

AFTER ANTLERED GAME.

GOOD SHOOTING NOW IN NEW BRUNSWICK WILDS.

American Sportsmen Among the Most Successful of Those in Quest of the Antlered Game—Some Instances of Surprising Good Luck—Five Foot Heads Scarce.

FREDERICTON N. B., Oct. 25.—Less than half of the open season for big game in this province has elapsed, but the game trophies already taken out by American sportsmen have made a most impressive moving picture. Even the remarkable percentage of success noted in 1898 has been surpassed. It is estimated that not less than 95 percent of those who came to New Brunswick this season to hunt the monarch moose secured their prize. The large number of moose killed the past three seasons, while not apparently affecting the supply, has clearly led to a diminution of record heads. It is the big bulls that show the least fear of man. It is they also, that are the most sought after. The result is that while four foot heads seem to be as numerous as ever the five-foot head is a rarity indeed. Up to the present time only one moose has been killed this year with a spread of over five feet. This prize fell to the rifle of Guy Saunders of Woodstock as the result of a four days hunt at the left hand branch of the Tobique. The exact measurement of the horns was 5 feet 2 inches.

The usual number of curious mishaps and windfalls of fortune are recorded. It may be safely said of moose hunting in general that there is nothing certain about it except its uncertainty. B. D. C. Foskett of New York will verify this statement. Mr. Foskett hunted most faithfully for his moose for ten days in the region of Grand John Lake. Signs were numerous, but the actual animal failed to materialize until one sunny afternoon when, like a statue of ebony against a background of green, Mr. Foskett's moose was revealed down the shadowy perspective of the tote-road. Mr. Foskett aimed carefully for the shoulder of the apparition but the hammer fell without report. He had unaccountably failed to place a cartridge in the barrel. At the click of the hammer the moose started. Mr. Foskett then shoved in a cartridge from the magazine and hastily fired. Scrutiny of the ground revealed blood on both sides of the path taken by the fleeing animal showing that the bullet had passed clear through his body. The trail was followed eagerly. After a time, however, it became lost among the tracks of other moose the blood signs ceased, and both guide and sportsmen gave up the search. Mr. Foskett went home without his moose. A week later he learned that a local physician, Dr. Morehouse, while hunting in the same locality, had come upon the moose stone dead. The head was a handsome one and it is pleasing to record that the physician lost no time in forwarding the trophy to its rightful owner.

At Island Lake, which is at the head of the right hand branch of the Tobique, an unusual experience befell W. Garrison Reid of Boston. One evening as he was drifting down the thoroughfare with his guide in a bark canoe, the moon being bright and the wind having died away, the guide decided to vary the usual programme by trying the Caribou call. This is fully as effective a means of luring the caribou to his doom as the moose call is in the case of the bull moose, the only barrier to complete success being that the caribou must be close or he will not hear the summons. The caribou call is merely a brief, asthmatic bark or cough, totally unlike the long loud wail of the cow moose. At the guide's first call, however, on the occasion in question, Mr. Reid was agreeably surprised to hear the answering grunt of a caribou. The animal came to the water side without delay and soon his long shapely antlers could be seen in the moonlight, although his body was invisible in the bushy gloom. Mr. Reid's third shot, under these somewhat adverse conditions, brought the caribou down and he tumbled in the shallow water along the shore, driving his antlers deeply into the muddy bottom.

Now, the unusual, almost unprecedented feature of Mr. Reid's experience, is that two evenings after this the guide called up a bull moose which was laid low at Mr. Reid's third shot, under the same adverse conditions of light and shadow as before, and the animal, on receiving his death wound, crashed forward and fell into the water not six feet from the resting place of the caribou.

To Fred Talcott of Providence belongs an honor that few sportsmen can rightfully claim to possess—that of having called up as well as shot his moose. Mr. Talcott went out one afternoon alone on a small beaver meadow in the Indiantown country, and about sundown heard an answer to his call far away in a swamp. The moose came along, smashing the trees at intervals, and reached the edge of the meadow

after dark. There he paused and listened for a long time, while the breathless hunter awaited his coming. Fearing to sound the horn at so short a range, Mr. Talcott crawled into a small brook and splashed the water about like a wading animal. That brought the bull with a rush until his form could be seen in relief against the clouded sky. Mr. Talcott hesitated, hoping for a side shot while the muffled moose roared his disapproval. Instead of showing himself early, however, the moose, having caught, perhaps, a whiff of human scent, stole away like a phantom, crossed the brook to Mr. Talcott's side and disappeared in the darkness. The next morning Mr. Talcott went back to the same place, and in half an hour called the moose up again and killed him. This moose had a fifty-inch spread and stood six feet seven inches at the shoulder.

The biggest moose that has been taken out of the Canadian country for some years fell to the rifle of Dr. J. G. Van Vechten, coronor of Oneonta, N. Y. This moose was killed under circumstances that illustrate the wonderful range of the birchen horn when wielded by a skilful caller. The Doctor's guide was the renowned Milicete chief, Jim Paul. From a healthy tussock at the end of the barren Jim began to call at sundown. The barren was three miles in length. At the third or fourth call the Doctor, whose ear was keener than Jim's, detected an unusual sound, resembling the distant stroke of an axe at the foot of a dead tree. When Jim's attention was called to it he pronounced it at once the grunt of a bull moose, on a high ridge at the foot of the barren, and more than three miles away. In just an hour the moose, advancing steadily, reached the masked battery on the tussock. It was then almost dark. At the Doctor's first shot the moose simply shook his head and grunted. The second shot he acknowledged in the same way though both of these struck him in vital points. Too late the fearless old patriarch decided to retreat; a third bullet pierced his shoulder and he collapsed in a grove of stunted spruce. The Doctor had only been on the hunting grounds three days when he secured the prize. The antlers were very handsome and measured fifty-two inches across the points.

A unique experience was that which befell J. H. Ross of Chicago, and two Minneapolis friends while encamped at the mouth of Otter brook a branch of Cains river. Their luck had been indifferent and they were preparing to break camp for the settlement. As they were taking their last breakfast of woodland fare they were startled by a tremendous splashing in the river. Seizing their rifles and running down the path, they met almost face to face a herd of caribou charging desperately up the bank. At sight of the Western folks the caribou halted and formed a circle of staring eyes and heaving flanks. Mr. Ross and his friends promptly opened fire and lowered three fine bucks to the ground. As the herd turned and disappeared in the woods a renewed splashing was heard in the river. Proceeding to the bank, Mr. Ross and his

friends beheld the author of the recent stampede, a huge black bear, trying to clamber up the opposite bluff. Bruin also was brought to camp as a trophy.

There is only one case of luck related that fairly outshines that of these Western people. In this instance the fortunate sportsman, A. P. Hilson, also hailed from Chicago. He hunted in the R-stigouche country on the borders of Quebec. In one day's hunting Mr. Hilson secured a large bull moose, a bull caribou and an old black bear.

MECHANICAL TOYS.

A Wonderful and Attractive Display of Things Ingenious and Beautiful.

Mechanical toys are shown this season in more marvellous variety than ever before, and in greater beauty; and at all sorts of prices, from 25 cents up to \$150. The last named price is the cost of a mechanical athlete, who puts up a big dumbbell. The figure is about eighteen inches in height supported upon a base a foot or more square, and perhaps six inches in length, which contains the machinery and a music box. Lying upon this base at the athlete's feet, is a great dumbbell, of the kind and weight that strong men put up.

The athlete is clad in gray-colored silks, such as he might wear in an exhibition on the stage, he makes a slight and graceful figure, and presently he shows that he has great strength, as well. When this toy is started the music begins and plays a little first, and then, presently, the athlete bends over to pick up the great dumbbell. Reaching down with calm deliberation he grasps the handle, and then, gathering himself together, he lifts the dumbbell clear off the ground, the music all this time, keeping on playing.

Straightening himself up with it he holds the great weight for a brief moment with his arm straight down and then he braces himself to raise it higher. He brings it up waist high and then carries it up to his shoulder, and then after a moment's pause he puts the giant dumbbell up, slowly but surely, to the full height of his extended arm. After holding it there for a moment he lowers it again, and lets it down by his side once more, and, bending with it he places it firmly again on the ground, and then straightens himself up into his original pose and then the music ceases. There is nothing jerky or clock-worky about the figure's movements. The entire action is intensely human, even to the manner in which, at one or two points in the progress of the feat, it closes its eyes, in the stress of effort. It is a wonderful toy, one that fixes the attention of everybody who sees it.

There is a gymnastic bear that performs feats while standing at the top of a ladder, and there are various figures of tight-rope walkers, that walk from one end to the other of a tight rope and then back again. There is a figure of a pretty little girl holding in one hand a tiny cup from which she is supposed to drink chocolate, while in the other hand she holds a piece of bread. The little girl's dog sits up at a chair close

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by, looking at her. When this figure is started the little girl takes a sip of chocolate from the cup and then the little dog barks; he wants some bread and then the kind little girl gives him some. As the athlete that puts up the big dumbbells is the most wonderful of the toys, perhaps the most beautiful and charming is found in a gilded cage with a singing bird. The cage is full size, round in form, and with the wires bending inward to form a dome-shaped top. The base of the cage, ornamented with embossed figures, and fully gilded is four or five inches in height. The cage itself is an artistic creation, most pleasing to the eye, and within this gold cage sits a lovely little bird, a robin, that sings most charmingly. It waggles its little tail, and throws its head to one side and looks at you with its bright little eyes, and sings the robin's notes: and high or low they are clear, and true and natural. And this bird doesn't sing its song like a clock-work bird, but like a real bird. It stops entirely and you think its song has ceased; but then it starts up again just as a bird would, with its clear bright beautiful notes. A most lovely toy, and it seems cheap at the price, \$54 but, like many articles of utility in these modern days, so these things of luxury are comparatively cheaper than they were years ago; and all these various toys, indeed, that represent animals and birds, including the cheaper ones as well as the more costly, are besides made nowadays more and more like nature.

Here is a pig that blows soap bubbles; really and truly soap bubbles. It stands up on its hind legs and holds in front of itself with one of its fore feet a basin filled with soapuds, which can be replenished as the playful pig exhales it. In its other fore foot, used as a hand, the pig holds a pipe. When this figure is set in motion the pig bends over and, holding one end of the pipe in its mouth, it dips the other end in the soapy water and draws in sufficient of it for the purpose, and then straightens up again, inclines its head to one side and blows a bubble; about as big in proportion to its size as the bubble a child would blow would be in proportion to its. The pig can't blow away the bubble from the pipe itself, but the child that owns it can, and the little bubble will float off, and the pig will keep on blowing them. A curious and

humorous toy, the pig that blows soap bubbles; it cost, \$8.

There are rabbits that jump up out of cabbage, and out of roses, and chrysanthemums, and there is a monkey that tosses a ball from side to side, dancing meanwhile on the floor. There are all kinds of animals to be found among these mechanical toys, bears and rabbits and dogs and cats and cows and sheep and so on, covered with the natural skin, and having either voice or motion or both, or having some other natural characteristic; as for instance, there are toy cows that can be milked. These various nature like animals are sold at all sorts of prices, ranging down to \$1 and up to \$65, that being the price of a life-size donkey with a most natural voice.

Among multitudinous other miscellaneous mechanical toys here is a little laundry, in which five fluffy little dogs appear, with varied laundry apparatus. When a crank is turned on this toy a music box sounds, the dogs go to work in the laundry—some of them washing, some ironing and some hanging up clothes on a clothes rack. There are many toys that go while you play them. Here, for instance is a garden party of dogs and cats, some eating, some dancing; here is one dog taking a photograph of two other dogs.

Among the mechanical dolls is a little girl in a yellow satin dress, trimmed with pearls, standing at a dressing table upon which there are seen various toilet accessories. The little girl holds in one hand a hand mirror, and in the other a powder puff. This is an automatic toy that goes itself when you start it, and it has a music box attachment that goes at the same time. When this toy has been set in motion the little girl lifts the hand mirror and looks at herself in it, and then drops the hand and raises the other and then touches her face with the powder puff in the place where the mirror had told her it was required. There are many mechanical dolls and at a great variety of prices, costly and cheap.

Among cheaper mechanical toys of metal there is a great assortment, including animals, and vehicles, and men, and so on. Here is a very pretty singing bird and cage for \$1; here is a dark sitting on a chair playing a banjo, price 50 cents; there are plenty of mechanical toys for less than that, as there are many that cost more; but the variety of the cheap mechanical toys is now practically endless.

There are seen this season mechanical cars fashioned after the electric vehicles, these being made in various sizes and sold at various prices. Of mechanical trains on tracks there is as usual a great variety, and at various prices, from \$1 up. There are produced in these days not only trains but complete track outfits, with switches and sidings, and with tunnels and bridges, and railroad stations and so on. Many of these appurtenances may be bought separately. As, for instance, there is sold this year a toy railroad station, electric lighted, the light being controlled by a switch. There are switch lights and other outdoor lights that can be managed in the same manner.

Among locomotive and other engines of various kinds, worked by clockwork or by steam, there are many varieties at \$1 and less; there are large sized, carefully constructed and finely finished toy engines that run up as high in price as \$80. There may be found, and many of them at low prices, a great variety of mechanical attachments and appliances of one sort and another, as hoisting apparatus and so on.

There are this year among mechanical toys more boats than ever, and better modelled; some actuated by clockwork and some by steam. Among the vessels, there are many war boats, these including, painted in the color in which they are actually seen in service, the long, lean, sharp torpedo boats.

A wonderful and attractive display they make, the mechanical toys.

Handsome War Maps Free.

Canadians are showing a keen interest in the Transvaal war. The "Family Herald and Weekly Star" of Montreal, have placed their readers in a position to intelligently understand the situation by sending each reader of that great paper a handsome colored map, with complete information regarding all points mentioned in despatches. This map will be followed up by another to be issued by the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" to its readers at the close of the present troubles; a comparison of the two will clearly show what Great Britain has gained by the war. "Family Herald" subscribers will no doubt appreciate the publishers' generosity, which cost, it is said, thousands of dollars. The "Family Herald" seems never to forget their subscribers. It is no wonder they have such a large number.



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