

Preacher's Opinions

Rev. P. K. McRae, Forks Baddeck, C. B.: "I always count it a pleasure to recommend the Dr. Slocum Remedies to my parishioners. I believe there is nothing better for throat and lung troubles or weakness or run-down system. For speaker's sore throat I have found Psychine very beneficial."

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Rev. R. M. Browne, Amherst Head, N.S.: "I have often recommended Psychine since taking it myself, for it is a cure for the troubles you specify."

Rev. Chas. Stirling, Bath, N.B.: "I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvelous. I have visited people who state that they never used its equal. I strongly recommend it."

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The Moose They Did Not Shoot

(By FRED H. STEVENS)

To reach Guthrie's sporting camp the traveller must leave the train at Odellic and drive along ten miles of fairly level country road and then traverse the six-mile portage that brings him out upon Nictor Lake, on the shores of which the camp is located.

If the weather is fine, as it nearly always is during the summer months, the journey is most delightful. The buggy rolls smoothly along the hard road; the air is pure and invigorating, the sky bluest of blues, the hills grand in the varying shades of green near by, or grander still in the hazy distance. The portage—a disused lumber road through the woods—possesses all the witchery and charm of the primeval. The traveller, emerging upon the shore of the lake is at once enchanted by the unrivalled beauty of the shimmering water, with the cool-looking fringe of green trees perfectly mirrored therein, and the majesty of old Bald Mountain standing guard at the other side.

But more likely than not the traveller is a sportsman in search of big game. The summer is past. The autumn rains have fallen and the road is six inches deep with red Tobique mud, while one needs a suit of oil-skins and a 'sou'-wester' for the journey through portage; for there the saucy fire-weed blossoms, heavy with rain-drops, and great dog-wood leaves, limp and wet rudely slap against the traveller's face while he flounders waist deep through a bed of ferns that are wetter still, and sinks ankle-deep into the sodden muck the ferns have grown from.

There had been rain when Ernest Weir and Joe Mitchell, two youths of Boston, arrived at Guthrie's camp, wet and hungry and disheartened. And rain fell frequently during their ten days' stay. True, between storms there were fine days and fine nights with sharp frost and the subsequent deepening of the autumn glow surrounding the lake and flaming up the mountain side. But the young sportsmen were disappointed.

Eusthuastic since during the winter before they had spent a day at the Sportsmen's Show, they had all spring and all summer looked eagerly forward to the opening of the big game season and their trip to the Tobique River region of New Brunswick. Bear or deer, wild-cat or loup-cervier, they had confidently expected to slay daily, while the head of a caribou was considered a not unlikely trophy. But to bring down a lordly moose bull, brother to the proud beauty whose mounted remains they had so admired at the show in Boston, was their real errand to the Canadian forest. Not even to have seen his lordship during the whole ten days' camping out, much less to have shot him, filled the young men with humiliation that was like genuine grief. They frankly dreaded the empty-handed return to Boston, for, be it known, they had freely discussed among their friends the intended trip, and the only disappointment they had then feared was that the moose they should shoot might not bear the mighty spread of antlers as had the one on exhibition.

On the evening of the last night in camp the little party sat as usual around the campfire, but the songs and stories and the guides' yarns were lacking. The two Bostonians, reclining each on an elbow, gazed moodily into the crackling blaze; Guthrie, the guide, sat stolid as an Indian, hugging his knee, and smoking the pipe of peace. Aleck Guthrie, son of the guide, and a youth that yearned for a glimpse of the outside world, sat a little apart from the others, and, as he had done every night, stared in wide-eyed, speculative wonder at the alert, quick-spoken youths from Boston.

Joe Mitchell shifted his position and tried to divert his mind by throwing bits of curling birch bark into the fire. Ernest stirred uneasily and murmured, half aloud: "Ten whole days and not a solitary one have we seen!"

"And the woods fairly alive with cow-moose, too!" murmured Joe. "That's what makes it the more aggravating. If the law would only permit us to take a shot at one of them!"

"Why," interrupted the guide, "you fellows ought not complain. You've shot a deer, and have had partridges galore—which is not too bad for a first season."

Joe, who had shot the deer, smiled with some degree of satisfaction, but Ernest continued his lamentation:—"Hang it all! it was moose we came for and, and it is moose we want."

"Oh, well," Guthrie went on, "do as many other sportsmen do: you can buy a nice pair of antlers down at the Indian village for about ten dollars. There's really no need for going home empty-handed."

"Oh, fudge!" sniffed Ernest, disdainfully. "For my part I carry back no trophy I did not capture myself."

"Same here!" explained Joe, springing to his feet. "And come, let's go to bed."

All hands thereupon bestirred themselves; each contributed an armful of wood to the big fire, and in ten minutes every man was rolled in his blanket.

In the morning when Ernest awoke, and peeped out of the tent the first grey of dawn was showing over the shoulder of Bald Mountain. He lay for a moment nursing the disappointment that was his first thought. For ten successive mornings they had risen early and gone with the guide along the path that led around to the south shore of the lake, where the moose were accustomed to come down to drink. Often they had seen cow-moose; sometimes only one, other times two or more, accompanied by their awkward-limbed calves. But, alas! to get a glimpse of the great antlered male had never been their good fortune. Guthrie had trumpeted in vain through his birch-bare megaphone, but never was there an answering call.

To-day they were to break camp and begin the journey home.

The thought that there was yet one more chance came to Ernest like a revelation. Why not arouse Joe and they two start out alone on one last visit to the drinking place? He lost no time in laying plans and gave his companion a vigorous poke in the ribs.

Joe grunted and rolled over sleepily, but was wide-awake in a moment, and ready to join his friend in the last venture. Peeping out from their own tent all seemed quiet about that of the Guthries.

In a few minutes the two strode silently forth and set off on the path through the woods. There it was still dark as night, but when they came to the lake shore again a faint glimmer of red showed under the clouds in the east.

Concealing themselves in an alder thicket within fifty feet of where many hoof-prints marked the drinking place, the young men composed themselves to wait.

They had not arrived too soon, for directly the sharp crackle of dry reeds and the swish of underbrush sounded, and the great head and antlers of a magnificent bull appeared in the opening. For an instant it gazed steadily forward, its great muzzle quivering, its sensitive nostrils whiffing for the scent of danger. Just at that moment the first yellow ray from the rising sun shot across the lake, and the proud beast stood full in the golden light, with ears whisking this way and that, while it turned its gaze toward the glorious sunrise. Then with head thrust forward, until level with the wide-spreading antlers, the beast stood with half closed eyes and drew mighty draughts of the crisp morning air, exhaling the warm breaths in curling columns of vapor. For a moment thus—then a mighty bellow bursting forth from the cavernous lungs echoed and re-echoed from shore to shore, and the moose, gracefully lowering his head, drank deep of the sparkling water of the lake.

The hunters had been fumbling clumsily with guns as they knelt side by side in the bushes. Ernest found it impossible to hold his rifle at arm's length, and looking into his companion's face, wondered if his own was as white. Breath came in fluttering gasps, and he felt the cold sweet gathering in beads on his forehead.

As the moose took in long, sucking draughts of the cool water, its broad side presented toward the young men, Ernest felt that for very shame he must pull the trigger, and wondered why Joe did not fire. But his nerveless finger pressed the cold mental vainly. Nearly frenzied with excitement, he took fresh breath and more careful aim, the unwilling finger again pressed the trigger, and—crak!

A twig had snapped somewhere in the bushes behind, and Ernest, startled, dropped his gun with a loud clatter upon the gravel at his feet. The moose wheeled about on its hind legs, facing the direction when the noise proceeded, snorted, and stamped angrily, its heavy, bristly mane rising and falling; then it wheeled again and loped leisurely away into the bushes.

For the space of a full minute the two

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hunters stared stupidly in the direction the moose had gone. Then they turned and gazed wonderingly into each other's faces. Both rifles had fallen to the ground when the moose made off, and they eyed the weapons sheepishly.

Ernest was the first to break the silence. "H-how stupid of me!" he stammered. "But, Joe! I could not—simply could not hold that gun, and that's all there is about it."

"Say, old man!" croaked Joe hysterically, quite ignoring the other's apology, "wasn't it fine? Wasn't it great? That grand figure standing there so alert, so full of life and glorious freedom was a beautiful living picture. My! what stateliness; what grace and strength combined!"

"Shoot him? Why, man alive, it would be—"

"Murder!"

"Yes, murder in cold blood. Indeed, it would be as easy to draw a bead on your own bared breast as to pull a trigger on that kindly presence."

"But for goodness sake, Joe, let's not tell the guide." Ernest was beginning to feel chagrined rather than disappointed. Knowing that already the olden hunter considered him a greenhorn, he desired to shield himself and his friend from the scorn he believed Guthrie would feel for them.

"No, indeed, I'll not tell Guthrie; and don't you dare yawp about it to the folks at home either."

"Say, do you suppose anybody else ever felt as we did just at that moment? Ernest asked.

"Ha-ha! Sure they have, lads!" It was Guthrie's voice, and both turned to behold his smiling visage peering from bushes behind them. It had been his footstep that startled Ernest when he was about to fire. Evidently Guthrie had watched the whole proceeding. "Why, sure boys, it takes a man of cold blood and no heart to shoot a big bull moose on first sight."—Witness.

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When she appeared some time later the mistress of the house descended to the kitchen and was greatly edified by the woman's explanation.

"No'm"—carefully removing a hat ornamented by a voluminous black veil, "I wa'n't sick. I had to stay home to receive my diseased brother's remainders that was sent from Pittsburg day before yisterday."—Leicester K. Davis.

A gentleman riding in a railroad train was impressed with two passengers, one a pretty, delicate-appearing young lady and the other a plain-faced maid. While the mistress was at dinner the gentleman remarked to the maid in a tone of great sympathy.

"Your young lady seems very ill."
"Yes, sir; she suffers sadly."
"Consumption I should fear?"
"No, sir; I am sorry to say it is of the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"
"Oh, no, sir! It is only a lieutenant in the navy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Bread.

Every family in the East still prepare their own bread every day. After the wheat flour is taken from the hand mill, it is made into a paste in a wooden dish or leather bag. Then the leaven, piece of dough left over from a former baking, is mixed with it and it is allowed to stand until it has risen. It is then made into thin flat cakes, or small round loaves about the size of a large bun. If the family have no oven, they send their dough to the baker, and he keeps a small portion of the bread for baking it. Among wandering tribes the oven is a portable vessel of earthenware or copper, or they make a shallow hole in the ground and heat it with dry brushwood, with pebbles on the top. After the fire has burned out, the coles and pebbles are removed, the dough is placed in the hole, with the pebbles over the top, and it is left there through the night. Some poor people have a hole in the middle of the floor, covered with an iron plate, in which they bake, and the warmth from this is very grateful in the winter. Sometimes the baking is done on the surface of the ground by raking off the coals of a fire, laying the dough on the heated spot, and spreading the coals over it.

Rather Lively.

A story is being told in Toronto which may have done service in many towns and times. The distress usually suffered by the unemployed during the winter months has aroused much sympathy and many spare dollars have been devoted to the cause of those in want. A lady of tender heart, who has done more than her share of slumming was appealed to in a heartrending fashion by a woman whose husband had died. The applicant for funds stated that there was no money for funeral expenses and the lady of the tender heart promised to make an effort to collect funds. After two hours vigorous canvass of her friends, she went to the small becraped shack with a considerable sum of money, for which the distressed widow was profoundly grateful. After the benefactress had left, she suddenly discovered the absence of her muff and hurried back to the house, entering unannounced the room where the sheeted corpse had lain. What was her consternation to find the corpse sitting upright, calmly counting the contribution of his funeral expenses.

A preacher in the Isle of Man, discourses upon the author of Paradise Lost, exclaimed: "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans!"

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What He Said.

"Now, children, suppose your parents always say grace."
"Please, mum, what's them?" asked an over-grown girl.
"Why, Maggie," exclaimed the teacher, "doesn't your father say something before you begin to eat?"
"Yes, mum, he does. He always says, 'Don't make pigs of yourselves! That's all the butter there is in the house.'"

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