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THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

A Continuation of Mr. Hough's Interesting Description

OF A TRIP ACROSS NEW BRUNSWICK ON SNOWSHOES.

A Night Spent Out Doors With the Thermometer 20 Degrees Below Zero.

Jack got back at noon, and with him whom should I see, as they came up the trail, but the long lost, much-sought Indian, Joe Ellis. Joe's friend, John Moulton, had become homesick and left him for the settlements, carrying, by the way, some letters which we gave him against such a contingency, and which in due time turned up in the Dead Letter Office at Halifax. We gave John Moulton some money to pay postage, etc., on the letters, but reason on the premises that John needed gin more than he did postage stamps.

Jack had found Joe Ellis getting ready to boil his tea kettle in a little camp which Jack simply blundered over and which we had missed as we came up the hill. This was located on the side line of blazes which we had discovered, and had we followed that line for a half-mile, we should have discovered Joe's shack.

Presently Adam and Charlie came back from their little exploring trail, and we had a sort of reunion and jubilee by the campfire. Adam and Charlie had discovered that we were not yet at the top of our divide by any means, for they had found much higher country further on. On the summit Adam had climbed a tree and thence obtained a panoramic view of the country lying out to the south and west. He and Charlie had made search for a certain tree which, according to the tradition of the Ellis trapping line, once bore an inscription made by the hand of no less a person than Henry Braithwaite himself. This tree, according to Joe, he saw four years ago near the top of this divide. On it was Braithwaite's name, and the advice that his camp was but a few miles south of that tree. Such are some of the vague means of information in the wilderness.

If only we could find Henry's tree, how glad we would all be! Adam said that it was not an impossible trail up to the divide from where we were, but that there was a haul of about a half mile or so which was as bad as ever lay out of doors. Ellis said that when he went up that hill he never attempted to take his sled at all, but stopped at the foot of it and packed his stuff up on his back in relays. Adam and Charlie declared their intention of returning up the hill and putting in the afternoon in brushing out, so that the sleds could get through the next day. Ellis returned to his own shack to sleep that night—another mistake which we made. We ought to have kept him right with us all the time, although, as it proved, we lost nothing more serious than a few hours' time. Joe told us that he had seen a big moose trail made the day before, made by a bull, and one which had evidently been driven some distance, since it was leaving blood on the snow crust and must have traveled a long way before the crust cut through its skin. Moose sign, very abundant, was now reported by all hands in every direction for three miles from our camp. We dared not stop to hunt.

THE SILENT WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

Charlie and Adam came in covered with snow, tired and wet, before dark that night, but luckily they did not have to cut wood, and could make themselves comfortable at once. I stood the first watch that night, and it was an experience which will long remain with me in memory. It was still very cold, more than twenty below zero, but by 8 or 9 o'clock that night light masses of clouds began to scud across the sky, seemingly no higher than the tops of the great pine trees which stood ranged about. Then came little gusts of wind, which shook the snow down in white showers all over the blanketed forms which lay before the fire. Yet the moon was bright enough all the time, and showed in perfect dis-

tinctness the white-capped sentinel pines. The frost was so keen that continually there could be heard the cracking of the trees, sounds sharp and loud as rifle shots, now here and now yon, sometimes near and sometimes far away in the distance of the forest. Other than these sounds nothing broke the silence. And the white wilderness lay about dazzling bright, cold, very cold in its appearance. It was glorious, simply glorious. The wilderness—the memory of the wilderness, this is the best part of the moose hunt, and far more worth than many moose.

To one seated alone at the fireside on a night like this time flies by on leaden wings. I looked at my watch dozens of times, and sometimes was shocked to find that the minute hand had not gone more than fifteen minutes of distance around the dial, whereas I was sure it had reached the next hour mark. My duties consisted of keeping the foot logs against the back logs, of keeping plenty of pine faggots in with the birch, of poking any broken faggot down under the fire, and of spreading out the bed of coals so that the heat would be reflected back into the camp. So long as I kept the other fellows snoring, I felt that I was doing pretty well. Once in a while they would get so warm that I could see them pull up their feet, which is also a very good sign. Sometimes the feet of Adam and his almost equally long son Jack would stick down so close to the fire that their stockings began to smoke. Then I would lean a piece of birch bark against their feet to keep them from burning. Another duty of the watcher in such a bivouac is to keep sparks off the blankets. We had \$40 to \$50 worth of blankets and could not afford the loss of them.

At midnight the clouds were becoming denser and still more rapid in their scurrying flight. The wind came up in strange, tempestuous gusts, without any preliminary and as suddenly fell again. It was evident when I turned in that there was going to be a storm, and at this prospect no one felt any too well pleased. It is no joke to be caught at such a place in a heavy fall of snow.

THE MARCH IN THE STORM.

At four o'clock in the morning all of us were awakened peremptorily by Adam, who called out: "Boys, the storm is on! We've got to get up. Get out now, before the blankets get wet!"

So we crawled out in a blinding fall of snow, and packed our precious blankets, the first thing we did. We fastened the packs on the toboggans soon thereafter, made our breakfast by firelight, ate up the last fragment of meat which we had, and at the first gray dawn were on the trail again to the southward, with nothing but biscuits and tea and a general trustfulness in our good luck to assist us.

This was the morning of Dec. 23, getting on toward Christmas, and there was no one there who could give a decent guess where he would be on Christmas day. We followed a general course of about south-southwest, for a time, leaving this little brook which Ellis had told us ran back into the Little South Branch, and not into the Big South Branch, as for a time we had supposed possible. We blazed trees to mark our way back in case we were caught in a heavy storm, which should obliterate the snowshoe trail, and I marked a tree here and there with our names, the date, etc., figuring that this sort of thing might come mighty useful to some other fool fellows who might be trying to do things they didn't ought to at some date later to be determined.

The brushing out on the trail which had been done the day before helped matters wonderfully. By 10 o'clock we were at the foot of the big and much-dreaded hill of which Ellis had told us, and which Adam and Charlie had discovered for themselves. I shall not undertake to say how those three men pulled the heavily loaded toboggans up these awful slopes. I admit that I could not have done this sort of thing, and I found my rifle and pack all I wanted to negotiate. I do not think three better men ever went on snowshoes than the three who broke this trail across this divide.

THE TOP OF THE BIG DIVIDE.

In some fashion we finished the long and frightful ascent of this mountain side, making the top some time after 11 o'clock. At this time Joe Ellis had not appeared, although we were expect-

ing him to follow on along our trail. We still missed the mythical Braithwaite tree of which Ellis had told us. Had we found this tree, we should in fact have been out of our troubles, for it directed us to head straight south, for the country in that direction dropped off so sharply that we knew we were throwing away every advantage of elevation we had gained, and we neither wanted to reascend this hill nor climb another like it beyond, if it could be avoided. Therefore it became necessary to prospect once more. Adam and Charlie went down the further side of the big hill, taking a south-west course by compass and trying to figure out some way of getting to the south and still keeping up on the height of land and out of the dreaded Serpentine breaks. At 1 o'clock Ellis came poking along the trail, and Adam and Charlie came back, looking somewhat disgusted until they saw Ellis. Then we all "boiled the kettle" and reached that calm and resolution which pertain only to a quart of well-boiled, strong black tea.

COUNCIL OF WAR.

Joe Ellis told us that we had passed the original Braithwaite tree and had come too far down across the hill. He said that he had a shack over in the Serpentine country, about two or three miles from where we were. It was due southwest to that camp, and this would bring us much below the place where we figured out Henry Braithwaite's northernmost camping shack ought to be. Joe said he could get us through by a trail of his own from this Serpentine camp, which, as we figured, would require nearly a southeast course from the Serpentine camp, to the lake where Henry's camp was supposed to be. As a matter of fact, this trail from Ellis' camp to Henry's must be northeast, and not southeast. So much for scientific data. We resolved not to swing so far west but to chance it straight across.

Ellis consented to go with us in our dash that afternoon for this unlocated lake (which by the way, is not shown on any map of New Brunswick.) He himself was afraid to strike straight south from the top of the divide. Here again we found we had made a mistake. After we had gotten across, we found that a much better trail could be made by keeping on the height of land and running south from a little barren which Adam and Charlie found on the top of the big hill. As it was, we got into pretty rough country, although nothing is impossible for the New Brunswick toboggan when pulled by men such as these.

All the time we were in the middle of moose sign. We dropped down swiftly on the southeast face of our big hill, wallowing a plenty through snow-burdened fir thickets, crossing occasional wind falls, but all the time working down and working south. We had not yet crossed the trapping line which Ellis said ran over to the lake, but at last, perhaps a mile and a half from our launching point, we did strike blazes again, and hence we were entirely sure that at last we were safe and that we would get through to some place of comfort before any bad storm could stop us.

At length we came to a little brook, which was the last water leading down to the Serpentine, we having now entirely left the Little South Branch waters far back of us. Hence we felt that the next water we might find must be Miramichi water, and that we most have accomplished the purpose of our trip.

We now began to ascend a long, easy, swelling divide, at whose summit I marked a tree, naming the nature of the divide, as I had the two previous divides which we had crossed. Sometime Henry Braithwaite will be prowling around in there and will see this tree, and find recorded the distance which we estimated it to be from his own camp.

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

The Day of Miracles Not Past.

A Toronto "Star" reporter investigated the case of Mr. Geo. Warner, and found that after thirteen years of almost total deafness, he had been cured by inhaling Catarrhzone.

This proves that where Catarrhzone treatment is employed, impaired hearing and deafness can be cured. Catarrhzone always brings quick relief, and is warranted to give lasting satisfaction. All sufferers from Impaired Hearing, Deafness, Head Noises, and Ringing in the Ears are advised to inhale Catarrhzone and derive the great benefit it is capable of affording. Price \$1.00, small size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Cures Rheumatism.

The Only Medicine That Prevents a Return of the Terrible Disease.

Rheumatism, which does its terrible work in the muscles, joints and tissues, is caused by uric acid which gathers in the blood. To get rid of this poisonous acid which produces the irritations, pains, agonies, inflammations and swellings peculiar to rheumatism, Paine's Celery Compound should be used without delay. No other medicine gives such prompt, cheering and happy results. It is the only medicine that prevents a return of the dreaded disease. Paine's Celery Compound braces the nerves, the blood is cleared of all irritating poisons, tissue and muscle are built up and the digestive organs perfectly toned. Do not treat with indifference the slightest symptoms; early use of Paine's Celery Compound will prevent weeks and months of suffering. Mr. G. J. McDonald, Cornwall, Ont., writes as follows:

For three years I suffered terribly from rheumatism. It seemed to me that I was forced to endure all the agonies and pains that a mortal could possibly experience from the disease. While suffering, I tried many of the advertised medicines, also doctors' prescriptions, but never found a cure until I procured a supply of Paine's Celery Compound. It worked like a charm, and seemed to strike at the very root of my trouble. I am now cured; all pains are banished, and in every respect I am a new man.

So, he said, you've succeeded in getting the housemaid to change her mind and remain with us, have you? How did you do it? So, she answered, going to the door to make sure they were not overheard. I resorted to strategy. Instead of referring to her "wages," I was careful to say "salary" whenever I spoke of the money she gets for working here. It pleased her so that she decided to remain without even demanding an increase.

The popular view of the relation of the blood to human character and conduct is marked in many a familiar expression. We speak of there being "bad blood" between people at enmity, of "blue blood" as indicating ancestry, of "black blood" as describing a treacherous nature, and in many another phrase mark our belief that in the mental, moral and physical man, "the blood is the life." The one basis of a healthful, happy and useful life is pure blood. With the blood pure, disease has no permanent lodging place in the system. For this reason the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the body of diseases which have their origin in impurity of the blood. It absolutely purifies the blood, carrying off the waste and poisonous matter, increasing the action of the blood making glands, and building up the body by supplying the blood in quantity and quality such as is essential to a condition of health. It cures ninety-eight people out of every hundred who give it a fair trial.

Bank Director—How did you come to examine his books? His Associate—I heard him address his Sunday school class on "We are here today and gone tomorrow."

Lightning Remedy for Cramps

Some people have cramps pretty often, others only now and again. But when you do have them it's a mighty quick relief you want. Polson's Nerviline is as sure as death to relieve cramps in five seconds—it's instantaneous, just a few drops in sweetened water and the pain is gone. Buy a bottle of Nerviline today, and keep it handy. Nerviline is a common household necessity and only costs 25 cents.

Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake Pills Cure Constipation.

When a boy gets up in the morning he never washes more than a quarter of the full area of his face, unless his mother is watching him.

HAVE YOU TRIED

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD?

Young And Old Are Delighted With It.

The purest, most delicious, healthful, nutritious, and altogether the most satisfactory breakfast cereal ever placed before

the public is Malt Breakfast Food. Have you tried it? If not, you are missing one of the luxuries of life; that costs little money—an agent that keeps the digestion of young and old in perfect condition as no other breakfast food can do. Malt Breakfast Food is economical; one package makes a meal for twenty-five people. Recommended by thousands of physicians as a true health food. Your Grocer sells it.

Five Rules For Night Policemen.

Old Boston is vividly brought to mind by the following excerpt from the selectmen's minutes, dated Nov. 1, 1769, containing instructions to watchmen:

"In going the rounds care must be taken that the watchmen are not noisy, but behave themselves with strict decorum, that they frequently give the time of the night and what the weather is with a distinct but moderate voice, excepting at times when it is necessary to pass in silence in order to detect and secure persons that are out on unlawful actions."

"You and your division must endeavor to suppress all riots, mobs and other disorders that may be committed in the night and secure such persons as may be guilty, that proper steps may be taken next morning for a prosecution as the law directs. We absolutely forbid your taking private satisfaction or any bribe that may be offered you to let such go or to conceal their offense from the selectmen."

How to Beautify the Complexion

To have a soft, smooth skin, free from eruptions and pimples, the blood must be healthy and pure. Ferrozone invigorates enfeebled blood, and cleanses it of all impurities and poisons; it brings color to the lips and cheeks, brilliancy to the eyes, whitens the teeth and sweetens the breath. No tonic compares with Ferrozone in rapid action and permanent results. Try it. Price 50c. at druggists, or Polson & Co. Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Headache.

FREDERICTON POST OFFICE

Arrival and Departure of Mails Scheduled Now in Force.

Mails close at the Fredericton post office beginning Oct. 13 as follows:

6.00 a. m.—St. John, United States; St. Stephen, and Charlotte, Carleton, Victoria, Madawaska counties, Fredericton Jet., Waas Station, Rasiagornia Station.
7.00 a. m.—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Mouth of Keswick, Upper Keswick, Millville, Woodstock, and 8.15 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
7.30 a. m.—Down river mails—Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.
9.15 a. m.—St. John and C. P. R. stations east—Nova Scotia, P. E. Island.
3.30 p. m.—C. E. Station—Chatham, Newcastle and I. C. R. points north, Quebec city and province.
5.15 p. m.—St. John, United States, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., Woodstock, St. Stephen, Moncton, etc., Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and N. W. provinces.

Arrivals.

9.15 a. m.—St. John, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., etc.
11.40 a. m.—United States, St. Stephen, etc.; Montreal, Ottawa and N. W. Provinces.
2.20 p. m.—Canada Eastern Mails, North Shore and Quebec.
4.30 p. m.—Down river mails.
8.10 p. m.—St. John, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., etc.
6.10 p. m.—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Mouth of Keswick, etc., Woodstock; 8.00 p. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
2.00 p. m. and 10.30 p. m.—City box-served.

Warts Removed Without Pain

Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor never fails to remove Warts, Corns, or Bunions without pain in 24 hours. Refuse a substitute for "Putnam's"; it's the best.

The only Democrat who was ever elected to the office of collector in Bloomington, Ill., has been found dead in bed. That office must have been meant for Republican.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.