

The Carleton Sentinel.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1903.

WHOLE No. 2958.

The Antlered Monarch of the Waste.

Rev. J. H. A. Anderson writes of a Moose Hunt in the Wilds of New Brunswick.

I found myself one of a party of four, who left Bristol early Monday morning, Sept. 14th, to hunt moose in the forests of the Miramichi. There were A. J. McLean and George Colwell of Bristol, Hugh Tweedie of Wicklow and myself. We represented varied types of amateur hunters. Tweedie had in times past shot a moose, McLean and Colwell had both hunted and seen a real live one, while I had neither hunted, seen, nor shot.

Over the hills to Glassville, then through a comparatively level and well farmed country, till we came to "Staten's." Here we dined and rested—where we should do either again was an uncertainty. But we were off again out through Beaufort, beyond the confines of habitation; over roads part corduroy, part water, part hill, we penetrated the forest, following an old "port-ash road," as the lumbermen say.

Lee's Camp—and as bad luck would have it, just here the pole of our wagon broke in two, but "Mac" was equal to the occasion. He had brought a box of tools with him and with skillful use of bolts, his wire and wedges, the pole soon became a fixture again, and we resumed our toilsome journey up stream. Half-way up we pass two other parties tented—hunters like ourselves. These were Vernon Nicholson of Florenceville, the Lee boys from Beaufort, and Harrison Stokoe with his party from Bloomfield. What would the poor moose do on the morrow? Indeed I am not so sure that he would be perfectly safe in the open to-day, with all these loaded rifles.

On post then, a mile perhaps, and our wagon pole broke again. This time mending is a longer, harder process; but nothing like this can daunt a blacksmith with his traveling forge, and we are soon racking along to our destination. They tell us there is a camp ahead. We believe them and trudge on, until after the sun has set and twilight is just deepening into night, Tweedie and I who compose the vanguard sight the camp—"Craig's camp" it is—and soon we all call a halt here to spend the night, say several nights, for we haven't tramped 30 miles on such a road to go right back to-morrow. The horses are unhitched and stabled comfortably for the night; our bones of provision are carried into the camp; a fire is lighted in the old sheet-iron stove, left here by some good "American," the tea kettle is soon merrily singing, sandwiches and cake are set upon an old door which forms our table, and with these and George's strong tea we break our long fast. The old bunks are made into beds for the night and "Mac" as master of ceremonies gives us our marching orders for the morning. A poor night's rest is broken off between three and four o'clock next morning by "Mac" calling "Up boys!" So after some turning and groaning the boys "up" and breakfast. Rifle in hand, with bated breath and the consciousness that this is real hunting, we set off in the dark lonely wood to track our way to "upper deadwater"—there we must be nicely settled at daybreak when the moose comes out to drink or seek his water. A long hard tramp and we are there. Each one of us has his rifle all ready to greet "the antlered monarch of the forest" with a charge of deadly bullets, each one bound to do his best and sure of having some fresh moose steak to cook for dinner. But what's that doleful sound? A death knell? No—that is what "Mac" intends for a moose call. It isn't likely that any cow moose ever called like that, but none of us heard one, so it passes. We watch and wait and listen, but all is still and silent in the whitening gray of the early dawn. An hour passes, two hours—George, not blessed with the patience of Job sets off back to the camp to catch some trout in the stream that flows by, so we may have something fresh for dinner. We three, tired of sitting, wander around, crouch under trees follow moose trails, and then go back to camp for dinner—hunting moose isn't all shooting.

The afternoon brings no better luck. What a training in patience! We return to camp in the evening to find that another party has settled down just beside us. They are Jas. Barter sr, James Barter jr and his wife from Avondale, Mrs. Kyle from Woodstock, Amasa Plummer, wife and two children, Helen and Ray from Hartland. Now we are twelve in all, and mutually glad of each other's company "we are tenting to-

night on the same camp-ground." Of course one of the first things we do is to compare rifles, each one of course having some special tale to tell of the excellence of his own, each satisfied after examination that his own rifle is the best.

The night came on. We of the first party retired to rest (?) in the old bunks of the loggers' camp, they of the second party lay peacefully under a new canvas tent, now for the first time under trial. The night's rest was broken by a thunderstorm. It is a lonely thing—a thunderstorm in the heart of the woods at dead of night: to see the subtle flash of light pierce its way through the many chinks and open seams of the fog cabin until for a second all is light and then all is dark again, with a darkness made awful by the sudden break and approaching roll of the thunder. But the rain—drip, drip, drip—it has found the holes in the roof and down it comes. One can listen with pleasure to the "patter of the soft rain on the roof," but this is on our faces and we grumble.

George and Tweedie have rolled off the upper bunk taking their blankets with them, and are crouched together in the lower bunk in the hope that they will escape the flood, while "Mac" and I huddle ourselves together in all imaginable shapes, resolved to brave it out until the rain is overpast and gone. What an awful time Noah would have had during all that Flood, had the ark been leaky like our "little old log cabin"! But we make the best of it. From our bunk there peals forth, partly in defiance of the thunder roar and partly to give vent to a little bit of homesickness, the old familiar strains of "Home Sweet Home." We were told in the morning that our music sounded strangely sweet as it was borne into the neighboring tent amid the darkness of the lonely midnight hour.

But we are up and—no, not dressed for we have never undressed. Breakfast is again eaten, a plain, homely, but not homelike meal. The Barter party have their women with them and even in the bare, bleak forests the woman's touch can make a bare board a king's table, and scanty fare a dainty meal.

The day's programme is just the same as before. We go tramping off to 'deadwater' and return with as much game as well, as we started with. Those who remain in camp pass away the time in reading some odd bits of stories. We long anxiously for a daily paper, for we haven't heard a whisper of what the outside world is doing since early Monday morning, and then we left it asleep. Now we are thirsty for news. How in the world do the faithful, hard-working lumberman spend days, weeks and months in the lumber camps in the depth of winter, hearing but little and that at long and irregular intervals, of what the old world is doing as she moves on her weary, ceaseless march! Think of them, gentle reader, and let the faithful brother, husband, father, "somebody's darling", away off in the lonely camps, be cheered by a bit of news, a good story book, a piece of good, solid, thought-producing, soul-inspiring literature. There are scores of men in these camps during the long winter months who need and crave just such mind and soul food as you and I might send them. Some of us remarked how small a place after all we filled in the big, big world. Here we were away in the depths of the wood, and yet the old world was going on her way outside, and the countless interests of civilization were being attended to just as well, perhaps better, than if we had not left them. Sometimes we think we are doing a mighty work somewhere, that things could hardly move along without us, but we pass out and the world goes on as ever.

Wednesday evening James Barter, jr, and his wife, who is an expert with the rifle took it in their heads to spend the night in the open, up at 'deadwater' and wait for the moose. So off they started ("good luck to you" we said) on their tramp of a mile and a half carrying food and wrappings for a night in the woods. At the camp when night came on we gathered together, first in the log cabin, then in the canvas tent, and sang the good old songs and hymns. Once when I was at college, at a "breakup" concert one of the boys began to sing "I cannot sing the old songs" and before he was through we all believed him, though we were sure it wasn't because "they were so

dear to him," but we could sing them and did. "Home Sweet Home," "Old Folks at Home," "I am far frae my home," "The sweet by and by," "Jesus Lover of my soul," and such as those made us forget the woods and took us back again in memory to the days that are gone. Talk about your new fangled songs—nothing can equal the good old songs we heard at mother's knee, in the little country church and humble Sabbath school. I am always a little suspicious of the man or the woman who finds no pleasure in the old, but is always seeking something new. Your light jingling airs are all very well if you hear them only once in a while, but it takes the tunes of the good old type with soul in them, to last and call to the depths in a man.

Thursday morning we slept late, slept until the hunters returned to camp with the cheering news "Jim's got a moose!" There now—hadn't we been up early and late, watching for them in dark and daylight; hadn't "Mac" expended all his surplus breath "calling" them while we sat motionless with rifles at full cock ready to fell the first moose that would dare to come out in the open, but we had not had one ray of evidence that a moose lived and roamed within a hundred miles of us. We had toiled for two long days and had taken nothing, and here two had innocently gone out the evening before, making no special effort, losing no sleep, doing no "calling", but coming back to camp early next morning with the news of victory. Barter, sr, ventured to suggest that it was our singing of the night before that brought the moose, but he was soon taken to task for insinuating that we sang like a cow moose, and that was not very complimentary to us. He enjoyed the joke immensely. There was no time for speculating. Up, breakfast and off—all but "Mac", who had taken quite sick in the night and was unfit for locomotion in the morning. How fortunate for him that the camp could provide woman's tender care.

"O woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By its light quivering aspen wade; When pain and anguish bring thee brow A ministering angel thou!"

There lay the antlered monarch of the forest, majestic in death. "How are the mighty fallen!" Plummer was ready on this as on all other occasions with some apt quotation from the poets or the Scriptures—he seemed quite at home in both, and idealized many a commonplace incident by his never failing quotation.

What a picture it would have made! Men, women and children with knives, oars, rifles, an armed and murderous throng, standing around the hunter's prize, sleeping beautiful in death. In the background there was the still water of the lake, and the trees skirting the father shore—the sight of a lifetime! But, alack-a-day! I had left my camera at home. Often did I, during the whole trip, inwardly scold myself for coming away without the one thing that could have immortalized the scenes of our outing. The moose had been laid low by deadly bullets from the well-aimed rifles of James Barter and his wife. "Jim" was the first to fire, and brought him down "in his tracks" with a ball that pierced the spinal column; while in his first struggle, Mrs. Barter had put a bullet through his head at the base of the brain. The moose was theirs, but we all had a share in the skinning, dressing, quartering, lugging and hauling. And such hauling you should have seen it. George was teamster and the old lumber road, from the deadwater to the camp, was beautifully macadamized (?) with rocks, stumps, logs and windfalls. We all believed as we followed after, that no other driver (certainly none in our crowd) could have taken that loaded team out to the camp the way George did. He was with common consent voted "the best teamster on the Miramichi."

We measured our victim, making sure to be very accurate, guarding against the slightest approach to exaggeration. We wanted one moose story to be true. He stood 19 hands high at the shoulder, girthed 82 inches (please don't say 7 feet), measured 9 feet from the tail to the tip of the nose, while his antlers, a beautiful set, spread 41 inches. Thursday night Tweedie and I resolve to lay in wait for the moose this time. We took our little bag of lunch, and no lantern, lest when night comes on we may be tempted to return. There is nothing like burning the bridges behind you when you have crossed the Rubicon. Did you ever lie out all night with no roof over your head but the far-off canopy of heaven? Nature's house has roomy chambers, infinity

is her measuring line. But Thursday night was windy, cloudy, and, long before morning, rainy. Tweedie fell asleep first, and there I was, alone, with the silence of the night broken only by the weird sighing of the wind in the trees, and the snoring of my bedfellow. How timid one gets in such a time! What of a bear or some other beast of prey should be prowling around and scent us for his feast. I reached out my hand again to know the exact angle, and the length of the shorted line to my loaded rifle. It was my best friend in the dark and dangerous wood.

Had I forgotten the Eye that sees His creatures in the dark or in the light, and the arm of the shepherd that folds the lamb to His breast and carries it in His bosom so that no evil may come to it. But the rain came on, and the umbrella with a hole in the roof, soon let the water run over us until when gray morning came, we were wet to the skin. We had watched for the moose, we had called for him, we had lain out for him, but on this the last morning of our stay we had to wend our way back to camp without a greeting from the monarch of the realm into which we had entered unbidden. Our last look, our last call, our last returning tramp—our hunt was over and we had sought but had not found.

This morning we must separate. They of the second party are going to stay until the first of the week, but we must be home to-night. We are packed and ready to start, and that means we must leave behind the friends we have made in the woods, and whose good fellowship we have so much enjoyed. We plan that next Fall will find us all back again, and every man will take his wife with him—the "boys" will still go along to drive and do the chores. A jolly good time we had! We stand around the wagon and sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "God be with you till we meet again." We shake hands in good-by and best wishes, feeling that on the moose trail we have come to know and appreciate one another as we never could out where the conversation of society veils us, the one from the other and often from oneself. We met in the camp as strangers; we parted that Friday morning as friends. But the news has come to us since that the sun of Friday had barely set when James Barter, sr., and Amasa Plummer had captured another moose. What proud victors they were! They came, they saw, they conquered, and while we and all the others who camped on Tag Brook, beside many who had set down elsewhere returned with nothing, the Barter-Plummer party took home with them two moose as trophies of their hunt. Everything comes to those who wait.

When you go hunting moose, don't go tramping up and down looking for them, but get down in some likely spot out of sight and wait—then you will get the moose first as the Barters and the Plummers do.

J. H. A.

Wait Till You See Us Next Year.

THE BANK DEBIT BALANCE WILL BE SO LARGE AT THE END OF THE YEAR THAT THE NEW COUNCILLORS WILL HAVE TO START OUT WITH AN ASSESSMENT THAT WILL PARALYZE THE TAX-PAYERS

COUN. DIBBLEE, On Sept. 11th.

Presentation to Miss Calder.

Miss Addie Calder, of Lower Woodstock, is about to move to Woodstock. In view of this fact, a number of her friends called upon her on Monday evening and presented her with a handsome gift and the following address:—

Dear Miss Calder:—

In view of the fact that you are soon going to leave Lower Woodstock to enter upon and assume new responsibilities, and as you have endeared yourself to us by your earnest and unflinching co-operation in all Sunday school and church work, we who remain here feel with keen regret the loss we are about to sustain, and though we submit to the inevitable it is with the firm knowledge that you will continue to carry on the Master's work, and let the light of your exertions shine even unto the perfect day.

And now on behalf of your fellow workers in the Sunday School, I present you with this token of their esteem, and trust that in the future it may serve to remind you of your friends in this place of the sentiment expressed to-night.

To keep irons from sticking to starched pieces, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface and rub them well over it.

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COUN. DIBBLEE, On Sept. 11th.

PAUL JIM BOBS UP.

Mister Editor:—

I'm off glad there's sumbuddy else after that feller Dibblee. It would take me and Long Tom and half a dozen moortoms to keep track of him. They all say he kin go moor difrent waze at once and turn moor sharp korners than any one else whais in the suer pipe business. He's all the time makin nice speeches in the Counsel meetings that wood make anybuddy what didnt no him think he was a reglar patryit. You remember what he sed when he was put on what they coll the Skot Ackt kommittee. This is what he sed then, "I konsider it my dooty to serve on enny kommittee what I'm put on and I'm agoin too do mi dooty in the intrest of the Town as I aint got no axe to grind." At the next meetin he better tell how he has dun his dooty. Its hardly safe for wimmin to go down town after dark so meny drunk people around. But then you no Mister Gardin says a feller what is a counsellor and dus a lot of work for the town orter have his pay, and praps there's sum conneshun between gittin their pay and other people gittin drunk. An-ther time you no Mister Dibblee sed the bank fellers told him they hadnt orter brake the law by over-drawn morein \$5000, and then he proceeds to do his dooty by sayin that if the people wout pay there taxes, when the \$7000 limit is reached all work shud seas instantly. Now that sounded good and was all rite, but it was only wind. He never intended to see it was dun. Mister Gardin will be most as good as Mister Dibblee when he has a little moor pracktee. You no he sed the taxes wood have to be collected, or the town go out of biness. That sounds most as good as what Dibblee sed dont it.

I gess Mister Dibblee had a moment of weekness at one of there last meetins. This is what he sed then, "The bank debit balance will be so large at the end of the year that the new counsellors will have to start out with an assessment what will paralyze the taxpayers." Now thats just what will happen if sumbuddy dont git after them with that in-junkshun.

There is a lot moore I could tell you about the way Shazey green is squanderin monney on the town hall and about how they let Chip sue the fellers what didnt pay there taxes when there wasnt enny need of it, only I gess thay thot it was there dooty to help Chip out. Just wate till Chip puts in his bill and see if you dont think I am rite. You no the town can issue exekushins without suing.

Say can you tell me hoo is marshill and Skot Ackt Inspektor now? That's one thing I dont no. Thay say Mister Gibson was so disgusted with the way thay made him run the Skot Ackt that he woodent be there tool enny longer so he took to the woods; that's why he resined. Now I'll tell you why he dident. This is how it was. Mister Dibblee promist Urijah what he wood vote for him, but of course he didnt intend to, so he took to the woods the day thay was to do the votin but Mister Jones thot he was goin to put Mister Dibblee in a hole suer so he had the votin put off till the next meetin. So when Mister Dibblee got back he saw he was up agin it suer, so thay got the hed boss of the tory orgin to go to Mister Gibson and tell him that it was in the intrest of the tory party for him to take his resyguation back. Some people said there was a hole in the Mayers pocket and that he lost the resyguation, but you see that wasn't so. It was dun in the intrest of the tory partee. You no everything has to be run in the intrest of the torys. Thats the way it was with the thirteen fellers Chip sude in the Kounty Kort. Four of them bein grits he gits out exekushins and givs them to the Sheriff to collect.

The uther fellers bein torys, it woodnt do to give the Sheriff exekushins agin them. Thay jist let them go or settle up and take notes and so forth. You heard about the Grit they gut the Town Treasurer to issue the exekushin agin when thay ode him moorin his taxes came too.

Yours trooly,
PAUL JIM.

JOTTINGS.

John Gibson, until recently marshal, has gone to the woods for the winter.

Found on Connell street, a gold brooch. Call at this office for particulars.

October 8th will be a big day at Debec, when the annual exhibition will be held.

Headquarters for heavy Groceries, Lime, Brick and Hardware in Hartland, is at Carr's.

On the thirteenth of the present month the election of County Councillors will take place.

There will be a special meeting of the Prize List Committee at the Record Office to-morrow afternoon.

Clapboards and laths for sale by the Woodstock Woodworking Company, Green street, near the college school.

Rev. Z. L. Fash will return to-day from his vacation and will conduct the services as usual in the Albert Street Church on Sunday.

Ex-Coun. John A. Lindsay will not be a candidate in the approaching municipal election, although he has been urged to enter the contest.

Earle Hay will sever his connection with the barber shop of N. D. Lister, on Saturday, and on Monday will accept a position as clerk in a store at McAdam.

The ladies of the Methodist congregation held another of their highly successful suppers in the vestry on Tuesday evening. The affair was a great success.

The *Delineator* comes to hand this month as interesting and useful as ever. In its various departments we doubt the existence of an equal at the same price.

Mered Brewer returned on Monday from a trip to Fredericton, where he was called by the serious illness of his sister, who is now improving somewhat in health.

Don't forget the big slaughter sale going on daily in the Tracey store, Hartland; also the auction every Saturday evening. A little money goes a long way there.

Rev. A. J. Prosser has accepted the pastorate of the Hartland Free Baptist church and will take up his work at once. His last station was Campbell, Charlotte Co.

Save Money. For new and fresh groceries call at Campbell's. He keeps nothing but the best. On cash orders amounting to \$5 and upwards valuable prizes are given.—36-1f.

If you are thinking of taking out fire, life or accident insurance consult J. W. Astle. He can give you just what you desire at reasonable rates and without unnecessary delays.

At the SENTINEL office you may procure deeds, mortgages, bills of sale, tax notices, district assessment lists, county court forms and all ordinary legal blanks at low prices. Mail orders carefully filled.

An overcoat belonging to some person was left at the Secretary's office during the Exhibition. The owner may have same by calling upon J. Rankin Brown at his office in the Opera House Block.

The present time is a good opportunity to send along your subscription or renewal to the SENTINEL. We will give you the paper free until the first of the year, dating all new subscriptions paid up to Jan. 1st, 1905.

Ald. Alex. W. McRae of St. John was a visitor in town this week. He carefully examined the new automatic telephone system installed by the Union Telephone Co. It is said that the automatic system may soon be installed in St. John.

Wedding stationery, latest styles, statements, bill heads, at-home cards, marriage announcements or wedding invitations, menus, dance programmes, visiting cards, anything from a large poster to the smallest card, artistically printed, in quick time and at lowest prices, at the SENTINEL office.

Mrs. Wm. Loane has one of the best millinery stores in the province. It is in the new Lindsay building, near the town hall, next door to Corkery's meat market. Intending purchasers will find stylish and seasonable goods at very low prices. Call and inspect the many lines of new goods just being opened up.

C M Sherwood would call particular attention to his fine line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and children's new ready made clothing. While he attaches special importance to the style and quality of his late importations of British goods for Ladies and children, he is no less sanguine in regard to the superior values of men's Canadian clothing, of which he is now opening large quantities.