

AMERICAN MOOSE HUNTERS MUST NOW COME TO CANADA MAINE HAS A CLOSE SEASON

The moose, one of the world's finest game animals, is now almost exclusively Canadian, and it is to Canada that American sportsmen go this fall for there will be no more moose hunting in Maine until November of next year.

Hunters of the Eastern states will first their sport in the province of New Brunswick, but others will go to Saskatchewan—a profitable hunting ground. North Ontario is also moose country, writes John F. Ariza in the New York Times Magazine.

Once the moose ranged as far south as the Catskill Mountains in New York State and along the border in Northern New England, upper Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North-eastern Montana, and along a narrow strip that extended down through Idaho and lapped over into the Tetons in Wyoming.

Except for Maine, which in reality is an American salient projecting into Canada, and a small section of Wyoming, there are no moose in this country—that is, in numbers large enough to warrant an open season. A few still linger in one or two other States.

Great Animal Has Hard Time.

Compared with other wild ruminants, the moose has a hard time. Born on an island or swamp where his mother lives in fear of wolves until her reddish-colored calf can travel, the moose's path always is beset with danger. Even the slow,

clumsy bear collects his toll of moose, particularly in Alaska, where moose of huge size swarm.

In winter, unable to travel in deep snow like his little cousin, the caribou, which has feet that enable him to walk on the top of soft snow or race like the wind over glaring ice, the moose has to "yard up." Half a dozen moose will remain within an area of only a few acres, if unmolested, where they tramp the snow down hard. Driven out by wolves or hunters, they head for a new "yard," led by the bulls in the herd.

Big Moose Deadly.

Wolves will not attack a full-grown bull moose unless they are ravenously hungry. His bayonet-like front feet will kill a wolf at one lunge. The cows and young moose, however, fall easy victims to the big wolves on these winter migrations.

Last May an Ontario boy saw his wolf dog knocked into the water from the bank of a lake by the hind legs of a big bull moose which the dog had attacked. Through an injury early in life one of the moose's forelegs had been turned almost completely around and according to the boy, had developed a mule-like kick with his hind legs.

Talk with any aviator that flies over Northern Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario or Quebec and you will hear stories of moose that will aston-

ish you. "On the 120-mile trip between Hudson and Red Lake my two passengers counted thirty-seven moose today," a pilot will tell you. Another one saw as many between Norway House, on Upper Lake Winnipeg, and The Pas.

Several major league baseball players counted 200 moose during one week last fall while on a hunting trip in New Brunswick. Of course, some of the animals were "repeats," but from a speeding airplane every one seen is "another moose."

Aviator Spots Herds.

Alf Day, a Winnipeg pilot, who has been flying over northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba every summer and fall for the last ten years, declares the river valleys and muskeg country swarm with moose and caribou.

Once when Day's plane circled over Little Play Green Lake, eighty miles from Hudson Bay, where the Nelson Rivers widens out to vast proportions, he saw eight moose running about in the shallow water near shore early last summer. They heard the roar of the plane, but, unable to see what caused the sound, the beasts were bewildered, circling around in terror. When the plane landed and taxied through the water, the anchor dragging through reeds, the moose at last saw it and went tearing into the muskeg.

"A big wolf averages twenty deer a year, or perhaps half as many moose," say northern trappers. "If we get a moose or deer now and then out of season to keep us and our sleigh dogs from starving we are only getting what we deserve."

"Without seeing it for yourself, it is hard to believe the amount of

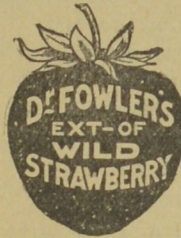
game, moose in particular, and elk as well as deer, to be found on the Sturgeon preserve," Roy Hubel, provincial game guardian in the Sturgeon hills country, northwest of Prince Albert, in northern Saskatchewan, says in his report to headquarters at Regina. This new preserve will be a permanent breeding ground for big game in a vast region. The overflow will assure game for all time.

Moose and deer, like blueberries or wheat, improve in size and quality the farther north they are found. Saskatchewan's mule, or jumping deer are huge animals. Ran Roberts, an Ontario trapper, once killed a 500-pound deer swimming in Woman Lake. Along with a moose it provided him and his three sleigh dogs with meat from late October until the "break-up" the following May.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland F. Murray of Saint John are in the city today visiting friends.

DURING BABY'S TEETHING TIME

The Bowels Become Loose
Diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps, etc., manifest themselves; the gums become swollen, and cankers form in the mouth. This is the time when the mother should use



and perhaps save the baby's life.
On the market for 80 years.
Price, 50c. a bottle at all druggists and dealers.

HOW STREET BEGGARS PLAY THE GAME IN NEW YORK; THE FLOPPER THE MOST COMMON

New York.—For 23 years, John D. Godfrey has been battling beggars. Stiff Neck Murphy and the Human Dog.

That he has been successful in his fight is shown by the fact that not a professional beggar has a fixed post in Brooklyn. From time to time, a professional hops in hopefully believing that he can gain much by toiling in an unworked field. And along comes Mr. Godfrey and the beggar goes to jail, pays a fine, or moves on very promptly no matter how disabled the public may believe him to be. Mr. Godfrey is the mendicancy officer of the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities and in his 23 years of service, has arrested or warned more than 10,000 beggars.

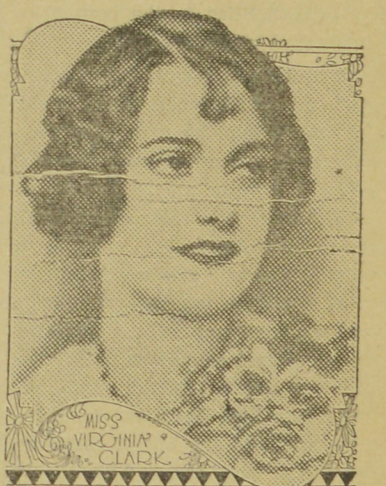
In all his service, Mr. Godfrey declares, he has found not one street beggar a worthy object of charity. Most of them belong to the great fraternity of beggars which is known to every police department of the United States since the members move from one city to another. Instead of being persons to be pitied, they merely are good business men, Mr. Godfrey holds. A capable beggar, if unmolested can make from \$10 to \$500 a day. Most of the professionals, he has found, instead of being in need, are possessed of substantial bank accounts. Among those he has banished from Brooklyn are Savannah Peg, Brooklyn Hop, Boston Sticks, Oregon Slim, Manitoba Red, Baltimore White, Jack the Huger, Liverpool Army, Kentucky Shine,

The "flopper," Mr. Godfrey says, is the most common beggar. The "flopper" doesn't have to exert himself. He merely picks out a good location on a curb or at a subway entrance, sits down with a cap and crutches beside him and awaits a shower of small coins. He may appear to be crippled but quite often Mr. Godfrey has found him sitting on a perfectly good leg though a peg or an artificial member stuck out in front of him or with a good arm strapped behind his back. Not infrequently, the "cripple" at the sight of Mr. Godfrey abandons his crutches and easy position and attempts to scurry away to safety.

The "throw out" is another profitable form of mendicancy. The "throw out" works subway and elevated trains. Simulating partial paralysis, he passes through a car leaving little packages of court plaster or cards appealing for help. Then he returns and collects either his wares or money. The average takings of this class of beggars is \$10 a train. Small shops on the Bowery make a specialty of supplying goods for them.

The "fit thrower" is less common but "fit throwing" is good for an average of about \$50 a day, the sight of a poorly clad man writhing on the sidewalk with foam issuing from his lips so stirring the soft-hearted that they part with money readily. A piece of shaving soap supplies the foam and the writhings are but acting. Still it looks real. In the profession the "fit thrower" has another name. Among his brethren he's known as a "dummy chucker."

The deaf and dumb racket is worked often. If the beggar is at all skillful—and the professionals are—it is extremely hard to detect a faker of this kind, even deaf and dumb men having been fooled. But those who deal with mendicants have evolved a sure method. The supposed dummy is placed under anesthesia. When he is coming out of it, he talks—and goes to jail or the workhouse. A fine is looked on merely as a form of taxation or license.



Lucky?

When she comes to the footlights to acknowledge Broadway's applause of her marvelous dancing in "Sidewalks of New York," theatre-goers sit forward to admire her youthful charms; the fresh crispness of her rose-petal skin and her gleaming black hair. She's Virginia Clark, of 143 Twenty-third St., Jackson Heights, New York City.

"When friends say I'm lucky to have such clear skin and soft, shining hair," says Miss Clark, "I have to tell them it isn't luck at all. In my case, it's the result of care. For my hair, I use the simple method that's all the rage among New York girls now. It's so easy. All you do is put a little Danderine on your brush each time you use it. This makes my scalp feel just grand and keeps away all dandruff. It keeps my hair and scalp so clean I don't have to shampoo nearly as often as I did. It makes my hair soft and easy to dress; holds it in place; and gives it more lustre than brillianine!"

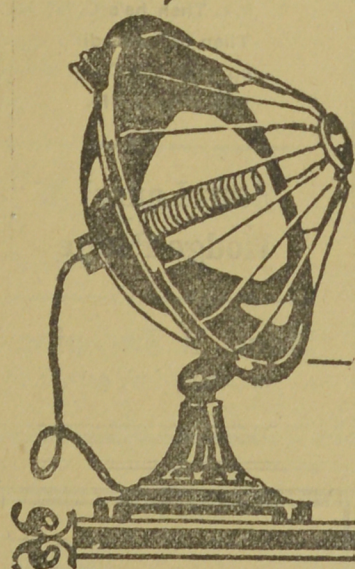
Danderine quickly removes that oily film from your hair; brings out its natural color; makes it fairly sparkle. Dandruff disappears when you use Danderine. Waves, set with it, stay in longer. It isn't oily and doesn't show. All drug stores have the generous 35c bottles. Over five million used a year!

BITTER-SWEET

While strolling through the lovely autumn woods,
The bitter sweet looked sweet enough to eat;
And, though I've often bit a sweeter bit,
I've never bit a sweeter bitter-sweet.

Save Your Coal Pile for Colder Days

WARMTH
where you want it



For chilly evenings and frosty mornings—
Snap on an electric space heater and be comfortable when you choose—where you choose.

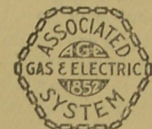
Sun heat will soon be gone, but the cheery glow of electric heat is always here. Upstairs and downstairs—wherever you have an electric outlet.



Glowing, radiant warmth for autumn days—cheery, dreamy comfort for autumn evenings—Instantly on and instantly off—quick as the thought that calls for it.

See the electric space heaters at your dealers. There is a size and style for your particular need. Prices are low and they may be bought on easy monthly terms.

Maritime Electric Company Ltd.



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