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THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

Conclusion of Mr. Hough's Highly Interesting Article.

DESCRIBING A DECEMBER HUNTING TRIP TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Return to Fredericton After the Hunt.

A GOOD WORD FOR SURVEYOR-GENERAL DUNN AND MR. W. P. FLEWELLING.

(From Forest and Stream.)

I had a lot of fun with Henry on the way home, nor did he feel easy in his own mind about it until the next day, when we cut up the carcass. Then we found that his shot had not struck the moose at all. I don't know whether the concussion knocked the moose down or not, but I understand it isn't necessary to hit a moose very much with a big-bore gun. In the mix-up among the trees, the moose had certainly turned his right shoulder to me, though neither of us knew it. My first shot was delivered very far back, passing entirely through the pannich. It practically killed the moose, nor did the animal really require another shot after that, although it was not knocked down. Had I used my own judgment and stuck to the hollow-point bullet, instead of the soft-nose, which Adam advised me to use, I think this hollow point would have destroyed the animal at once, for the bullet would not have passed through and the shock would have been very much greater. As it was, the moose was made very sick and would have sunk down very shortly had I given him time. It stood no longer than I have seen a sheep stand in the same place, and did not even go so far as I have seen an antelope go shot through three times with a .45-75. The second shot struck him at the back edge of the right shoulder, passed through the lungs to the opposite shoulder and lodged against the skin. There was one, or perhaps two, bullet holes further back through the carcass. The shot which I fired for the front of the hindquarters was placed a little too far to the right, and struck directly on the hip joint. I never in my life saw a worse case of bone smashing than the soft-nose did there. The joint and hip bone for a space of about a foot were literally crushed into fragments. Even Henry had to admit that this bone was pretty badly mused up, and he said he had never seen the interior of a moose much worse disorganized. The water of the pannich had escaped into the abdominal cavity, the lungs were shot up, and in fact there was nothing good about the works of that moose when we got through with him.

Just to show that he had an argument left in the box, Henry said, "If that moose had been in the fall in the running season, when they are fuller of vitality, he would have skipped away with that hole through his pannich and never have minded it and we should have lost him sure."

Perhaps. I don't know. I only know that this moose was stopped with the first shot of a 30-40, and that delivered almost by chance in a part of the body where the old black powder loads would not have stopped an antelope. I have rarely seen game dropped absolutely dead, and shall always be satisfied to stop my game this close. I think the destructive effects of the 30-40 when shot through the pannich of an animal depend very much upon the amount of water there happens to be in the pannich at the time, the explosive quality being much greater in soft or moist tissue or in water. This moose had his pannich filled with a most astonishing quantity of garden truck, apparently a wash tub full of bark and buds

which he had chewed up. The bullet passing through this mass of food had carried a tremendous shock. I am not ready to say that my rifle is the best one on earth, and I realize the good judgment and far wider experience which friends of the big bores have, but it still remains a puzzle to me how any one can shoot a moose a half-dozen times with the .30-40 and not get him—that is to say, provided he shoots him in the hollow of the body, or indeed shoots him in any way but the most rankly tenderfoot fashion. I don't know about the other small bores, but I am speaking now only of the .30-40 rifle which I used. Henry admitted that he had never seen the .30-40 used before, or so I understood him. I am still wondering whether he would rather have seen my moose get away than to have him killed with a small-bore! It was pretty rough on Henry, when you come to think of it—to go down into his country on long snowshoes, on rubber shoes, with a small-bore rifle, and to kill the tame moose which had been making all these tracks around his cabin!

"I guess I have put you out of business," said I to Henry, as we finally talked the matter over. "I guess so," said he, grinning. "I will have to go out of the moose business now sure, but I have got my pet caribou left yet to fall back on."

Henry told me that when he saw this moose first it had the end of its muzzle stuck out in front of a bunch of trees and he could not see the rest of its head. It was eating at the time, and he could see its jaws moving, a fact which we no doubt owed our shot. When a moose is chewing anything its sense of hearing is practically suspended for the time, and a feeding moose is easier to approach than one lying in its bed. This old fellow was standing above us, which is certainly the best place from a moose point of view; the wind was blowing directly from us to him, which was another point in his favor, and moreover, we had passed entirely by him and below him on the hillside. Just how on earth it happened that we could get a shot under such conditions, let him explain who can. Henry told me that this was an old moose and very poor, and probably thick-witted. "I don't think he would have wintered through anyhow, if you hadn't shot him," said Henry, grinning. It's astonishing how these big-bore men hang to their convictions.

Henry and I went back to the water hole to boil the kettle after killing our moose, and after opening the carcass and preparing it to keep over night. It came on to snow good and hard now, and the mountains were wrapped in a blinding blanket of falling white, so that Henry had to get out his compass several times. We got home in good season that evening, and had a mild sort of jubilation at the camp, making it as pronounced as we dared in view of the fact that our moose had no horns.

"Well," said Adam, "I'm mighty glad that you got your moose, but I would have been just a little gladder if you had killed him north of the divide, and a heap gladder yet if you had killed one with horns on."

I explained to Adam that it was my practice always to kill moose close to the trail and without any antlers, so that it didn't make hard sledding to get the trophy out to the settlements. We brought out our meat and hide and scalp the next morning, and this ended our hunting operations.

Henry finished his season with just one last half-day, of which he wrote me after I returned home. He says: "I went out along my trapping trail and got up to a bunch of five moose. I emptied the old tomato can at what I thought was the biggest moose of the lot, and when I got up to him I found that he had only one horn!"

I heard that one or two other parties who were in earlier than ourselves killed moose with one horn or none at all. Henry told us that the moose which made the big sign at his Christmas camp, the same one which Adam and I followed in the rain, had only one horn, for he had seen him the morning when he went up to that camp. Adam and I were then sure that the big cow which we had seen on the Moose Brook trail (was a bull which had shed its horns. That was two weeks before the date on which I killed my moose. We felt quite sure that

the thaws and soft spells had the effect of making the moose shed their horns unusually early. Perhaps one-quarter of them had shed by Dec. 15. Both Adam and Henry found in this a good argument for setting forward the date of opening the season of moose to Sept. 1 instead of Sept. 15, and closing it Dec. 15 instead of Jan. 1.

It was a great pleasure to spend some time with Mr. W. P. Flewelling, Deputy Surveyor General, at the Crown Land Office, examining the splendid collections in natural history, etc., which are to be seen in that department of the Government offices. There is a grand collection of New Brunswick animals here, as well as a great many photographs, maps, views, etc., taken in all parts of the Province. I don't know whether it is generally known, yet it is the case, that the splendid George A. Boardman collection, which was the object of the loving care of that well-known naturalist, passed into the hands of the New Brunswick Government shortly after the death of Mr. Boardman. The birds and animals of this collection cover a wide part of the fauna of North America and are very beautifully mounted and preserved. I felt under very many obligations to Hon. A. T. Dunn, Surveyor General, and his obliging lieutenant, Mr. Flewelling, who did everything possible to make my stay pleasant and placed every source of information at my disposal. Mr. Flewelling was so good as to make me a map of the whole section of New Brunswick traversed by our party. He explained to me that the lines of the survey run across the country east, west, north and south, a distance of five miles apart. The surveyors do not in all cases know what there may be in such a square of five miles, the interior of which they do not always visit. We had crossed two or three blocks of this sort, which have not as yet been fully mapped, and Henry, Adam and myself were therefore able to offer some suggestions in regard to the location of lakes, streams, etc., which we had met in our wanderings. We put in three new lakes, arranged a few streams, and reset a mountain or two, all of which shows that old New Brunswick still is new and has news in it.

Mr. Albert Everett, our host at Windsor Hall, called a little meeting of sportsmen for the evening of the day on which we arrived in Fredericton. There were present at this enjoyable little banquet the following gentlemen: F. B. Edgcombe, President of the Board of Trade; C. Fred Chestnut, President of the Tourist Association; W. P. Flewelling, Deputy Surveyor General; W. T. Chestnut, H. B. Atherton, George W. Hoegz, A. A. Tweeddale, H. R. Babbitt, A. A. Shute, William Walker, H. G. Chestnut, Adam Moore, Charles Cremin, John Macpherson, R. P. Allen, E. J. Payson and others.

It was like pulling teeth to say good-bye to big Adam Moore and Charlie Cremin. Every fellow who reads the Forest and Stream knows how much he gets attached to friends of the out of doors. They are the best sort. So perhaps the least said is the soonest. I can quite agree with Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, N. B. (who varied eight days at Fredericton to meet our party when it returned, and who was originally to have gone in with me. Mr. Flower left for home the very morning of the day on which we arrived, hence I had to meet him only by correspondence). "You are right in what you say," said he, "your Uncle Adam Moore is no ordinary man. His level-headedness and common sense are qualities many a man might envy, and as to his physical endurance—don't mention it."

Adam and I finally managed to break away from the blandishments of Fredericton, and start for our little journey to Chicago. This was my first experience in hunting east of the State of Michigan. I have never been in any country where there is so much game to the square mile as there is in New Brunswick. I have never been in any country where a man gets a better run for his money, nor where he comes away with a greater consciousness of having received perfectly square and honorable treatment in every regard. I fear we may no longer hope for the old days of freedom and abundance in American big game. Under these changed conditions and under the modern limitations, I do not believe the superior, if, indeed, the equal of New Brunswick exists as a hunting country in any region accessible to the sportsmen of the United States and Canada. My own hunt was not made exclusively for the purpose of killing game, but for investigation, and it

gave perhaps unusual facilities for learning in regard to the abundance of game. I want to say that the game is there, and the guides are there, and if you don't get game, it is not their fault, but your own, or that of the weather. We had unusually bad weather during our trip, or I presume I might have written a much bloodier story—might perhaps have told a story of a better trophy. December is the hardest month in the year for a moose hunt, but I certainly could not ask a better time than I had. Adam says we are going to do it all over again some time. "I am thinking up some other fool trip for you and myself, to go on two or three years from now," said he. "We'll start across the country to the north somewhere, and come out by way of Labrador or Hudson Bay, or some other place in foreign parts." Dear old Adam, and dear old Henry! That's the way one feels about it. May they live forever, kings in their wilderness kingdoms. It will long be one of my pleasant memories that I was along when the trail blazed between their principalities.

E. HOUGH.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

A Good Quarter Dollar's Worth.

Is contained in a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, which cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Sick Stomach and Indigestion. Mothers find Nerviline is first class liniment for children's sore throat, hoarseness, cold in the chest, and taken in hot water before retiring is a splendid remedy for colds. Don't be without Nerviline; it is the most economical, potent and reliable household liniment made, and costs only 25c. Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

A Tory in Yarmouth named Corning, Who wouldn't heed any man's warning, Got a jolt in the jaw From a Grit named Law And his eye is in mourning this morning. —Sydney Record.

Guests would frighten many people who are not afraid of germs. Yet the germ is a real danger. If this microscopic animalism could be magnified to a size in proportion to its deadliness it would show like a giant python, or fire breathing dragon. The one fact to remember is that the germ is powerless to harm the body when the blood is pure. It is far easier to keep the germ out than to drive it out after it obtains a hold in the system. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the most powerful and perfect of blood purifying medicines. It increases the quantity as well as the quality of the blood, and enables the body to resist disease, or to throw it off if disease has obtained a footing in some weak organ. Wherever the digestion is impaired, the nutrition of the body is diminished, for the blood is made from the food which is eaten, and half digested food cannot supply the body with blood in quantity and quality adequate to its needs. For this condition there is no remedy equal to "Golden Medical Discovery." It cures ninety-eight out of every hundred persons who give it a fair trial. When there is constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will promptly relieve and permanently cure.

Wife—Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers. Next day the wife read as follows in the newspapers: "Lost, a mangy lap-dog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, two pounds reward."

Corns Between The Toes.

Or on the soles of the feet can be cured by a few applications of Putnam's Corn Extractor, which has been successfully used for 30 years. Putnam's is sure, safe and painless, and much better than any substitute.

He—I love the true, the good, the beautiful. Miss Serelaef—Oh, Mr Blank, this is so sudden.

No Danger.

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, has proved by analysis that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap, and has a thorough cleansing power, without danger to the clothing or skin." Clothing is worn more in the wash than in use where common soaps are used, and the hands are liable to eczema. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he.

A Wonderful Tonic and Strengtheners.

Said a druggist to-day, "No doubt about it, the tonic that gives the 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 reconstructer that was always popular. In Coloris, Anaemia, Tiredness, Langour, 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 that money can buy." Large boxes cost 50c.

CHILD DIES IN A TRUNK.

Anchorage, Ky., Dec. 9.—As the result of an attempt to go to sleep in a trunk, John Allen, Jr., the six-year-old son of John Allen, a resident of this place, is dead, and his eight-year-old sister is in a serious condition.

The children, according to the girl's story, were playing in the attic of their home, when the boy proposed that they get into the trunk and rest. After they had done so the boy pulled the lid down and they were unable to open it again. Their cries for help were not heard, and when their mother found them about an hour later the boy was dead and the girl was unconscious. The parents are at a loss to understand why the children could not raise the lid, as it had neither lock nor clasp.

Pleasant Cure for Weak Lungs.

The best remedy for sore, weak lungs is the soothing vapor of Catarrhozone which traverses every air cell and passage of the breathing organs. It treats the remote parts that cough mixtures and sprays can't approach, and kills thousands of germs at every breath. Catarrhozone drives away pain, congestion and inflammation; it makes breathing easy and regular, and exerts a marvellous influence on Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Deafness and Lung Trouble. Catarrhozone cures at once, is delightful to inhale, and simple to use. Price \$1.00; trial size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

FOUND HER SON'S SKELETON.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dec. 9.—Mrs. Thaddens Haight, while ploughing on her farm three miles from the village of Milton, on the Hudson, uncovered a human skeleton, believed to be that of Thaddeus Haight, jun., her son. He has been missing for eight years. Haight inherited some money and one day he started away from home with over \$2,000 to pay some bills. He was never seen after that. It is supposed he was murdered and buried.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

Swigs—Somehow I have failed to meet with any success in my undertakings. Briggs—That's easily accounted for. Swigs—Well, what's the answer for Briggs—Too many bars in your way.

SEVEN TO ONE

From reports received we figure that one bottle of Scott's Emulsion sometimes builds seven times its weight of solid, healthy flesh! Why is this so?

Because Scott's Emulsion is itself the richest and most digestible of foods.

Because Scott's Emulsion gives strong appetite.

Because Scott's Emulsion makes all good food do good—strong stomach—strong digestion.

Because Scott's Emulsion wakes up the dormant system—new life to the tissues—so that the body uses it's food for bone making and flesh building.

We'll send you a little to try if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.