we did not visit it.

To all his comrades of the party their historian says farewell and reserves his parting word for Pa whose kindly influence and ripe experience added so much to the success and comfort of Our Autumn Holiday.

### COUNTING THE COST

Have you counted the cost, my brother,
Of a draught from the maddening bowl?
Is the pleasure so sweet, and the power so strong,
That you barter for it your soul?

Have you weighed the 'pro's' and 'con's', brother,
Have you placed them side by side,
And chosen for yours the drunkard's path,
In your manhood's early pride?

The road is down grade, and brother
'Tis enlivened by laughter and song,
It has a great record which none may dispute,
For the proofs are plain, many and strong.

There are grass-grown, neglected graves, brother,
There are ruined, deserted homes,
There are starving children and weeping wives,
To whom no comfort e'er comes.

There are dark prison cells, my brother,
And the mad-house its victims demands,
And the coffin lid oft hides the mark
Of a father's murdering hand.

There are graves in the potter's field, brother,
Unmarked by flower or stone,
The lives went out on the scaffold grim,
In that last, dread hour—alone.

Home, friends, love, character, life, brother,
And a soul eternally lost.
Is it worth the price you pay, brother,
Have you truly counted the cost?

—*Libie Patton Durst.*


### VIRGINIA PLUM-PUDDING.

From the Old Dominion comes the best plum-pudding we have ever eaten, that dear holiday dish which some wit calls the "St. Paul's Cathedral of an English Christmas." A truly rich and spicy daughter is this "speckled canon-ball" of the wishy-washy plum porridge over which our forefathers made such to do, and which an old scribe tells us consisted of "beef or mutton boiled with broth and thickened with brown-bread, to which