

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

Mr. Fough Continues His Interesting Description of a Trip.

MADE ACROSS NEW BRUNSWICK ON SNOWSHOES.

The City Man Had Difficulties to Contend With

AND LUCK SEEMED AGAINST HIM AT FIRST.

(Forest and Stream.)

Friday fell on the 13th, and oddly enough, on that day our luck was broken to just a little extent, although not in my favor. I went out for a solitary caribou hunt. Nothing showed on the lake this morning, although there were two fresh trails again on the carry. The crust was very noisy, and I went along very slowly and carefully on the old trail, hoping that the crust might have driven some caribou in to the easier going. Presently as I stopped to listen, I heard a faint noise on my left and saw a small caribou, without any horns, just disappearing beyond the edge of the hills. From the noise made by a man in walking on this crust, I should have expected a caribou to make ten times as much noise as this one did. I did not shoot at it, as it was a poor specimen, and the mark was a bit uncertain. Yet, just a little further along the trail, as I glanced up I saw two caribou, slipping along far more silently than I would have believed possible, and making directly across my trail.

I've got you this time, my boy," thought I, for I determined to kill one, even although no horns were visible. I held low and fine and got the lead just right as I pulled, although at that time I was obliged to fire directly through a small evergreen tree which screened my view. A black mass apparently went down in front of me, and I was entirely satisfied that I had killed him, but to my intense surprise I found no caribou when I got to the spot, but saw two white tails bobbing off a couple of hundred yards away down the snow-covered trail! Whether I was more angry or surprised I hardly know even yet. I found my bullet mark about eighteen inches above the snow line, and a couple of feet to the side of the trail, but instead of leaping on across the trail, both caribou had ducked and dodged into it, after its better footing. I learned how much they dreaded the crust, for these caribou kept to the trail for 500 yards. I saw where, moose fashion, they had twice turned to look around to spy out their pursuer.

There was nothing on Nictor Lake when I went over to it, and later when I met Charlie on the back track, he had not seen any caribou, although we picked up four fresh trails going back. The creatures were like ghosts, slipping in and out everywhere except where we ourselves chanced to be.

That night, however, there was a different story to tell. Adam and Jack came in staggering under heavy loads. I saw horns sticking out from the corner of one of the sacks.

"We've killed the hoodoo," said Adam gleefully, "I thought that this gang could get a moose when we really had to have a moose." (Neither Adam or Charlie have yet killed a moose this season.)

It seemed that the moose was a fine young bull, a three-year-old, and Adam had killed it that morning at about half-past eight, a very little time after he had left camp. He trailed it for some distance, and at last saw it in a little brook, high up toward the top of the ridge, and about 100 yards away. "I knew when I saw it that it was my moose," said Adam, and I concluded to kill it just to break the hoodoo. It is not a very big head, but it's a whole lot better than no moose at all. I just took a good fair sight, and I only had to shoot once with the .30-40. The moose was shot through the lungs, the ball breaking one of the spinal processes. Adam said that it sank down at once and only moved its head two or three times, being quite dead when he got to it. He found then that

he had left his knife back at the Klondike camp, and had to walk back to get it. Then he skinned the moose, hung up the hide in the camp, and he and Jack later came on down with the head and part of the meat. They had passed a very wretched night with their one blanket at the Klondike camp, for the weather had come off quite cold, and it was necessary for a fire to be kept up all night.

Adam had seen any amount of moose sign on his hunt of today and yesterday, and in the same neighborhood where he killed his moose he saw three small bulls all of which had been lying down in the open water.

Jack had hunted in a different direction from that taken by his father, and it was a very satisfactory report indeed which he brought back with him. He had located a moose yard and had seen unmistakable sign of one or more bulls. He said that when he got into the edge of the yard he came back, and did not believe that any of the game had scented him, so that there would be a fair chance of finding a moose, and a bull moose, too, in that neighborhood on the following day. All of which raised our spirits very much indeed, for time was slipping away very rapidly now, and since we had started out to kill my moose, we rather wanted to do it.

MOOSE SHANK MOCCASINS

Adam and Jack brought in a splendid fox skin, it appearing that this fox had gotten into an old bear trap which had been left set at the Klondike camp the fall previous. The fur was beautiful. We were now getting quite a bunch of fur in camp, to say nothing of our caribou trophies and these recent spoils of the little bull moose. Adam brought down the shanks of the moose, and although he thought they would be a little small for his own feet, advised me to make a pair of shank moccasins out of them. Charlie, ever ready, sewed up the small ends of the shanks with stout thread, made a mixture of saltpetre, alum and water, filled up the shanks with the liquid and hung them up to tan for twenty-four hours. As a result, I got a very practical pair of rough-and-ready moccasins, such as are very highly prized by the genuine woodsmen of the snowshoe country. It seems devised by nature for the natural foot covering of man, even for the bump which comes right where a man's ankle bone strikes the side of the shoe. This bump on the hock joint is biggest in the deer, next in size on the caribou and smallest on the moose.

"It's funny how these things run, sort of in grades, in all kinds of animals," said he. "Now, here you have the weasel, and next to that comes the sable, and then the fisher, and then the wolverine, and next the bear. If you learn the habits of all these you will find that each one has habits something like the one just above him and just below him in the scale. Ain't that funny?"

MORE CARIBOU.

As to caribou, Jack saw four caribou within ten yards of him this morning, and he says he could have caught one had they not taken their back track. The crust was now bothering the caribou very much, and we could have made a very successful crust hunt on that day if we had cared to do so. The caribou had made a regular road on the ridge up to the Klondike country from which Adam and Jack had just come. There were literally scores of them all about, and how we kept from blundering upon them was hard to understand. I certainly was never in any country in all my life where there was so great a number of game animals so close about. Had this been in the Rocky Mountain country our hunt would have been over before the end of the second day, for in the open ridges which mark most parts of the Rocky Mountain hunting region there are always chances to see game once in a while. The thick forests of New Brunswick are a great protective agency. We talked moose that night and Adam pointed out dozens of places close about, each of which had some moose story connected with it.

A DIVING MOOSE.

"I suppose you do not believe that a moose will actually dive?" said he to me. "That proposition is sometimes disputed by the authorities, but the authorities don't always know. Now, I saw a moose

dive on Upsilquitch Lake last year and it not only went altogether under the water, but it stayed under the water for fully a minute at a time. It would stay down underneath the surface until the water was very still, so that you would not know that anything was under it at all. I saw something shining white in the sun above the surface of the water, and at last we saw it was a moose feeding, and then we saw close at hand this moose, which was diving for its food. A moose is a great creature to get into the water. They wade all over little Nictor Lake, which is fully four feet deep in places. Of course it is not unusual for a moose to stick its head under water, but this is the first time I ever saw one go completely under and entirely out of sight."

We felt pretty good this night, Friday, the 13th, in spite of the bad weather we had been having, and which threatened to continue. We believed that we had the hoodoo broken. Our next hunt was to be near the yard which Jack had located about four miles up in the rough mountain region, the roughest country which we had yet encountered, and the roughest section of all the Province of New Brunswick.

"We'll get that bull to-morrow," said Adam, "or if we don't, we'll sure set him a-running."

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Pleasant Cure For Weak Lungs.

The best remedy for sore, weak lungs, is the soothing vapor of Catarrhzone which traverses every air cell and passage of the breathing organs. It treats remote parts that cough mixtures and sprays can't approach, and kills thousands of germs as every breath. Catarrhzone drives away pain, congestion and inflammation; it makes breathing easy and regular, and exerts a marvelous influence on coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, catarrh, deafness and lung trouble. Catarrhzone cures at once, is delightful to inhale, and simple to use. Price \$1.00; small size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

Crab Eating Monkeys.

People are so much in the habit of thinking that monkeys are found only in forests that it comes as a surprise to learn of one that bears the name of the crab eating macaque. It is found through Burma, Siam and Malay land, living among the trees that line the tidal creeks. The chief food of these animals consists of seeds, insects and crabs. In pursuit of crabs they must take to the water. Use has become second nature with them, as with other animals, and they are said to be able to swim uncommonly well.

All Claim the Center.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully; "Shakespeare was right. All the world's a stage, but it's a mighty funny stage at that."

"How so?" "Practically every one who steps on the boards thinks he is cast for the star part, and as a general thing he's more than half through his lines before he discovers his mistake."

Russia's Armies.

Russia has three different armies. In Europe her men are five years in the active army, thirteen in the reserve and five years in the second reserve. In Asia they are seven years in actual service and six in the reserve. In Caucasus they are only three in the active army and fifteen in the reserve.

THE LIQUOR HABIT.

Rev. J. A. McCallen's Lecture.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Matthew anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., of St. Patrick's Church, and President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. Dixon's new discovery for the cure of alcohol and drug habits.

Referring to the physical crave engendered by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he said:—"When such a crave manifests itself there is no escape unless by a miracle of grace, or by some remedy as Mr. Dixon's cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately, and if I am to judge of the value of the Dixon remedy by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes, I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman."

Full particulars regarding this medicine can be obtained by writing to Mr. Dixon, No 83 Willcocks Street, Toronto, Canada.

THE COLOR LINE

As it Was Drawn in Football at Wolfville.

TRURO CAPTAIN INTERVIEWED

On His Refusal to Play His Team Against Acadia.

(Halifax Herald.)

Every little while the color line ghost which has been said to have been laid to rest to its final rest in this country, bobs up as serenely as ever. Last Saturday it appeared on the field of sports in Wolfville, when Truro's football team refused to play the Acadia college team, because it had a negro in its ranks. The affair has occasioned a good deal of talk in sporting circles.

The Herald reporter called on Captain H. V. Bigelow, of the Truro team, and asked him for his version of the affair. Mr. Bigelow was quite willing to comply with the request. He said in part: "Not until our team was nearing Wolfville on Saturday, did we learn that Acadia college was playing a negro on their team. This same colored man was on Acadia's second team when they went to play King's college team at Windsor last year. 'According to our information,' continued Mr. Bigelow, 'Acadia is mistaken in saying there was not the slightest objection made by Kings; for not only was the Acadia team excluded from the hotels at Windsor on account of having the negro on the team, but strong objections were made by the Windsor team to playing.' However, as Windsor was the host, they gave in, and the game was played. Had Kings insisted on their objection that would probably have settled the matter, as it is not likely Acadia would have braved another 'insult' as they term it. 'I am informed,' Mr. Bigelow went on to say, by Acadia students, that two or three years ago one of the Acadia captains refused to act if the negro was put on the team, and that he, the negro, was dropped that year from the 'arena.' I might also say that in our refusal to play the game on Saturday with the negro on the team, we were backed up by the citizens of Wolfville almost unanimously. Our team was unanimous at all events, and I think Acadia will have a large job ahead to bring opinion to what they call 'a better and healthier state.'"

"From my standpoint," Mr. Bigelow continued, "it is solely a question of taste. If Acadia is willing to play football and other sports with negroes, that is their own business; but when they ask others to play with them, that is a different matter. When the other team refuses to play on the grounds of color, it is an insult to the other team to ask them to do so, and because they will not do so to him them. I will be very much surprised if a respectable team in Nova Scotia can be found to play with Acadia if they insist on their present stand."

\$25,000.00 Given Away.

In the past year Dr. R. V. Pierce has given away copies of his great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser at an expense to him of \$25,000.00 exclusive of postage. This standard book on medicine and hygiene, contains 1008 pages and more than 700 illustrations. It treats of the greatest and gravest problems of human life in simple English, from a common sense point of view. It answers those questions of sex which linger unspoken upon the lips of youth and maiden. It is essentially a family book, and its advice in a moment of sudden illness or accident may be the means of saving a valuable life. This great work is sent absolutely free on receipt of stamps to defray the cost of mailing and customs. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper binding, or 50 stamps for cloth covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HANWELL.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

Oct. 15.—The farmers in this vicinity are nearly through digging, but owing to the rust potatoes are a very poor crop.

Some of our young men have taken their departure for Uncle Sam's territory and more than one pair of bright eyes have grown dim.

Our highly esteemed pastor, Rev.

Father LeBlanc had a frolic on Monday, cutting bushes and ploughing the church ground. Quite a number of men were present and a satisfactory day's work was done.

Miss Adelia King, we are pleased to see, is able to be out again after her recent illness.

Miss Barbara Goodine who is teaching school in New Market, spent Sunday with her parents here.

Miss Nellie Foye presides over the lower Hanwell school, and is found a capable and efficient teacher.

Messrs Powers and Renahan are at present threshing for Mr. Dominic Goodine.

Mrs. Thomas Kingston of Yoho, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Dominic Goodine, this week.

The school at Upper Hanwell is taught by the former teacher Miss Gertie Burke. The school house was thoroughly renovated during vacation and new seats and other modern equipment installed, a change that was badly needed.

James A. Garvey is digging potatoes for J. W. Burke this week. Jimmy breaks the record digging potatoes.

Partridges seem to be very plentiful this season. Sportsmen from the city are to be seen here every day.

Diplomacy.

"I always endeavor," said the matrimonial philosopher, "to take the wrong side of an inconsequential argument."

"With what object in view?" he was naturally asked.

"It gives my wife a chance to prove me wrong, and this so delights her that I find her generously tractable in all the more important matters."

A Wonderful Tonic and Strengthenor.

Said a druggist today, "No doubt about it, the tonic that gives best results is the biggest seller, and that is Ferrozone. It enriches and purifies the blood, restores strength and energy to the feeble, and is a scientific reconstructor that was always popular. In chlorosis, anaemia, tiredness, languor, brain fog, indigestion and dyspepsia its action is prompt and satisfactory cures always follow. Yes I recommend Ferrozone to my customers because I believe it is the best tonic and strengthening medicine that money can buy." Large boxes cost 50c. Sold by C. Borchill.

Poetry at Home.

"Posterity will discover me," said the poet.

"If it does," replied his wife, who was all tired out because they couldn't afford to keep a girl, "it will probably regret any time it wasted in doing so."

Children sweeten labor, but they make misfortune more bitter. They increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

Paper possessing the transparency of glass is made in Paris from kelp and other seaweeds.

A Chinese compositor needs a type case at least sixty feet long and has to walk about twenty-five miles a day up and down it.

ALWAYS IN SIGHT

Crowded street. People passing by. Old and young. All eager about their own affairs and always somebody in plain sight who needs Scott's Emulsion.

Now it's that white-haired old man; weak digestion and cold body. He needs Scott's Emulsion to warm him, feed him, and strengthen his stomach.

See that pale girl? She has thin blood. Scott's Emulsion will bring new roses to her face.

There goes a young man with narrow chest. Consumption is his trouble. Scott's Emulsion soothes ragged lungs and increases flesh and strength.

And here's a poor, sickly little child. Scott's Emulsion makes children grow—makes children happy.