

GEORGE T. ALLEN, PENNIAC GUIDE, COOKED FOR A CAMPING PARTY ON BEACON HILL, BOSTON

A recent issue of the Boston Post contained a full page illustrated article entitled "Camping Out on Beacon Hill." The article is from the pen of John F. Cogswell of the Post staff who was one of the campers. The other two Cliff Davis of the Post staff and George T. Allen, the well-known guide of Penniac, New Brunswick. The story in part follows.

If a bear or a bob-cat had one-tenth the courage of a weasel or one twentieth on his downright meanness and hatred for the human race, or one one-hundredth of his lightning swiftness—well, if any animal of the wilderness had those attributes along with weight and strength, I'd never go into the woods.

"Wouldn't have the nerve to be making my living guiding sportsmen if I had to bump up against an animal of that sort. He'd be plain poison. A bear would rather clown around than have a fight, especially with a human; have to get him in a corner before he'll put up a battle.

"A bobcat will never fight if he can run and when he can't get away by running he'll climb a tree. Never see a bull moose exactly looking for trouble with a man, either. All these big brutes of the wild have a certain degree of courage, but with it they seem to have judgment that tells them not to mix it up with human beings.

"A weasel isn't afraid of anything that walks, though. I don't suppose the biggest one that ever lived weighed more than half a pound. But those eight ounces are plain cussedness and fighting blood. Never saw another wild thing that could put up such a look of mean deviltry and hatred in his eyes.

Fightin'ist of All Fighters

"For hissie he's a terrific eater, and nothing will satisfy his greed save red meat. He'll come right out into the open and brave one man or a dozen when he's hungry. Now there was one weasel gave me a tussel up at the camp on Rocky Brook . . ."

The last time I was out with George Allen, the Penniac, (N.B.), guide and wilderness philosopher, we put in a wonderful week at that camp on Rocky Brook. We fished trout to our heart's content on Cain's River and had gone up to the Rocky Brook camp after salmon. And if you should read the record pencilled on the wall of the camp, you'd note that salmon fishing was pretty good, too.

But this time when George was telling us about weasels, we were camping up on Beacon Hill, right in the heart of Boston. Camping on Beacon Hill? Sure, and there's hunting up there too, in the proper season and if you're good enough shot to bag the game.

George was passing through the Hub on a vacation trip. Talk about the postman on vacation going on a walking tour! Well, this George Allen had put in his whole summer taking city sportsmen out fishing. Every day of the fall hunting he was in the Canadian woods with other sportsmen knocking off moose and deer.

Came to Town to Rest

Well George felt the effects of a strenuous year when the hunting season down there was over, so he thought he'd take a rest. He's resting by going deer hunting with a bunch of friends up in Vermont. Can you tie that?

So the man from the tall timbers got into Boston early in the morning and taxied over to Cliff Davis' diggings on Joy street, over behind the State house. A little later an expressman trundled up and unloaded a few choice cuts of venison and moosemeat. Then Cliff called me up.

"Get on your outdoor togs and come right down will you?" he asked me.

"Sure," I said, looking at the new-fallen snow and wondering what stunt he had thought up. "Where are we going?"

"Going nowhere except a day's camping right on Beacon Hill," he told me.

It sounded kind of crazy to me. Lots of Cliff's ideas do seem that way, especially to folks who are not out-of-doors enthusiasts. Take the time he hired the ballroom at the Copley Plaza so that he and a Canadian expert could use it all by themselves for a fly-cast-

ing competition. That was something. Camping on Beacon Hill

Not seeing the sense of heavy woollens and shoe-packs for a jaunt up Beacon Hill, I compromised by putting on a mackinaw instead of an overcoat and went along. And did we have a day's camping or didn't we?

To appreciate the setting you'll have to know something of Cliff's layout up there. He has a big room, with a fireplace and comfortable chairs, and its walls covered with the woods pictures that he paints for relaxation when his day's work is over, and with guns, fishing rods and various itmes of camp equipment.

A door from the room opens into the courtyard behind the old, four-story residence. That courtyard is about 30 by 20 feet—one side of it is the brick wall of an adjoining structure. Two sides are enclosed by a board fence 12 or 15 feet high. In the yard he has built a brick fireplace for out-of-doors cooking, and set up and archery target and marks for his air rifle. A great place for camping, no fooling.

"Pretty good hunting, too, in season," declared Cliff.

"Hunting for what?" I wanted to know—and so did George.

"Fur-bearing animals," said Cliff with a grin.

"Ah, ha!" I accused him, "so you're the guy that's been knocking off the pussies that roam the backyard fences of the Hill."

64 Fur-Bearing "Animals"

"No, sir!" he retorted, "I've never pulled down on a cat yet, and there don't happen to be any rats around here either, but just the same, I've shot a lot of fur-bearing animals right in this year—64 of them in a single day.

Now there was something to think about. Sixty-four animals killed in one day on Beacon Hill; killed by gunfire. Before he would elucidate, Cliff insisted that a demonstration was necessary. He stepped out of the door and to the back fence affixed a little scrap of paper; in the centre of the paper he pencilled a black spot not over an eight of an inch in diameter.

Back to the door he came and reached in and got his air gun. Quite a piece at that. It shoots a slug somewhat bigger than a BB and has all the balance and feel of a regular rifle. Cliff pulled the gun to his shoulder, took aim and pulled the trigger. I raced out to get the target. The slug had pierced the black spot in almost the exact centre, and he repeated the performance time after time. That's shooting, on any man's rifle range.

"Had to convince you that this is a pretty accurate piece of armament, before you'd believe this story," said Cliff. "See those bare vines climbing up the brick wall over there. Well, in the summer they're covered with green leaves, and during the past season those leaves attracted a veritable host of nice, furry caterpillars.

By the time George had finished a tale about a German colonel, the steaks were sizzling and brown.

"Come and get it or I'll throw it away," he roared. And did we come. Ever eat hot broiled venison sandwiches in the open on a snappy day, even in a back ward on Beacon Hill? Well, if you haven't, you haven't found the joy of eating as yet. And wash it down with scalding tea. Wow!

But it's when you get back to camp, tired and hungry, and have eaten supper and the tobacco smoke begins curling toward the ceiling and you stretch yourself out by the fire and talk that you get the full flavor of such a trip.

He Ukes and Zithers

And that's just what we did when we had eaten our venison up on Beacon Hill. We went back inside and stretched out in front of the blazing open fire. We talked a while and then Cliff got out his ukulele and his tin whistle. Can George twang a uke? He's nearly as good on one as he is on his famous zither. And Cliff's no slouch on the whistle. The less said about my voice the better, but at least it has volume. Folks along Joy street must have wondered what was happening in the ballroom at the Copley Plaza.

But we'll have to finish up that tale about the weasel up on Rocky Brook.

By the way, George's partner, Clarence Wade—Allen & Wade have succeeded to the business of the late Harry Allen, New Brunswick's most famous guide—is up there trapping right now.

"Clarence and I were trapping that winter," George related. "In the camp we had some beaver meat that we used for bait, cut in chunks. One night we got back to camp and saw that something had been at the bait meat. One pretty good sized chunk had been dragged to a point right beside a small hole in the floor.

"I was looking at the chunk and saw it move a trifle. I stepped over and picked it up. Hardly had I stepped back with it in my hand when a veritable white streak shot out of that hole, leaped into the air and fastened its teeth into the meat I was holding.

"That weasel hung there while I carried him all of five feet. Then I reached for a chunk of stove wood. Before I could pick it up he had dropped to the floor but he didn't retreat. Those little pink eyes of his were fairly blazing with hate. I swung at him with the wood but when it landed he wasn't there.

"Almost faster than I could see him move he had leaped to the meat again and grabbed a chunk out of it and was back on the floor. I swung my club at that weasel at least 20 times and never came anywhere near hitting him. Finally he decided that eating wasn't very comfortable in that cabin and retreated down the hole.

"Then Clarence had a bright idea. He got a small steel trap and sprung it open and placed it on the floor beside the hole. Then I picked up the chunk of meat and held it over the hole. In a second the weasel had his teeth into it. I lifted him and set him down on the trap. I lifted him up and set him down on the trap. The jaws snapped shut and that was that. Weasel skins were worth 75 cents apiece, that year."

STORIES OF HENPECKED HUSBANDS

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 17—Chinese women are more emancipated today than any other section of womanhood on the Asiatic continent, Dr. Hu Shih, outstanding Chinese scholar and philosopher told the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver.

In the Chinese Legislature of 49 members, three are women, he said. Next year, with China as a constitutional democracy, women will have equal suffrage rights with men.

Such social changes in the orient will undoubtedly lead to mitigation of the possibility of future wars in the Pacific area, he believed.

Foreign writers on Chinese life have given an erroneous impression of Chinese women to the world, Dr. Shih declared. In China women are no longer silent, patient sufferers, but rather loquacious and vociferous. No nation has produced so many stories of henpecked husbands, he said, amid laughter from the audience.

GAMBLING NETS ENGLAND TWO MILLION A YEAR

ENGLISH GAMBLING sharo etat nnn London, Dec. 18—The gambling spirit of Old England is indicated by the estimated figure of two billion dollars, which is turned over each year in betting on horses, dogs and football.

While indications are that the government will remove its ban on totes on the more respectable dog tracks, Sir J. Leishman, a member of the recent royal commission on lotteries and betting, claims that dog racing fulfils no other purpose than to provide opportunities for organized betting for private commercial profit.

Persons who indulge in lotteries are super-optimists who believe in a luck personal to themselves, claims Sir John, and the indulgence gives them an outlook unfavorable to the spirit of honest work and serious endeavor.

A Scotch sea serpent reported at Inverness turned out to be an otter followed by her young. What, by the way has become of the serpent operating out of Seattle?

FREDERICTON'S GREATEST HOME FURNISHERS

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In looking about for Christmas gifts it is not an unwise plan to select something that will be appreciated by the entire family. This being so, gifts, which are to be found in the furniture line, such as dining room sets, Chesterfield suites and bedroom suites, are of a most durable nature and will be of service every day in the year.

The oldest house furnishing establishment in the city under the same management is that of Colwell & Jennings, Limited located on the South side of Queen street just below Westmorland. This enterprising concern occupies the only four story building in the city, used entirely for commercial purposes. It is a most imposing structure of red brick, and has a distinguishing mark in the shape of a double deck of plate glass windows. In this respect it is rather unique among Maritime business establishments.

Live Business Men

The leading spirit of the Company is Harold Colwell, who has charge of the sales staff and with his long experience is undoubtedly the best posted man in the city on matters pertaining to house furnishings. Associated with him is John T. Jennings, a public spirited citizen who has long been one of the most active and useful members of the Fredericton Board of Trade. A capable staff of lady and gentlemen clerks complete the equipment of Colwell & Jennings, Ltd., which together with the high class goods which they carry, honorable business methods and their generous treatment of customers, explains why this concern has been so well able to face the storm of depression, when so many houses have been unable to bear the burden. The firm of Colwell & Jennings, Ltd., is a twentieth century organization and not one of the antiquities of the city. This concern has revolutionized the home furnishing business of Fredericton in the last quarter of a century.

A Wonderful Display

Colwell & Jennings, Ltd., who are now completing their twenty-seventh year have on their counters a wonderful display of goods in silver, cut glass, chinaware and crockery, suitable for holiday gifts. Their big appeal to the buying public, however is in dining room, bedroom and parlor furniture. These goods are all of Canadian manufacture and of the first quality that the market affords. Prices are now down to a low level, perhaps much lower than will be the case when another Christmas rolls around. Householders and holiday shoppers, therefore will do themselves a good turn by visiting the fine establishment of Colwell & Jennings, Ltd., before completing their Christmas shopping. For the convenience of the public there store will be kept open evenings during the present week.

11-WORD NOTE WORTH \$90,000

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17—It was only an 11 word message, scribbled with a stub of a pencil on a crumpled telegraph blank but the District of Columbia supreme court today ruled it was worth nearly \$90,000.

The message read: "Minnie Keyes: You have been good to me, All is yours."

Here's the story. Leonard A. Hamilton, a taciturn man, boarded with Miss Minnie Keyes at her home here for 30 years. Last March 12 a doctor told him he had only 24 hours to live. The message was his will and two friends who visited him just before he died were witnesses.

A dominating personality, is one that can make the grocer say "Ye sir" when the bill hasn't been paid for three months.

REPEAL BRINGS BACK THE OLD BAR SLANG

New York, N. Y., Dec. 17—Once it was "Hello, sucker!" But now, since repeal the old "bum outside!" is coming back into favor again at our smartest gin mills.

And so many with the night club hostess, the once glorious band headed by the late Tex Guinan and the living Helen Morgan, for the big didn't have the nerve to propose in bouncers with the tin ears are meeting the customers now.

The first outbreak was when the Casino de-Parée let it be known that it had added Max Baer to its staff of hosts and that Maxie, when not walloping the palookas around the resined canvas would be looking after things in a boiled shirt amid the Martinis and the Tom Collinses.

Then the fad grew when Delmonico's let the whisper circulate that it would like to have a word with Maxie Rosenbloom, whose ears are likewise well minced up from ring battles, to add him to the staff of those who will hover, over the conviviality now that repeal is back.

So, cauliflower ears and bulgingiceps are to be the mode for the hosts of the moist spots of the future, it seems, instead of snake hips and in spring legs.

And the word will be, not "Give the little girl a great big hand," but "Give this bum a great big boot."

CAN'T TRAIN THIS MARE

Willard, Ohio, Dec. 18—The over-all length of Mutt, eight year old mare, and the delivery wagon she pulls for Dewey Whitehead is 15 feet, ten inches.

City council is adamant about its ordinance—aimed at large trucks—limiting the length of parked vehicles to 15 feet, 6 inches.

"Can't you train her to turn her head toward the sidewalk to allow for the extra length?" asks Councilman Boyle.

"No", says Whitehead, and there the problem rests.

In addition to supertative skill and rare judgment it is fair to assume that Lindy possesses a tried and trusty rabbit's foot.

PROPOSAL ENDANGERS ROMANCE

(New York Sun)

There is a married man living "somewhere in Westchester" who still blushes whenever the subject of proposals of marriage is mentioned. And there is a very good reason.

Of a retiring nature, he also is a sent minded. Because of the former he didn't have the nerve to propose in person to the girl of his choice, so he sent her a telegram asking her to be his wife. Because of the latter failing, he said "yes" mechanically when the girl taking the message over the telephone mischievously asked him if it should be sent collect.

The recipient thought she was being kidded when she got—and paid for—the message, and it took several visits before he got matters straightened out and won her consent.

In this work-a-day world it always seems to be quitting time with the quitter.

If the peoples of Europe (who almost unanimously don't want war) allow their swashbuckler autocrats and war lords to lead them into war, who are to blame but themselves.

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"Since Tom's Salary Was Cut 10%

I've had to let the maid go—we've missed a payment on the furniture—we've even had to cut down a little on groceries. It's hard managing."

But what of the day when her income will be cut—100%?

How will she manage then?

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