

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

Mr. Hough 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.)

It is nearly always the case in New Brunswick that a very heavy snowfall is followed by still and cold weather. We found the thermometer hovering around the zero point on Saturday December 7, and a cutting wind rendered a walk across the lake rather an unpleasant experience. The snowshoe straps needed to be carefully watched lest the toes should become too cold, and even with this danger present in mind, Adam on this day managed to freeze three of his toes, which later gave him considerable trouble.

Adam and I made a hunt back into the rough country where we had jumped the cow and calf on the day before, taking up that trail with the intention of following it until, perchance, it led us to something better. Of course any moose hunter knows that it is useless to follow a moose on the same day that it is jumped. I had plenty of proof of this as we worked along back into the hill country, following the trail which old mother moose had made the day before. In three different places we saw where she had stopped with her offspring and looked back down on the trail to see if anything was following. In each case this pause was made behind a screen or clump of thick trees, which would have prevented us from seeing the moose, but which would enable the moose to look back over a long stretch of open country. This little stratagem was repeated with such nicety that we received a very good impression of the moose's ability to take care of itself.

After following this trail about three miles, we found it crossed by another trail of two moose. As we had sent John out this same morning to see if he could locate some moose for us, we felt pretty sure that, from the direction which this trail took, John had also put up game. We did not, however, discover any horn sign in connection with this trail, and reasoned out, as we later verified, that John himself had put up a couple of cows. We were having all kinds of bad luck in jumping cows. When we returned to camp that night John told us that he had been within easy shooting distance of these moose when he jumped them but that they were both cows.

We did something like fifteen miles on this day, and as we came back over our former snowshoe trail, we found, as we had on the day before, that the caribou had again cut our trail all to pieces. They had been out on the lake again also, and indeed had all the country around the lake shore tramped up. Charlie saw several caribou on this day, although none of these had horns. We had now seen sign of something like fifty or sixty caribou at least, probably two or three times that number, but the heavy country and the dense snowfall which covered the forest with a heavy cloak of white rendered it impossible for us to come face to face with any of these ghost-like wanderers of the woods. Jack the Silent proved himself able to get one when needed for meat, however, since when sent out after a caribou he came back before evening with the quiet remark that he had killed one about three or four miles out from camp.

MOVING CAMP.

Sunday, Dec. 8, we made a day of rest. It is contrary to the law to hunt on Sunday in New Brunswick, even had we cared to do so. We fixed up our frozen feet, mended a sled or two, got in some meat from Jack's caribou, and in general made ready for an early start over to the Bathurst camp. Adam was thoroughly angered at this conduct of the moose,

which he declared were behaving in a most unprincipled manner. He figured out that the bulls must be further back in the hill country, which was hard to reach if we had to return to camp on the same day. "We'll try it over at Bathurst camp," said he, "and see what we can do over in there."

The Bathurst camp is the second in importance of the Moore camps, of which there are six or eight in all. It is situated just across the height of land which separates the Tobique waters from the Nepisiguit waters, the latter flowing toward the eastward, whereas the Tobique waters flow westward.

On Monday Adam and I made a short caribou hunt in snowshoeing, which was simply awful, but did not get up with anything, as the big herds seemed to have moved up into the hill country further by this time.

On Tuesday morning, when we started for our move, we packed up three toboggans with our belongings, which included some supplies which we needed for our stay at the other camp. I started out ahead of the party and crossed the "carry," or three mile portage between the Nictor and Bathurst chains, an easy trail which involves only two or three short and easy climbs. I found again that the caribou were on the war path. John had reported them all over this trail when he went out after his caribou meat, and I found many fresh trails. They had crossed the snowshoe trail in seven different places in a space of less than a mile. Possibly there were twenty or thirty head of them in all, which were enjoying this promenade along the snowshoe trail. I learned then that so far from being afraid of human sign, the caribou simply exults in a snowshoe trail. He is a very good snowshoer himself, but not in the least averse to falling into the beaten track made by his bitterest enemy, man.

When we came out upon the pretty little expanse of the Bathurst Lake, we found that the caribou had been here also, and their tracks were visible in many places on the wide white expanse. The snow was again wet and very heavy, so that toboggan traveling was a serious matter. I tried my hand at pulling one of these innocent looking sleds, and found it required about four times the muscular exertion I had supposed it would from seeing the ease with which my companions snaked them along.

Bathurst camp I found to be a double house, rather smaller than Nictor camp, but very comfortable. There was a stove in each of the houses, but we lived in the smaller camp, and did not take the trouble to warm up the larger room excepting at meal times, or when we wanted better elbow room while mending toboggans or the like. The camp itself was admirably located and comfortable to a degree. This is a favorite trout fishing locality, and I presume there is no better trout fishing stream in New Brunswick than the Nepisiguit River which heads within a gunshot of this Bathurst camp. The Nepisiguit trout fishing is leased by George Armstrong, who pays \$50 a year for it. Moore and Cremin take over half this lease, thus arranging for the fishing of all their friends and customers who come in with them.

BAD WEATHER.

It could not be said that the weather had thus far been very propitious, for we had had hardly one decent day's hunting when the going was in the least practicable. Sleet fell all day Tuesday, followed by a pouring rain at night. The shoeing was very bad, and although we hoped for a freeze, we knew that a freeze meant crust, that a crust meant noise, and that noise meant no moose. I found this country one of great humidity, with much precipitation and a great deal of fog. The view about us was wild and bleak, the tops of the forbidden ridges lost much of the time in fog. I was told that this sort of weather is most unusual, and that ordinarily a quiet and fairly dry cold may be anticipated. Later we were told that this December never had its like in all the history of the province for wretched weather.

On the morning of the 11th we found that the sleet had been covered by deep wet snow, and the crust, though damp, was still noisy. The snowshoeing was simply awful, ice forming under the feet continually. None the less, Adam and I went out on a sort of forlorn hope that

we might get my caribou. We found a fresh trail at the edge of the lake, and followed it into the thickets. We were never more than an hour behind our game, and this time we thought we were going to get our shot, for the caribou were evidently feeding and the weather conditions were not absolutely impossible after all. Indeed, we got within fifty or sixty yards of our game, but a beastly little calf which happened to be nearest to us gave the alarm to the rest of the bunch, and all we saw was a distant white tail at which no sportsman would have risked a shot.

After that we went on up into a little barren where the caribou sometimes feed, but drew a blank. Bethinking ourselves of our snowshoe trail of the day before, we went back over the "carry" trail. The rascally beasts had been all over it, subsequent to our crossing there on the previous day. We walked over half-way to the Nictor Lake. When we came back, we found four more fresh tracks directly in the snowshoe trail, and made since we had passed. This time again we came very near to getting a shot, for we had jumped these caribou through an unlucky shift in the wind when we were within less than 100 yards of them. As it happened, they were just out of view, and of course, when they had once reached the thick cover it was all over. So we went back home again, having been once more with game all around us, and no chance of getting a shot.

By this time Adam was getting a bit discouraged with the way luck was running against us. I pointed out to him that we would probably have no luck at all, since I had been so unfortunate as to lose my mascot, the quart tin cup which I wore through the Yellowstone Park in the winter time many years ago, and which I purchased of Uncle Sam at Fort Yellowstone. We searched for this latter, but could never find it, and I presume that some generations hence some scientist will pick it up and figure out how long it was that the Yankees invaded Blue Nose Land. The cup had a big "U. S." stamped on the handle, and had been fastened to my belt on many a hunt by means of a home-made and ultimately treacherous piece of knotted coffee sack.

"You stay at the camp for a day or so now," said Adam to me, "and I'll take Jack and we'll go up into the hills toward Silver Brook, and see if we can't locate a moose. If we see anything worth while, we'll be that much ahead, and if we don't, why then it will be only Jack and me who will have the tired feeling."

This plan was carried out, and it was agreed that Jack and Adam should sleep out that night in one of their outlying camps, which they called the Klondike camp, situated far up in one of the roughest portions of the province, near the east branch of what is known as the Silver Brook. They took one blanket and some supplies with them in their packs, and got an early start.

MORE CARIBOU.

Meantime Charlie and I made another effort to secure that caribou. Again we found fresh tracks all over our yesterday's trail, but nothing showed on the ice for some time. At last we saw a cow and calf which were feeding rapidly along the edge of the lake about three-quarters of a mile away. These were followed, much of the time in plain sight, but always taking the precaution to move when they moved. We could no doubt have killed this cow had we cared to do so, but the cow had no horns, and although it is not against the law to kill a cow caribou, cow moose only being protected, I did not care to kill a female. Therefore, we did not hurry much in the stalking of this game, and at last we saw the animals disappear at the edge of the lake. Then all at once we got blood-thirsty. We concluded that cow caribou would be pretty good meat, so we took a shot at the disappearing animals, at a range of about 475 yards, and we made very close practice of it. Charlie went down to step off the distance just for curiosity, and meantime I sat down on a log and enjoyed the beautiful winter morning, which was ideal in every respect. All at once I heard Charlie's gun behind me, and looking around saw the identical cow and calf which had lately disappeared, and which had now, for some fool caribou reason or other, taken the notion to come out on the ice again. The two started straight across the middle of the lake, a distance of perhaps a mile. They did not gallop, but struck the caribou trot, which is the most comical and absurd looking gait any man ever did witness. Their great hind

legs, sticking up at an impossible angle, at the hock joint, came trailing along behind them, so that at one time I thought we had broken a leg of the calf. For, be it known, we again became inconsistently bloodthirsty, and we smoked them up a few shots just for luck, the range about 900 to 1,000 yards. The absurd gait of the creatures set us to laughing, so we did not try to shoot any more and the animals skirted the far edge of the lake, and presently took to the woods beyond. Charlie and I then went back to our snowshoe trail on the "carry." Here we found two fresh trails, and afterward as we came back we discovered the trail of a cow and calf caribou, both apparently trotting. We thought these were our friends of the morning, which had simply made a circle and come back across the "carry" trail, heading toward the country where we found them at first. Charlie and I went clear across the Nictor Lake, but saw nothing on Nictor, and believed that the caribou of that vicinity had moved back into the hills.

The Story of Morning Tiredness.

Is told by impure blood poor digestion, sluggish liver and tired nerves. It is a warning of very serious trouble ahead, and should prompt sensible people to take a bracing tonic like Ferrozone, an energetic invigorant and re-builder. Ferrozone will give you a sharp appetite, promote good digestion and sound sleep; it will feed and energize the enfeebled organs, strengthen the nerve and vital forces and regulate the heart. Ferrozone changes that tired feeling into vigor, strength and ambition, and does it quickly. Remember the name and insist on having Ferrozone. Price 50c. or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold by C. A. Burchill. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

It is asserted that the Western Union Telegraph Company added 57,218 miles of wire to its system during the past year. Marconi will wonder why.

When Anthracite coal comes on the market again in abundance the chances are about three to one that the dealers will forget to lower the price.

Miss Jones' Voice Greatly Improved.

A startling improvement is noticeable in Miss Jones singing. Her voice is stronger and sounds clearer and sweeter than before using Catarrhzone, which is a wonderful aid to singers speakers and ministers. Catarrhzone Inhaler insures absolute freedom from Colds, Coughs and Catarrh, clears the nose and throat, and prevents hoarseness and huskiness. Catarrhzone makes the voice brilliant and enduring, and is uncommonly well recommended by Prima Donnas, members of Parliament, Lawyers, Doctors and thousands that use it daily. Better try Catarrhzone. Price \$1.00; trial size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Hamilton's Pills, Cure Constipation.

Did it ever occur to you that the average man's intelligence is below the average.

Persecuting Corns.

Don't suffer, just apply Putnam's Pain-Corn and Wart Extractor; it cures Corns, Warts and Callicies in 24 hours. Insist on "Putnam's" its the best.

The New York music critics all agree that Sig. Pietro Mascagni is a good deal better than his orchestra.

SANDSTORMS.

Sand and dust whirls occur in arid regions in hot weather. They may be anywhere from a rod to several rods in diameter and from twenty to a thousand feet high. They are sometimes compound, a score or more small whirls forming a whirling circle around a common center. They are very common in India. They sometimes carry up so much sand in the Sahara and Arabia that those on whom the sand falls are overwhelmed. They occur also in the arid regions of the United States.

In the Magdalena valley, across the mountains westward from Socorro, in New Mexico, during a hot day in summer they form at the head of a valley in a long, slender, vertical column perhaps 600 feet high and then travel down the valley toward the village of Magdalena, over which they burst sometimes, bringing little puffs of contrary winds and a shower of fine dust. In some places a group of stationary whirls of the same general character as the preceding is tied down to one point. Such are the whirls which form sometimes over volcanoes.

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

THE OLDEST WOMAN.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—A woman who, according to her own report, was living at the time of the Boston tea party and the meeting of the first continental Congress, is dead at the home for aged and infirm colored people. If the reports of her age should be correct, she was the oldest person in Illinois, and possibly in the United States. The woman was Ellen Stewart, a slave before the civil war, three times married, and mother of four children, the last of whom died several years ago of old age. According to her story, she was born in 1770, and consequently was 132 years old. The officials of the institution in which she died, after an investigation as thorough as could be made, credited her statement. Until within the past few months, the woman was in complete control of her senses, and told many stories of men and women distinguished in the earlier days of Virginia and Kentucky. She was born in Virginia.

\$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.

A damsel from far-off Bulgaria Sang all night on a Lohengrin aria.

And the third-floor front said: "If you were only dead, I'd contribute ten dollars to baria!"

A Sure Cure for Constipation.

Some remedies cure this distressing complaint in a day, some in a month, but Nerviline never fails to cure in a few minutes. Just ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water—that's enough, and away goes the dysentery, cured to stay cured. Nerviline also cures Colic, Pain in the Stomach and Sick Headache. It has five times the strength and curative properties of ordinary remedies. Better buy a 25c. bottle and try it. Nerviline is all right. Hamilton's Pills For The Liver.

The pleasant thing about it is that the weather bureau has this week kindly consented to arbitrate.

Quebec farmers are taking advantage of the opportunity to cordwood their way to wealth.

An explanation is about due from Prof. Perrin as to what sidetracked the snow-storm.

COMMON SENSE AND CONSUMPTION

The treatment of consumption is every year becoming more successful. The majority of cases can be cured if taken in time. Not more medicine but more common sense is the cause of the improvement.

Fresh air, good climate, food, clothing, exercise, all these are important features of common sense treatment.