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The Land of Big Game.

E. HOUGH OF CHICAGO CONTINUES HIS INTERESTING NARRATIVE

Of His Trip Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.

SOME WOODS LORE GATHERED FROM JOE ELLIS AN INDIAN TRAPPER.

(Forest and Stream.)

At breakfast on the morning of Dec. 18 we held a general council of war. Adam was looking mighty blue, and I felt sorry for him, he felt so bad about our bad luck. I explained to him how foolish this was, since no one had been at fault and since in such weather conditions no hunter in the world could possibly hope to kill a moose, no matter how abundant they were.

We now took up the question of the trip south across the unknown country between Adam's chain of camps and those of Harry Braithwaite, on the Miramichi side of the divide. I told Adam that I had no doubt whatever that if we stayed a week or so here at Bathurst we should get our moose without difficulty, as the weather was bound to change. He wanted me to go with him up to his Upsalquitch camp, where there was splendid moose and caribou ground, and thence to go out to the railroad at Bathurst, about eighty miles from our present camp. I told him I should be glad to see his country and knew that we would get our game, but if I did, so I would be only doing what all of his customers had done, since it was no extraordinary thing to kill a moose and a caribou in that country. On the other hand, I explained to him, if we could really succeed in making it across the divide, and come out in the Miramichi country in an entirely different region from that where we had gone in, we should surely, from a newspaper man's point of view at least, be doing a better stroke of business. In other words, much as I hated to sacrifice Adam's professional pride in the matter, I determined to give up my moose for the sake of the story. Adam big-hearted and generous as he is at last agreed to this.

"What do you say, boys?" said he. "It means all of us, and it means all that all of us can do. There will be a heap of hard work in getting over there, if we ever do get over there at all. Now I will go if the rest of you want to, but we won't ask any one to go who don't feel like it." It hardly need be said that Charlie and Jack fell promptly into line, and thus it was determined.

I had now practically said good bye to my chance for a moose, yet none the less looked ahead with a great deal of interest to the rest of our journey. The days were now slipping by very fast, and I felt it was taking considerable chances to start out into an unknown country so late in the game. Nothing venture, however, nothing have, so we let it stand as agreed.

THE ACT OF LOUIS BEAR.

We shall best hasten the action of our story if we pause for yet a while by the way. In short we must go back something like forty years or so. I have said that a couple of Indians visited us in our camp at Bathurst Lake. These Indians had something to do with the success of our trip across the country. These Indians, moreover, were connected with other Indians. Their story ran back for forty years.

Some forty years ago there was a well-known Indian by the name of Louis Bear, a member of the large and influential Bear-Family, who have been chiefs among the Millicet Indians for some generations. Louis Bear lived somewhere in the settlements down the Tobique River. For the most part Louis was a good Indian and peaceable, and as he was trying to follow the white man's customs and to raise a little white man's garden truck, it annoyed him very much to have his neighbour's horses break in and eat up his garden. One morning his anger overstepped his prudence. He took down his flintlock and with a certain amount of precision shot the daylight out of the leading offender among his neighbour's horses. Then Louis him-

self thought that he had committed a crime against the white man's law. He did not stop to find out what that law would do to him, but in brief as one weary of sin, he fled as a bird to the mountains.

These mountains aforesaid were precisely the range over which Adam proposed to take the Forest and Stream man in the hope that somewhere on the southern side of them we should find trace of Uncle Henry Braithwaite. As shall presently appear, it was a most lucky thing indeed for us that Louis Bear, long since gathered to his fathers, once upon a time shot his neighbor's horse and fled as a bird to the mountains.

When Louis became an outlaw in that wilderness which lies between the heads of the Serpentine, the West Branch, the Little South Branch and the North Pole Branch, which later runs into the Miramichi, it was done the less necessary for Louis to do something for a livelihood. In effect, he started out and built himself a line of traps, beginning somewhere between Sagamok Mountain and the heads of the Silver Brook, crossing the country where Adam and I had jumped our big bull near the Klondike camp, working around the heads of the Serpentine streams, swinging over toward the headwaters of the Little South Branch of the Nipisiguit, swinging thence back toward the steep Serpentine hills, and thence working east and a little north again into some country not even in this present time much known to mortal man. Louis was quite safe in his selected wilderness.

A line of sable traps, if well built, will last five to eight years. Louis trapped on his line and lived out in the woods until people forgot about the horse. He then either cashed in his checks or got tired of trapping, and later his trapping line fell into the hands of Ambrose Bear, who used it for a while. It lay fallow for a time and then Joe Ellis, our present Indian friend, and Ambrose Lockwood trapped on it for a time, running the traps as occasion demanded. Then Joe Ellis took over John Moulton, his present partner, and these two were owners of the line for a long while.

Any fool can chip a piece of bark off a tree, but in New Brunswick it is only a fool who does chip that piece of bark without a definite and intelligible purpose. We now were possessed of the fact that, owing to the escape of dead and gone Louis Bear, there was running from somewhere near the Bathurst Chain, over across a part of the country which we wanted to traverse, a line of trees with chips cut out of the bark, some chips cut forty years ago, others twenty years, others two years, and some one year ago. In short, if we could once strike in on this old Indian line, we would have a fair chance of getting somewhere, even if no one knew just exactly where. Hence we waited with considerable interest the return of Joe Ellis and John Moulton from their trapping line on Moose Brook. So far as the Governmental authorities are concerned, they do not trouble themselves over trapping lines originally constructed by Indians now defunct. The Indian does not ordinarily explain where his traps ran. In point of fact, this old line had been running out into the New Brunswick wilderness for more than forty years, and no white man, so far as we could tell, had ever known anything about it, until by chance and under the softening influence of a stiff drink of gin, Joe Ellis communicated a part of the news to his friend Charlie Cremin, Adam's partner.

WOODS LORE BY THE WAY.

Since Adam was away trying to catch his "blackcat" down at the caribou carcass, and since Joe and John were also away and uncertain of return as are all Indians, Charlie and I kept camp. We practised moose calling by ourselves and talked over a lot of things. Which reminds me, by the way, that Joe Ellis had said he had heard a cow moose call the previous week, that is to say, in the second week of December—a fact of natural history new to every one hearing it, although Ellis is an old hunter and insists that he was not mistaken. He heard this moose in the heavy country not far from the Silver Brook divide.

The calling of moose, as I learned from different sources, does not go according to any hard and fast system. Adam says that he has never heard the loud call of the cow but once in all his experience.

You may hear it very often at the sportsmen's shows, but not often in the woods. "A cow makes all kinds of noises when she is calling," said Charlie to me, as we held our little symposium. "Sometimes she goes about whining and complaining with a voice about like a puppy. Sometimes she will call louder, and sometimes you cannot hear her very far at all. It is not always just the same sound. Now a calf is a good deal the same way. I have heard a calf whining or squealing or crying all the way across Nictau Lake.

Adam said that the call of the caribou was a sort of grunt or croak and that the calls of the bull and cow are very much alike. As to the call of the bull moose there is a great deal of variety in that also. Sometimes a bull can be called into the water by imitating the call of the bull rather than that of the cow. "Sometimes the bull will come right down in a hurry, and again he will hang back in the cover at the edge of the lake and run up and down and thrash the trees and grunt and snort, and yet will not come out into the open.

As to the time when young moose take to the water, Adam and Charlie on the 29th of May, 1900, caught a moose calf which they did not think could have been more than a day old, possibly but a few hours. This was on one of the Bathurst lakes and Adam showed me the place where it happened, a point where the lake was perhaps three quarters of a mile wide or more. They saw the cow swimming, looking back all the time, and at last they discovered something following her in the water, which they saw was a young calf. When the calf tried to get up the bank to follow its mother, it fell back and would probably have drowned had it not been reached by the men. Mr. Buckhout, a New York gentleman who was stopping with them at the time, tried to photograph the calf, but was unable to get a good picture. Adam at one time found a dead calf in a tree top along the Nipisiguit River, the little fellow probably having drowned in the attempt to ford the river.

All the time one learns odd facts like these in natural history when he is with close observers such as my companions were. For instance, Adam told me of a partridge which had been an object of great interest at the Nictau camp during the year 1900. This partridge was seen walking about where the men were building a log house, and at length was tracked to her nest. To their surprise she seemed to be entirely tame. She would allow herself to be picked up and handled, and sometimes would peck at the hand in a petulant sort of manner. She would peck at Charlie's feet sometimes as he stood near the nest. This grouse would frequently, when off her nest, walk directly up to the men who were engaged about the log house. The nest was watched carefully, and of the eleven eggs, all of them hatched. "You never saw anything develop as fast as a young partridge," said Adam. "I kept track of the hatching very closely. At twelve o'clock that day two or three of the little fellows were cut out and all the remaining eggs were pipped. That evening all the remaining eggs were hatched. At 8 o'clock on the next morning all the young had left the nest. I don't know where they went, but know that we never saw the hen again. Mr. Buckhout—his name was Wm. H. Buckhout, of New York, took a photograph of this partridge while I held her in my hand. We were sorry, but the light was not such as to enable him to get a good photograph. We watched the nest about two weeks in all."

I asked Adam how, in his opinion, the woodcock carried its young, and he replied that his brother Will had seen a woodcock carrying its young, and in some way she carried them between her legs or feet. I have heard it said that the young birds were supported by the thighs of the mother as she flew.

Among other curious things, Adam told me of some little ducks, whistlers or golden eyes, which he saw on the banks of the river one time as he was going along in his canoe. "There were seven of them," said he, "all fuzzy little fellows about the cutest little things you ever saw. They were arranged in a row directly underneath a stick, and you had to look mighty close. I can tell you, before you saw them. I would have given a good deal for a photograph of that row of little ducks."

As to the habits of the caribou, Adam says that in his caribou lick the caribou eat the mud, it seeming to possess some saline quality which they covet. All the guides said that caribou were becoming more numerous in New Brunswick. No

one pretends to know how many there are in the province. They come down to these licks in large bands at times. Adam knows yet another caribou lick somewhere near Red Brook. It is possible to photograph caribou at these licks, and Mr. Osborne, of Rochester, made a very good photograph which is shown at the Crown Lands Office of a cow moose which came to the licks and was photographed at a distance of only ninety feet.

Deer as well as caribou are now increasing in the Tobique country. Eight years ago there were no deer at all, but the deer appear to be working toward the eastward, having been more abundant for a time west of the St. John River.

In all this game country there is no overlapping or crowding of one guide by another, and I was curious to discover on what sort of tenure the guides held their "country." Such a territory is gained usually through a good acquaintance with the railroad or the private owners of the pine lands. The guide leases the country four rods back of the river, that distance being ceded to the owners of the fishing leases. Lumber is king in New Brunswick, and a good understanding with the big lumber outfits is the best chance a guide has to get his privileges and hold them. Thus I imagine it would be very difficult for any one to supplant Adam Moore in his country, since his privileges would not be duplicated by the owners of the pine lands in favor of any other guide. Adam has ten camps, the chief of which are Nictau and Bathurst camps. Out of the latter camp are the side camps, Klondike and Moose Brook, both of which have been mentioned. Then there is Upsalquitch camp and Upper Bathurst camp, and on the Nictau Chain the Foster's Hole, Cox's Hole, Half-way Brook and Ridge camps. Thus it may be seen what a wide strip of country is thus drawn by a guide so fortunate as Adam Moore and his partner Charlie Cremin.

(To be continued.)

Some Results of Impure Blood.

A blotched, pimply, disfigured face, feeling of exhaustion, wracked nerves, headache and a dull brain. The proper cure is one Ferrozone Tablet after each meal. Ferrozone clears and beautifies the complexion by making rich, pure blood. It restores the enfeebled brain and unstrung nerves to a healthy vigorous condition. It invigorates all the physical and mental powers, and brings strength and ambition to the depressed. Refuse a substitute for Ferrozone—it's the best tonic, re-builder and invigorator known. Price 50c., at Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Farmer—See here, boy! What are you doing up that apple tree? Kid—Can't yer see nothin'? One of yer apples fell off de tree an' I'm tying it on again.

The healthy old man wears his gray hairs like a silver crown. What if he be threescore and ten if there is still fire in his eye, firmness in his step, command in his voice and wisdom in his counsel? He commands love and reverence. Yet how few wear the mantle of age with dignity. Dim eyed, querulous of speech, halting in step, childish in mind, they "lag superfluous on the stage," dragging out the faded life in a simple existence. The secret of a healthy old age is a healthy middle age. The man who takes care of his stomach, who keeps his body properly nourished, will find that the body does not fail him in old age. The great value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery lies in the preservation of the working power of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. From this centre is distributed the nourishment of the whole body, the salt for the blood, the lime for the bones, phosphates for the brain and nerves. A sound stomach means a sound man. A man who keeps his stomach sound by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" will wear the crown of gray hairs as befits a monarch, with dignity and ease.

He says that he is a self-made man. Couldn't get any one else to assume the responsibility, I suppose.

The Agonizing Pains of Rheumatism. Swollen, aching joints, muscles are stiff and sore, every movement accompanied by pain. The most potent remedy is Polson's Nerviline, which has five times the pain-subduing power of any other preparation. Apply the Nerviline copiously, rub it on well and then bind in a hot flannel bandage. This will cure the worst cases in a short time. Try Nerviline for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica or Lumbago—it's all right and only costs a quarter.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

POLITELY DECLINED.

Ottawa, Oct. 25.—Great Britain has asked Canada to permit a force of 5,000 men to be raised and maintained in Canada for Imperial defence purposes. The proposition was made by Mr. Brodrick at the Imperial Conference held in London, but it was not entertained by the Canadian delegates. The latter held that Canada's primary military obligation was to keep an efficient force for the demands of its own territory, and that this force must be under Canadian control. The Imperial authorities offered to contribute a share of the expense of the force to be raised for Imperial defence, but the offer was declined.

Turning Down the Doctors.

The marvelous cures of Catarrhazone are being much talked about. Thousands are daily recognizing the exceptional merit of this simple inhaler treatment, and instead of running to the doctor with their winter ills they protect themselves by Catarrhazone; it kills colds in the head in ten minutes, quickly relieves Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Troubles, and cures even though all other remedies have failed. Catarrhazone is very pleasant, safe and convenient to use. Its best recommendation is its enormous sale; try it today. Price \$1.00; small size 25c., at Druggists.

Where do I go, began the caller, to get this football game put in the—Death notices downstairs to the business office, and football scores to the sporting editor, second door to your left, glibly replied the experienced boy.

Beryl—Although I don't care a bit for him, Jack remains desperately in love with me. Sibyl—Have you tried to discourage him? Beryl—Yes, but he still loves me. Sibyl—Then the only way to cure him of it is by marrying him.

Ordinary Corn Cures are Dangerous

because they contain acids, but Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor is entirely vegetable in composition. Refuse a substitute for "Putnam's"; it's the only sure, safe and painless cure for corns and warts.

I—I have come, he began, addressing her father, to—to suggest to you that a union of our families would—I'm not in favour of unions, the testy old captain of industry interrupted, and I will not submit the matter to arbitration. Good morning.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 25

Coal Production.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 25.—There were 22 more mines in operation in the anthracite region yesterday than Thursday, and the output will be close to 100,000 tons. This is as near as can be estimated. From reports received the total output Thursday did not exceed 75,000 tons. When in full operation the mines employ in every capacity about 145,000 men and boys. Of this number it is estimated that 82,000 were at work yesterday.

HARMLESS AS MILK

Look out what you put into the child's stomach! Children are especially sensitive to the action of medicine. But you need never fear Scott's Emulsion. That is one reason why it is so popular as a children's medicine.

"As harmless as milk"—that is saying a good deal. But we may go even further and say that Scott's Emulsion will stay on the child's stomach when milk will not.

A little added to the milk in baby's bottle and a little after meals for older children is just the right thing for the weak and sickly ones.

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