

HERE'S SOME YANKEE ROT.

Lasso Method in Vogue in N. B., Says a Brooklyn Writer.

(From the Brooklyn Eagle.)

Contrary to popular belief, the moose is one of the most plentiful of American game mammals in localities where it exists and the least likely to become extinct. While it has been practically exterminated in all the states except Maine, it roams in numbers in Alaska, many sections of British North America and in eastern Canada. As the Indians became less in number, the moose increased. In British America, where whole tribes of Indians have disappeared, the moose has flourished and increased in numbers. The original Indian was an ideal moose hunter, being quite as sly as the animal, and it is a wonder that he did not exterminate it. The moose has receded as populations have advanced. As it is not likely that populations will advance much farther North, there should always be a great Northern mooseland. Alaska has gold to attract, but most of northern British America has no attractions whatever for settlers and is merely a breeding ground for pneumonia, influenza and consumption. On those coast sections of Alaska where hunters supply a million pounds of caribou meat annually to wholesalers and others, there has been no appreciable diminution of moose. The reason is plain. Caribou go in herds and are readily slaughtered. Moose segregate and require expert chase. The Alaska moose is often larger than the Maine animal and is also a different variety. An average big moose stands 7½ feet high, measures 6 feet 2 inches across the antlers and weighs 1,200 pounds.

Successful moose hunting consists in keeping the animal in ignorance that he is pursued. Once he becomes aware that detectives are on his track, he is off at motor-car speed for interminable distances. He is trailed only when the wind blows and only against the wind. According to a recent newspaper dispatch, a Maine justice has decided that a crime was committed in killing a moose in self defense out of season and has held the defendant for trial. Should the case go up, it will be interesting to learn of the ultimate decision of the courts. In Mississippi the life of a bear or deerhound held higher than a man's. Perhaps the Maine justice comes originally from that quarter of the world. In Maine the fashion from the time of Adam has been to trail the moose. Just why he shouldn't be surrounded like a deer and killed affords a fine study of ethics. Deer are seldom trailed. Hunters band together with a pack of hounds. The deer's habit is noted. The hunters are distributed around the prey in a big circle or "stands." The dogs are then let loose, driving the deer, when routed, from stand to stand, until pined.

A deer is of the same family as the moose, far more timid, far less able to get away and far more certain of ultimate extermination. So, the ethics of moose hunting are rather perplexing, and as a code of honor

in sporting lines fails to wash. With all his cunning and might, I will undertake to find a pack of twenty deerhounds that will round up a deer all right and drive him through camp, where every man can have a shot at him from his camp stool. You can do this with deer anywhere and you can course the poor little fox, but you mustn't think of such a thing in connection with moose, now the most plentiful game mammal in America. Indeed, I am guilty of a crime to mention such procedure. In New Brunswick they are a trifle more liberal. A moose may be trapped there and he may be lassoed. The French-Canadian Roosevelt have become quite expert with the lasso and have robbed the moose of much of his reputation. In fact, the reputation of the moose is largely due to circumstances and to tales of guides, who naturally want to make the chase as long as possible in the interest of their own pocket all the time. It would be no trouble to kill moose when the snow is deep and crusted, but that period is not in season. Wolves have no difficulty in moose hunting under such conditions and it is notable that Maine pays only \$5 for killing the wolf which kills the moose out of season, when the moose's death would cost a man \$1,000. Between October 15 and December 1 the ground is covered with dry leaves and twigs, the snapping of which a moose is said to hear at a distance equal to his scent—two miles.

It seems more possible that a moose can hear a sound that distance away than that he can detect a scent. If there is a natural odor about the human being that can be borne two miles to a moose, it is suggested that, as a preliminary to a day's chase, hunters should take a bath and a good scrub. As it stands, the receipt for slaying a moose is simple to repetition. Your guide discovers a trail, he determines the direction the animal is moving by hoof marks, overturned leaves and browsed bushes. You advance cautiously if the wind happens to be against you, otherwise you follow the trail on a parallel course. Your guide at intervals climbs a tree and reconnoiters. These tactics are continued until the moose is sighted, four points to the port. You then approach in due and ancient form, put your salt on the ham of the moose—he has no tail—and say, "You are Raffles!" The guide then says, "£300, please," and the incident is closed.

The mighty moose hunter of the world is Andrew J. Stone, solely because it is his business to hunt these and other animals in the far north for the American Museum of Natural History. After reading Stone's narratives, one is convinced that the moose at small expense could be made plentiful in the Adirondack forests and preserves. The young are easily caught and tamed and a protected preserve would soon stock itself.

Not even a sign of life remained, showing the wonderful expedition with which the sinister enemy had accomplished his work; not a groan was heard, not even a sigh, as the soldier gave up his life.

"Ali's slouts thus hover around every troop sent out, and their unwearied vigilance and determination are telling on the nerves of the soldiers. If he would meet our men in fair battle nothing would please them better. The struggle would be hot and brief, but against these thug-like tactics the soldiers find their task an almost impossible one.

"Ali's ambition is to acquire enough arms for his own tribe and as many others as he can induce to join him until he has a great army, when he hopes to sweep the United States soldiers from the island and proclaim himself Chief Sultan and lord of all.

"Because of his skulking methods it must not be thought the Moro is a coward. When he attacks the battle line nothing will stop him but a bullet which brings death. He won't surrender. At close range he is a terrible fighter.

LATEST FASHION.



SMART COAT FOR THE LITTLE KINDERGARTNER.

A bright shade of red broadcloth makes a delightfully smart coat for the little small girl of some half a dozen summers or so, on which the black velvet cape collar and fancy cuff make for a suitable effect. The coat has the usual flat yoke over the shoulders, to which the full skirt is pleated, a very broad double box pleat occupying the centre front and back; while the side seams flare widely. The cape is of circular cut, lined

with black surah, and plainly finished with several rows of stitching. The black velvet cape-collar is cut out in deep points, each point defining the back, shoulders and centre front. The sleeve is a moderately full puff to the wrist, where it is gathered into the upstanding cuff of velvet. The leggings are to match, and the coat is supposed to come just below the tops of those. The hat, with Tam O'Shanter crown and undulating fluted brim, is in black velvet, and the smart hair ribbons follow the color of the coat.

GRAFT IN PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—Mayor Weaver yesterday published the report of Major Cassius E. Gillette and Mr. John Donald MacLennan, members of the board of investigating engineers, who were retained to investigate contracts for filtration plants, and northeast and southern boulevards. The experts say the city had paid \$18,000,000 for the filtration and boulevard work, the actual cost of which has been \$10,000,000. They further say the contractors should have made \$2,000,000 legitimate profit, and intimate that the remaining \$6,000,000 is "graft."

D. J. McNichol & Company, it is claimed, were paid \$5,065,122 more than their work was worth. So far the city has lost \$273,217 on the small portion of the Northeast boulevard completed by this firm. Ryan & Kelley, it is claimed, were paid \$43,890 in excess of what the work of building the Belmont filter plant was worth, and Vane Brothers, for what has already been done on the Southern boulevard, were paid \$9,128 too much.

Odessa, Nov. 1.—(Special)—The conflicts between Cossacks and students continue. During the fighting between roughs and jets on Balaiskaya street, last night, thirty-seven persons were killed and thirty-one seriously wounded, were taken to the hospital.

Ottawa, Nov. 1.—(Special)—The cattle herd at the experimental farm of the maritime provinces at Nappan, have become affected with tuberculosis. It is said at the department that the herd may have to be slaughtered.

Sometimes a married man thinks life is a long thrill of joy, but then he is only away on his vacation.

Some men are almost willing to be run over by a trolley car to get their names in the newspapers.

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"Not always. Did you ever see a hen on a porcelain egg?"—Brooklyn Life.

A Bit of Good Advice.
One of the best things to do before we criticise others much is to begin an intelligent study of ourselves.—Chicago Journal.

Goose Dancing.
Goose dancing, in which men wear women's hats and women wear men's coats, is the Christmas amusement in the Scilly Isles.

Sunken Treasures.
It is estimated that greater quantities of gold and silver have been sunk in the sea than are now in circulation on earth.

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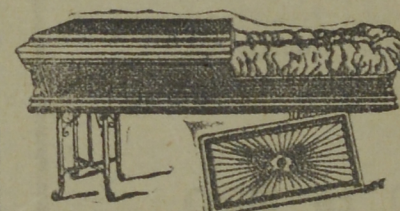
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Oct. 17, 1905

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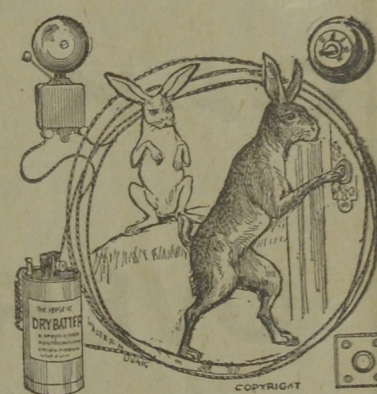


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Oct.

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THE SAVAGE MOROS.

Tales of an American Back from the Philippines.

A Macon, Mo., despatch says:—"The Moro constable is one of the most thoroughly effective officers in the world in many respects," remarked Theodore G. Hinckley, attorney at law, of Zamboanga, Mindanao Island, who is at home from the Philippines, visiting his former classmate in Washington University. City Attorney William Van Cleave. "He generally has a better idea of what the datto or petty ruler wants done than the writ specifies and he follows out his superior's wishes."

"While I was laid up in the military hospital a datto suffering from a bolo wound was brought in and placed in a cot near mine. After his bandages had been applied he issued a writ for the arrest of the man who had attacked him and gave it to one of his constables to execute."

"In a few days thereafter a couple of strapping big Moros entered the ward. One of them carried agnony sack. Arriving at my neighbor's cot they untied the sack, and out rolled a hideous black head."

"The wounded datto studied the features sufficiently to recognize them."

"You have done well," he said to his desperate-looking retainers. "Throw this thing out to the dogs."

"That was over a year ago. Since then the government has stepped in and put a stop to this summary method of enforcing the law."

"One of the first cases I got on the island was an appointment to defend a murderer in the Court of First Instance, a tribunal corresponding to your circuit courts. A Moro, while laboring under religious frenzy, had started out with the humane purpose of killing every Christian within reach—running amuck, they call it."

"The man was not drunk; he was simply seeking a short cut to the happy hunting land, as defined by his creed. He had carved a little girl and several others in his honest attempt to prove himself a sincere believer."

on the island. I got an interpreter and went into a side room with my client."

"Ask him," I said to the interpreter, "if he's got a defence."

"The interpreter repeated the interrogatory, and the prisoner shook his head violently in the affirmative."

"Yes, a good one," said the interpreter.

"Let's have it."

"After a voluble interchange of heathen lingo, the interpreter blandly delivered the result."

"He had to thank those people because the moon rose red from Basilan Strait and the roosters started crowing at the sight of it."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"All!" repeated the interpreter, as if I were extremely unreasonable, "Isn't that enough?"

"The fanatic bolo wielder got fourteen years in prison, and I was glad of it."

"When I left the island there was a formidable insurrection by redoubtable chieftain named Ali, who had some 3,050 desperate followers. He went on the warpath because he heard that the Sultan of Sulu was drawing a big pension from the government, and he was left out."

"Ali is as cunning as an Indian. Time and again he has ambushed scouting parties, slain them to the last man, and confiscated guns and ammunition until he and his crowd were nearly as well armed as our soldiers."

"Two thousand dollars awaits the party that brings in the outlaw dead or alive."

"His camp is supposed to be somewhere in the Cottabato Valley. The grass and other growth is as tall as a telegraph pole, and the greatest caution has to be observed in passing through it, as the rebels are as silent and as swift as death."

"At one time a well-guarded pack train was slowly crossing the valley."

"There was no danger of attack so long as the soldiers kept together, but one of them stepped out of the path for a moment to gather a piece of fruit. Inside of two minutes he was missed, and his companions found him with his throat cut, a spear thrust through his breast, and his rifle and cartridges gone."