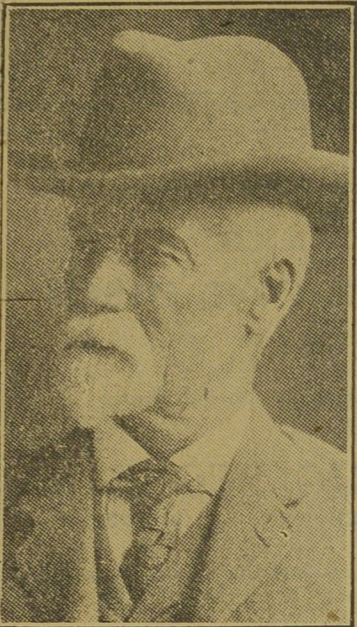


HENRY BRAITHWAITE WRITES OF THE OWLS OF NEW BRUNSWICK; A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY

(Henry Braithwaite in Forest and Stream.)

I only know of five different varieties of owls in New Brunswick and some of them are very rare. I never tried to learn their scientific names for fear I would have lackjaw trying to pronounce them.

The most common owl is called the Great Grey Owl. It is very destructive to small game of all kinds and is a cannibal as well, for when two fight, they fight to a finish and the victor eats the vanquished. I have seen several cases of this from marks in the snow. They will kill rabbits and par-



UNCLE HENRY BRAITHWAITE.

tridges and often visit farmhouses in the night and kill the poultry, and sometimes the cats are included!

Owls have been the foundation of more ghost stories, Injun devil and panther yarns than anything I know of. The scientific men claim that every species of owls makes a different noise but my experience with those I met is that they can make almost any kind of a noise they like, and some that would raise the hair on your head, especially on a dark night if you are travelling a lonely road.

Whenever I hear one around any of my camps, I try to kill him as soon as possible, for they soon clean out all the partridges and small game around the place. It is easy to kill them by setting a trap on top of a pole, the higher the better, in some open space near the camp. This is quite easily done by shaping the bottom of the pole so it can stick in the ground far enough down to steady it; drive a stake down beside it solidly in the ground and lash the pole to it. When the owl sees the light from the camp window, it is sure to come and inves-

tigate. There is no danger of catching partridge or small birds, they will not alight in the open places, rather preferring the thick trees. The owl picks the open places, so it can see well.

An owl that is quite common is the little sawwhet, about the size of a robin. He is small but is all owl—what there is of him. He looks just as wise and important as his big brother and is quite tame. I have heard people say they have caught him in their hands, but I think it was because he cannot see well in a bright light. He can kill a mouse as big as himself and all kinds of small birds near his own size. I have heard it said he kills squirrels, but I have never seen any evidence of it.

I have seen some of the white Arctic owls in our forests, but they are very wild, so I never succeeded in getting one, though I have tried often, for I wanted one for mounting. Undoubtedly their eyesight is much better than that of other owls.

Next comes the great horned owl which is very destructive to muskrats, rabbits and partridges. I kill all I can of them on account of their hanging around lakes and dead-waters where they are a great drawback when trapping muskrats.

Then there is the barn owl, but I never could see any difference between them and the sawwhet.

Also, there is an owl called Richardson's owl which is very rare. It is about the size of a small-sized hawk, but has a perfect owl's head.

Another owl is the screech owl, but I never could see much difference between it and the small gray owl, as my experience with them is they can all screech when they want to. I once caught one in one of my sable traps, a deadfall. The trap was snowed up and didn't spring very hard on his neck, but he couldn't pull his head back. I clipped his wing, carried him to camp and kept him in confinement some days. He appeared to be perfectly satisfied as long as I gave him plenty to eat. I took him home, as I lived near the woods then, and set him down on the floor in a corner of the kitchen. The cat went to investigate and the owl made a snap at her with his bill; the cat ran across the room and out of the window and didn't come back for several days. The owl and I were in a peck of trouble then. I went back to the woods the next day and when I came home again the owl was gone. He got out in the door yard and killed a hen and that was the end of him.

It is impossible to hear owls flying. Their feathers are covered with down and you couldn't hear one if it flew directly over your head.

Henry Braithwaite and Moose Traits. Dear Forest and Stream:

I have been following the articles of genial old Henry Braithwaite through the pages of Forest and Stream for some months and his stor-

RUDYARD KIPLING HAS A GREAT FOLLOWING WHEREVER THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS SPOKEN

(By Donald MacLaurin.)

For nearly forty years Rudyard Kipling has had a great following wherever the English language has gone. Twenty years ago, speaking at the Royal Academy banquet in London, he referred to "The masterless man who is afflicted with the magic of the necessary words. Words that may become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of the hearers." That is what Kipling has been, and is now, "the masterless man." And surely his words of magic are vividly alive and "walk up and down in the hearts of the hearers." The folk who "go to church" sing his sonorous and splendid "Recessional," and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has included it, along with two other poems, in that sanctum sanctorum of our literature, The Oxford Book of English Verse. Such a reception of his work is a guarantee that generations yet unborn shall praise the Lord in the words of Kipling. He has other worship-songs that will be sung in the chapels and cathedrals of Christendom by the people that will occupy the earth in the wonderful days ahead. Kipling "reported" a vast amount of ribaldry in rhyme. When he wrote "editorially," as we might say, he gave out inspired truth.

Too many persons think that the Kipling of "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Departmental Ditties" was all the man that went by that name. Readers of his volume "The Seven Seas," for example, know better than that. Measure him by more than the brilliance of his characterizations, and it will be found that he possesses deep spiritual power, sympathy, and pathos, and warm, clear humor. Some discerners of truth has said, "Kipling is the unchallenged laureate of Greater Britain." He has a right to that title by virtue of the broad sweep of his Imperial spirit, as well as by the work he has done to interpret the various parts of the mighty empire he has praised at times, and, at other times, called sharply out of silliness

ies are a credit to our publication by reason of their accuracy. Old Henry is a typical New Brunswick woodsman and knows the traits and habits of all the forest denizens. Fourteen years ago this September I went to work for the Bathurst Lumber Co., Ltd., at Bathurst, New Brunswick, a section noted for its splendid moose, caribou and deer hunting, not to mention salmon and trout fishing. I harkened to the wonderful tales of luring up the ferocious moose with a conical shaped birch horn and was instructed that I must shoot dead accurate at such a time or I would be cut to pieces by razor edged hoofs and antlers. I was also told that I should never carry a lantern along a bush trail or a path road at night or a buck deer would be sure to attack me.

Finally the opportunity to hunt in the adjacent forested country came and I entered the woods with the feeling that I would encounter moose, deer and bear behind every tree. Of course I was shortly disillusioned and after two weeks returned with nothing but experience.

During the winter months I was sent into the lumber camps as a timber scaler and mingled with real woodsmen and trappers, who related their actual experiences with big game. Only upon the rarest of occasions did I ever hear a man say that he had been treed by a moose and then he admitted that he believed that the moose had become bewildered by the shooting and had just happened to come his way.

Fourteen years have slipped along and during that time I have had innumerable experiences with the great sagacious beasts. On each and every time I have found them quick to retreat at the sight or scent of man. Writers paint a picture, in words, of the stately monarch fearing nothing. Two weeks ago on the majestic Nipigon my wife and I spotted one approaching water for a drink. Silently we paddled to within a 100 feet before he raised his gigantic head adorned with a sixty-inch spread and slowly surveyed the encroachers. Despite his great bulk and the fact that he was in a burned over section, stealthily he picked his way over decayed and burned timber until his back and head were entirely concealed and then he rambled through that bush as though the devil was after him.

However, this is just a short note to you and to Old Henry Braithwaite, expressing appreciation for his accurate accounts of moose habits and traits. Like Stewart Edward White I am satisfied that all wild animals fear man more than anything else.

HAROLD MEIXELL,
Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

and the stupidity that is sin. His poem "The Song of the Cities," is a masterly personification of fifteen cities of the Empire. In the list he has Halifax, and this is what he bids her say when her turn comes:

"Into the mist my garden prow puts forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ram-
parts lie.
The Warden of the Honor of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I!"

Quebec and Montreal are linked together in their speech, which is not so happy as some of the others. The verse that Victoria, our lovely Canadian city on the Pacific coast is made to contribute, compensates for the blurred meaning in the Quebec and Montreal verse. This is the word of Victoria:

"From East to West the circling
word has past,
Till West is East beside our land-
locked blue;
From East to West the tested chain
holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true."

Sixty years ago today (December 30), Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay, India. His father, John Lockwood Kipling, was Principal of the School of Art at Lahore, and the author of "Beast and Man in India." So Rudyard breathed the atmosphere of art and literature from his infancy. The boy was sent to England to school, but at the age of fifteen he was taken back to India. At the early age of nineteen he made his entry into literature in "Echoes." But it was his book "Departmental Ditties," published in Calcutta, when he was twenty-one that gave him prominence in England. "Plain Tales from the Hills," two years later, and then "Soldiers Three," the next year, put his fame still higher. Since that time in the

eighties, he has been pouring forth novels, poetry, stories, histories and sketches in a bewildering profusion. India is the broad canvas upon which he has done most of his work. He has not confined himself to India, however in the selection of subjects. He has special skill as an interpreter of the sea and the types of men who sail it as tollers or trippers.

The serious illness from which the subject of this sketch is suffering has been the talk of the world, and the prospect of his recovery is a matter of widespread rejoicing. Kipling has had several attacks of very serious illness. It is stated that during one of these, some years ago, his physicians despaired of his recovery. The nurse in charge murmuring feebly, and, thinking he was asking her for some attention, bent her ear to his lips, only to find that he was praying the prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep, etc." He wrote in "The Islanders" of one who was "Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice." That is the man himself for whose recovery lovers of the beautiful, the good, and the true are anxiously longing.

He has been called "a Jingo" by some able and astute Britons. One of these, the late Hector MacPherson, editor of the Edinburgh Evening News, said that "Kipling's poetry has no root in the nature of man as a progressive being." Let us not be swift to side with the MacPhersons in every thing. Ian Maclaren reports that Janet MacPherson once remarked that, "It was not possible and it is maybe no good speaking about it now, but it would have been better if our Lord could have had twelve MacPhersons for His apostles. We have it against the MacPhersons that it was one of the clan that put forth 'Ossian,' a work of which it is impossible to be proud, 'at all, at all.'"

Walter Cox says this the first time he has ever attended a Chicago sale without hearing of a trotter or a pacer with a story worth investigating.

John B. Fletcher, the Newport, Vt. patron of Harry Stokes will split his stable, the aged members going to Clair Wolverton and the youngsters to Clate Dagler.

NOTICE OF SALE

NOTICE is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the Fredericton Assessment Act of 1907, there will for the purpose of satisfying the arrears of City Taxes for the years 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924 and 1925, inclusive, made and assessed against Henry Simmonds or Simmonds and amounting in all to \$281.94 unless the said sum together with the costs of this notice are sooner paid, be sold at public auction in front of the City Hall, Fredericton, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Saturday, the thirteenth day of February, A. D. 1926, all the right, title and interest of the said Henry Simmonds or Simmonds in and to the lands and premises following:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the County of York aforesaid, abutted and bounded as follows: Beginning on the Westerly side of Brick Kiln Road at a stake placed at the intersection of the Lower or Easterly side line of a tract of land owned by William H. O'Dell, Esquire, thence 'by William H. O'Dell, Esquire, thence 'Running North 41 degrees West along said dividing line, seven chains and twenty links, or until it strikes the 'South East side line of a tract of land owned by the said William H. O'Dell, 'thence North Easterly along the said 'last mentioned line until it strikes the 'South Westerly line of another tract of land fronting on the said Brick Kiln Road, thence along the said Brick Kiln Road, to the place of beginning, 'containing thirteen acres more or less, 'being the same lands and premises mentioned and described in the Deed

"Also all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the rear of the Town Plat of the said 'City of Fredericton and more particularly known and described as Lot No. 44, surveyed and laid out in the Fifth Range of pasture lots abutted and bounded as follows: Beginning at a marked stake on the South West side of a reserved road, between the Fourth and Fifth Ranges of said pasture lots, thence running by the magnet South 44 degrees west 25 chains of 4 poles each or to a reserved road between the fifth and sixth ranges of said lots, thence North 45 degrees West 7 chains and 57 links to a reserved road, between said pasture lots, thence along the said pasture lot, thence by the magnet South 44 degrees East to the place of beginning, the 'fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1865, and duly registered in York County Records in Book 0-2, at pages 744-745 under 'official number 17000."

"Lots and the Glebe land, thence running along the said last mentioned reserved road North 44 degrees, East until it strikes the South West side of the first mentioned reserved road, lying between the Fourth and Fifth ranges of said 'pasture lots' thence running along the said South West side of the said last mentioned reserved road South 45 degrees East to the place of beginning, the 'said lot of land above described and hereby conveyed being a part of the 'lands heretofore conveyed to one Patrick Donnelly by the Chancellor, President and Scholars of King's College at Fredericton by Deed dated the Tenth day of October, A. D. 1857 and registered in the Records of the said County of York in Book H-2, pages 567-568."

Dated at Fredericton this second day of December, A. D. 1925.
(Sgd.) C. FRED CHESTNUT,
City Treasurer.

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Men's 6 in. Palmer Draw String Shoepacks	\$5.00	\$4.45
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Men's 10 in. Palmer Horse Hide Indian Style D.S.	\$3.00	\$2.15
Men's 6 in. Palmer Horse Hide Indian Style D.S.	\$2.50	\$1.95
Boys' 6 in. Palmer Plain Sewn Oiltanned 'packs	\$2.75	\$2.25
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Little Gents 6 in. Palmer Plain Sewn Oiltanned Shoepacks	\$1.50	\$1.25
Boys and Misses 6 in. Palmer Horse Hide Indian Style Draw String (Just the thing for Snow-shoeing)	\$2.25	\$1.85
Youths 6 in. Horse Hide Indian Draw String 'packs	\$1.75	\$1.50
Little Gents 6 in. Horse Hide Indian Draw String Shoepacks	\$1.50	\$1.25

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Mens Heavy Khaki Wool Breeches, Leather bound at\$4.50
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Leather Gloves, Mittens and Pullovers.
Ladies' 4 Buckle Overshoes, regular \$5.00. Sale price.....\$3.50
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