

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

Mr. Hough's Trip Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.

A SUCSESSEUL MOOSE HUNT WITH GUIDE BRAITHWAITE.

Knocked Over a Fine Big Fellow But He Was Without Horns.

(From Forest and Stream.)

That we had not yet left the moose country was abundantly proved the first evening Henry Braithwaite and I went out to prospect from his Indian Lake camp. We followed along his trapping trail for a couple of miles and counted fourteen distinct moose trails, old and new. I found the country here thickly timbered, with hills perhaps not quite so steep as north of the Tobique Divide. We were still in the great central wilderness of New Brunswick, and had abundant proof on all hands of the plentiful supply of game.

"If we only get a good hunting day tomorrow," said Henry, "I think I will be able to show you something."

At the last moment—that is to say, the next to the last day of the shooting season—fortune smiled on us to a certain extent. A gentle snowstorm came on which deadened the sounds on the old crust and which was attended with sufficient wind to render the woods a bit noisy, conditions which make to the success of a moose hunt on snowshoes. Carefully consulting the direction of the wind, Henry started up a long ridge back of the camp, which I think he called Beckwith Mountain. We two went alone, Adam and Charlie staying at the camp. Adam told me to go ahead and kill a moose if I could, as he thought I would feel better if I shot something before leaving the country; and since both he and Henry seemed entirely agreeable to that effect, I resolved to do a little hunting that day, and see if the luck was going to turn at the last moment.

Henry and I labored on up the mountain for a couple of miles or so and found ourselves by that time in the very center of what seemed like a general moose yard, extending over a mile or so of ground. There was abundant horn sign, and very many trees showed the sharp chisel marks of the moose family. The ground was cut up with the deep tracks of moose, which seemed to be traveling backward and forward between this ridge and another higher one which lay across a little valley from us. Henry picked up the freshest of the larger tracks and we made a cautious little hunt after a bunch of three moose, one of which seemed to be a big bull. We had about the same luck with this which had attended me heretofore. We watched the sign gradually grow fresher, timed ourselves so that we concluded that we were but a few minutes back of the moose and at length came to the beds where the animals had been lying down. Beyond the beds stretched a series of widely separated tracks.

"JUMPED."

"Jumped!" said Henry. I was used to the word. We had jumped a good many moose before that, and I was beginning to believe that we would never be able to get good enough weather to make it possible to come up with a moose on this kind of snow.

We tried again, presently finding another fresh trail, and once more we went through the same performance. "Jumped," said Henry, and we looked wrathfully at the series of tracks showing where a good moose had gone off on a gallop.

We pressed on up to the top of the ridge, winding in and out, and at length we came to a series of tracks which we knew could be made only by good bulls.

There were three of these trails, and we were satisfied that we had game here worth the following. We crept along on this promising lead for a half-mile or so, and finally found ourselves at the top of a little ridge, beyond and below which lay a bit of dense cover. We worked up a little above the trail in order to have a better chance of seeing the game. "It's no use going down in there," said Henry, "for we couldn't see to shoot if we did start the game." Hitherto we had been hunting in fairly open country, which would allow us to see game in some cases for 100 yards or more.

Still reluctant to leave these big tracks, we swung down the hill, across the series of zigzagging tracks of the yarding moose, and followed along the hillside for a little way. Presently we came to three great beds in the snow. "Jumped!" said Henry, and we saw where the last moose out of seven which we had started had gone off through the thick cover. How they did it without our hearing them is something we never could tell. It is possible they heard us speaking as we stood on the knoll directly above them. At any rate here were the gallop marks. In some places we could see where twigs had been broken off and carried forward on the trail, undoubted horn marks. Moreover, when we went back to the beds we saw where one moose had cut a big groove in the snow with the tip of his antler as he swung his head around. So now we knew that we had jumped three bulls, and that at least one of them had good horns. Of course we did not undertake to follow any of these moose, for that is something no moose hunter thinks of doing.

We swung around on the back trail from the place where we had jumped these last moose, and came down into a little valley where there was a sort of pool or spring at the head of the little brook. Here the ground was tramped down as though it had been a cattle yard. How many moose there had been that morning tramping and standing around in the water we could only guess. There was a regular trail leading up, and many radiating trails. It was from this place, without doubt, that the three bulls had come which we had but recently started.

"If we had been here an hour earlier," said Henry, "we could have shot into the flock."

AT LAST.

By this time I must admit I had lost my hopefulness in regard to the moose question. I had been out with the best moose hunters in the Province, and we certainly started moose every time we had gone out, but first one thing and then another had been against us, although I felt that we had done all that any hunter could have done. So half the time a trifle chagrined at the probable failure of the hunting side of my trip, and again reflecting on the foolishness of that, since I had so grand a time, I blundered along with head down, after Henry, as he plowed on through the winding snow, which was now sifting down steadily. We walked from this stamping ground of the moose perhaps 200 or 300 yards, there being moose trails to the right above us on the hill, and some more off to the left. Henry's active eyes were scanning the country steadily as he went on, although I must admit that was I about ready to conclude my last day's hunt was drawing to an end, although it was not yet noon.

All at once, as I glanced up, I saw that Henry had stopped, and I saw the wave of his gray-mottled hand, which told me to come forward quickly. He didn't say anything, but looking in the direction toward which he was glaring, I saw, up on the hillside above us and a trifle behind us, some 75 or 80 yards away, a large, dark, indistinct outline, half-hidden among the trees.

There are all sorts of curious things which you see in the woods when hunting, stumps and tops of bunches of roots, boughs, all of which sometimes take on the appearance of game. Yet as quick as I saw this dim outline, showing heavy and black through the trees, I knew that it was a moose, my first moose, a live one, a wild one, and, of course, a bull, else why should Henry motion me to shoot? I did not see the head of the bull at all, and, as it seemed neither did Henry, although he stood further to the left than I did, and had a different view. In an instant the

cover was off my gun and I was holding for the only spot of hair that I could see, a spot of black about as big as my hat. This was the only thing that I could see clearly enough to shoot at, and I didn't pause to argue with myself whether or not it was the right part of the moose's anatomy. As quick as I could get the tall front sight of the .30-40 down to where it belonged, I turned her loose, and instinct told that the shot had gone home. I also felt at the same instant that the game was ours.

The animal, which had been struck by the first bullet, made no leap nor bound, nor yet did it sink down in its tracks. A few steps would have taken it across the ridge and out of sight, but it was too weak to go up hill in that direction. It half turned and came staggering and blundering down the hill toward us.

HORROR.

Horror of horrors! As it turned toward me, and showed through an opening in the trees, I saw the great gaunt head of the creature extended far out in front of it; and it had no horns! Instead, I could see two little bumps in front of the ears, and even on the instant knew that the bull had shed his horns!

Sick at heart, I none the less stuck to the adage that it is well to throw lead as long as there is hair moving. As the moose blundered through the trees for perhaps fifteen or twenty yards down hill, I fired at it five times, if I kept my count correctly. I had told Henry that if I shot at a moose and it seemed to be getting away, he was to shoot at it, too, as I didn't want another wounded moose about loose in his country, and as I was getting scared at all of this talk about small bores not killing a moose. It was after my second or third shot, I can't tell which, and neither can Henry, that Henry turned loose his famous two-bushel gun. I presume there is no better game shot than Henry, but just as he fired he met with one of the accidents which sometimes happen to the best of men. He slipped off his snowshoe as he braced to take up the recoil of his rifle, and just where he landed on the landscape is not yet fully determined. We found one bullet in a tree. Henry said it was mine. Also we found two bullet marks or so on the snow above the place where the moose finally dropped. We thought one of these might have passed entirely through the body of the moose, but were never sure. It was all over so soon that no one could tell how it happened. Henry called out to me, "Don't shoot him any more, he's all right now," although the moose was at that time still standing, perhaps three or four seconds after the first shot had hit him. I knelt down on my snowshoes and at the last shot caught a fairish view of the hind-quarters of the moose as he stood nearly broadside to me. This time I thought I would shoot him through the backbone just in front of the hips, as I had a good sight of him for that shot. At the crack of the rifle he fell in a heap and Henry and I then went up to him. The poor beast was swinging his head about in misery, and I finished him with a shot back of the shoulder. So, horns or no horns, it was ours, and it was dead. I wished very much for a while that he was alive. Then on the whole, after mature deliberation, I concluded that I would rather wish that he had horns. He was a beautiful five year old bull dark, as are most of the forest-shaded New Brunswick moose, and of just the right age to have a splendid set of antlers. He had shed his horns but very recently, one of the stumps being still bloody. Henry and I stood by the side of the poor old fellow, and now admired his proper legs, and now cursed at the hard luck which had terminated my hunt in this particular fashion.

At last we began to search the moose for bullet holes. "Who cut this big hole in his shoulder?" said Henry, pointing to a wound on the side opposite to that which the moose had turned toward me when I first shot at him. "Why," said I, "that's your tomato can load sure, for I never shot at the moose when its right side was turned toward me." Henry shook his head. "I don't understand that," said he. "If I had hit him he wouldn't have come down the hill to say good morning to us."

(To be continued.)

Of Special Interest to Ladies

Unightly warts can be removed in a few hours by Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor; it is reliable, safe and sure and costs but 25c. Insist on "Putnam's," it's the best.

RUSIAGORNIS.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

Dec. 6.—The weather has been quite cold for the past week, and there is plenty of snow for sledding in this vicinity.

Mrs. H. Phillips still remains in poor health.

Zopher Phillips shot a very fine deer on Thursday. Deer are plentiful here.

Irvine Moore is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. A. Phillips has been spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Hiram Phillips.

William Bryson and Frank Meagher, who were in the employ of the C. P. R. Telegraph Co., have returned home.

Mrs. Frank Rowan and son, of Fredericton, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Owens, have returned home.

Rev. Mr. Cochrane preached a very interesting sermon last Sunday evening. We are sorry to say that our teacher, Miss M. Orchard, is not going to remain with us during the coming term.

Mrs. Murray Patterson was called to Lincoln on Sunday last by the illness of her husband, who is suffering from pneumonia and pleurisy.

Dr. A. T. Currie was in this place this week. He was greeted with many happy faces, more particularly by those of our fair sex.

The traveller for the far department of J. Clarke & Son, of Fredericton, passed through this place yesterday.

J. Miles was here this week. He intends taking up winter quarters here shortly.

Mrs. R. L. Noble spent Thursday with Mrs. B. Phillips.

Irritating Pimples and Disfiguring Blisters

They place many young girls at a great disadvantage in life. The only cure is a blood purifier like Ferrozone. It cleanses the crimson flood of poisons and impurities, renews and strengthens it, and makes lots of red corpuscles that manifest their presence by a ruddy, healthy glow in the cheeks and lips. Ferrozone quickly masters all skin eruptions, builds up broken-down constitutions and gives to weak, sickly women an abundance of spirits, vitality, energy and beauty. Try Ferrozone, it's all right. Price 50c. per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

"Smoking on this car!" exclaimed the disgusted woman, as Dennis Flaherty, with his short stemmed pipe took the seat beside her. "Oiam!" rejoined Dennis, between long and determined puffs. "And av ye don't loike ut, go wan up front. These sates are resairved fer smokers." "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison." "Would ye, now?" (Puff-puff) "Oim think, av ye wor me woile," (puff-puff), Oi'd take ut.

Ghoste 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.

C. P. R. EMPLOYEES.

Two Thousand of Them Have Received Raise of Pay.

Montreal, Dec. 5.—Two thousand employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway, comprising all the conductors, trainmen, and yardmen, east of Fort William, were granted increased wages today. The advances reach well up to 15 per cent.

The increases were granted by the company after negotiations covering a period of six weeks with a joint committee of the

Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Passenger conductors north of Lake Superior will receive \$125 a month, instead of \$108; on lines east of the lake they are increased from \$100 a month to \$110 and \$115.

Passenger conductors on branch lines will be paid \$90 instead of \$80 a month.

Through freight conductors who were paid \$2.70 per 100 miles will receive \$2.90.

Through freight brakemen are increased eight cents per 100 miles, making the rate \$1.95.

The increase on way freight trains is about 10 per cent. all round.

Baggagemen receive an eight per cent. advance. Their wages will range from \$53 to \$70 a month.

Yardmen's wages were advanced about 15 per cent, making them the best paid in eastern Canada. In the larger yards foremen will receive 25 cents an hour and others 21 cents. In the smaller yards the rates will be 23 and 29 cents.

Roughly estimated the advances granted mean about \$250,000 a year to the company.

Catarrhozone

An instant relief and perfect cure for colds, coughs, catarrh, deafness, asthma, bronchitis, lung trouble and consumption.

Inhale Catarrhozone five minutes any time and it kills a cough or cold in the head.

Inhale Catarrhozone five minutes four times daily and it permanently cures Chronic Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma and Hay Fever.

Inhale Catarrhozone ten minutes every hour and it cures pneumonia, consumption, lung trouble and prevents all contagious diseases. Complete outfit, \$1.00; trial size, 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Manager—"That young lady whom I placed at this counter a year ago already knows more about the business than you do, and I find that I shall be obliged to put her at the head of the department, though I fear it will be rather unpleasant for you to be under her orders." Male Assistant—"Oh no I am getting used to that. We were married last spring."

A Great Sufferer Cured.

Mr. Benjamin Dillon, of Leeds, Ont., was cured of Muscular Rheumatism by Polson's Nerviline, and says: "I feel my duty is to proclaim Polson's Nerviline as an infallible cure for rheumatism; it cured me after 30 years' suffering, and nothing I know of can equal its penetrating power. Nerviline simply has no equal in quickly relieving and curing Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica and Lumbago. A trial will convince anyone. Price 25c."

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

Wedding invitations, announcements cards, neatly printed at this office.

Mabel—Who gave the bride away? Clara—Her little brother. He announced to the assembled guests, that she had false teeth and dyed her hair.

FEEDS ONE—STARVES OTHER

Feeds the body—starves the microbes! That is what Scott's Emulsion does in consumption.

We can't expect to understand all about these germs and microbes the doctors talk of. They say that one kind causes consumption. Consumption microbes feed on weak lungs. Perhaps that's so.

At any rate we know that Scott's Emulsion has a peculiar action on the lungs which gives the lungs new life and vigor. Healthy lungs starve the microbes out.

Life for the lungs and flesh for the body, that is what the consumptive has a right to expect from Scott's Emulsion. An ideal food and tonic for any form of wasting disease.