

Mr. Hough Continues His Interesting Description of a Trip

WHICH HE MADE ACROSS NEW BRUNSWICK ON SNOW SHOES.

Tells Why Game is Plentiful in This Province.

(Forest and Stream)

Presently Charlie disappeared around the corner of the house, and when he came back he had several steaks from a caribou saddle.

"Can we get one of those fellows?" I asked.

"Get one!" said Charlie, and he ended his answer with a snort. "The pesky things bother me all the time, said he. 'I could have killed half a dozen out of the bunch from which I got this one. I came away and left them standing all around me.'"

Questioned further by Adam, Charlie stated that he had seen three moose on his last run up the trap line toward the "Gap." He thought we might see moose in a day or so, but was not sure. We all agreed that the thing to do was to eat supper and plenty of it, which we did.

The Nictor camp, or Moore and Cremin, is a tightly built log cabin heated by a cook stove. The bunks are two story, the beds are of boughs and the blankets are of abundance. This camp is the central or home camp of the Moore chain, Nictor Lake being at the head of the Tobique River. We were now 210 miles from Fredericton. In the early fall the trip is made in about the same time, three days, but by canoe from Riley Brook, the guides meeting their customers at that place.

As to the success during the past season, I was told that the first party at Nictor camp last fall was Messrs. Alfred Weed, of Providence, R. I., and John McIntyre, of Dayton, O. Each got his moose. Mr. Weed's measured 48 inches spread of antlers, and Mr. McIntyre's 50 inches. Each man also got his caribou and each got a deer.

The second party at Nictor camp was made up of Messrs. Geo. P. Bishop and Jerome Trask, both of Cleveland, O. Each got his moose and each got his caribou, and abundance of small game. Mr. Trask was not lucky in getting a big head, but he got a splendid bull. Adam Moore had out the above gentleman, while Charlie Cremin, his partner, took out Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, Moncton, N. B., each of whom got a moose, Mrs. Smith a very nice one. Charlie's second party was made up of Mr. H. R. Forbes and Mr. Robert Phillips, of Hoboken, N. J. Each of these got a moose and also one caribou and one deer.

Surprised at the completeness of all the details of this camp, I asked the boys how they managed to get their stuff in, and they replied that they brought in everything, even their cook stoves, etc., in the summer and fall by canoe, up the Tobique River, bringing about two tons of supplies each fall. These supplies last them through until the next season.

THE FIRST DAY'S HUNT.

We were now upon the hunting grounds, and deep within the actual wilderness. I had not come any more to hunt moose than to hunt health, and also to hunt information regarding this sporting region of New Brunswick; yet I obeyed cheerfully when Adam commanded me to shoulder my rifle and start out early on the following morning for a trip up the mountain side to a notch in the hills, which they call "the Gap." The snow was what any snowshoer may imagine, three feet deep on the level and still very soft, though not yet thawing enough to soften the shoes. The going was at first up hill, then more up hill, then a good deal more up hill, and then straight up.

Did we see any sign of game? I should say we did. We began to see caribou tracks thirty miles back of the tote road, and we kept on seeing them at different times. We began to see moose tracks as soon as we got across the little Nictor Lake and got into the woods. We trailed a new deer track for a while until we became interested in some fresher caribou tracks, Adam plowing ahead up the mountain like some prehistoric giant, tireless, unfettered by any physical ill or weakness. I like his name, "Adam," primeval, simple. He is as strong as a

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

bull moose, honest beyond this day and generation, in short, about the kind of man one figures his ancestors ought to have been.

Presently Adam and I came across a place which looked as though some Titan had pushed a carpet sweeper through the forest with the intent of taking out all the roots and the bumps along with him. Adam silently pointed down. I was standing beside my first moose trail. "It is not very big," said Adam, "and I don't think its horns are very big, but it's a bull. Come on! We'll see what it will do."

"JUMPED."

What it did was easy enough for the moose, but a little bit hard for the city man. The moose, perhaps driven down by the storm, seemed bound to get into the cedar thickets, like the white tailed deer, and it led us a merry chase, worming in and out among the snow-covered trees. Needless to say, we were soon thoroughly wetted with the snow, which fell from the trees on our necks and shoulders, but of course one does not mind a little thing like that. The interest of the chase kept us warm. We could see that we were getting closer and closer to our game. Presently we could see that we were getting very close. At last we saw where we had gotten within 100 yards of it. There was the story. A deep pit, as though a great horse had lain there.

"Jumped," said Adam.

"Sure," said I.

Then we sat down and thought it over for a while. We went on some more, and presently we came across two more moose tracks, a big one and a little one, probably a cow and a calf, as Adam thought. We were then three miles from the camp, and it was not too late in the day, so we thought we would follow on and see what this bunch would do to us. They did pretty much the same as the young bull had done. We followed these tracks through all kinds of country, saw where the animals had fed in among the willows and alders, and on the round-wood, and finally puzzled out their trail until we knew that we were getting very close. This time we were near indeed to seeing our moose. We were perhaps not fifty yards away when we came to a couple more big holes in the snow, and some more regular holes beyond. Jumped again! There was the story, plain enough. This time we might almost have heard the bushes rattle as we went out. As we stood there we heard a hoarse, harsh, curious kind of coughing bark. Adam laughed.

"That old lady is just wondering what in the world it was that scared her," said he. "She is frightened, but is not exactly sure what it is that frightened her. Just listen to her." Once, twice and again that same coughing bark came back to us. Then all was still, and we were again all alone in the white wilderness. We concluded that we would go home after that.

We ate some more caribou, and slept some more, and on the next day hunted some more, this time going further back into the hills. We traveled about eight or ten miles on our first day, and perhaps fifteen miles on the second, part of the distance over a trail which had been cut out earlier in the fall by Charlie. We ran across an old survey line, far back in the interior, marking the watershed between Bathurst and Tobique waters. Not far from here we "boiled the kettle." I had abjured coffee for the time and thenceforth was reconciled to the New Brunswick staple beverage, tea. We made it deep and strong and black and plenty of it, and I must say that after we had stopped for a cup of it, we went on as though we never had known such a thing as fatigue.

LUNCH IN THE SNOW.

When you build a fire in the snow for your noonday lunch, always, my dear tenderfoot, observe a few simple rules. In the first place, get some nice dry wood. Pine is best ("easy wood," Adam called it). Split up your pine into faggots three or four feet long. Make your fire by leaning your faggots up against a tree, which will serve as a chimney to carry up the smoke. Keep a good-sized dry log for a seat, and when you sit down, be sure and bury your feet deep in the snow, clear up to the knees, so that the heat of the fire will not melt the snow on your shoes or stockings. If you allow the fire to heat

your foot-covering, your feet will get wet. The way to keep your feet warm is, so to speak, to keep them always cold—that is to say, cold so far as the exterior is concerned. You must have on plenty of wool, and the warmth of the foot will do the rest.

"This stick which I am cutting," said Adam, as he hewed down a young tree and cut a pole about eight feet long, "is what the Indians call 'Chiplok' wangan' (or 'Chiplokquorgan'). It means 'the fire stick,' or the 'tea-boiling stick.' You see we don't make a fire and cook down on the ground the way you do out West. We can't 'boil a kettle' in New Brunswick without a long stick to hang it on. You notice I poke this stick into the snow, and the little end hangs out over the fire, and I hang the kettle on that end, so it cannot possibly spill, and it gets all the heat which comes up to the top of the fire.

"Now there is a funny thing about this Chiplok'wangan. After you have boiled the kettle you must always throw the 'Chiplok-wangan' down, and never leave it standing up over the fire, or by the fire. If you do, that is bad luck, just as sure as you are born. No Indian and no guide who knows his business would ever think of leaving the 'wangan stick' standing up by the fire. I was out with two old trappers once, and we had gone about two miles from where we had 'boiled the kettle,' when all at once one of the trappers slapped his leg, and said that he had left the 'wangan' stick standing over the fire. That settled it. He walked back two miles to throw it down. We didn't have very good luck, at that, and he said he knew the reason."

So much for some of the wisdom of the woods. I counsel you, my dear tenderfoot, follow very closely these rules for building a fire and of throwing down the 'wangan' stick.

A MOOSE YARD.

We went on deeper and deeper into the rough country, getting some six or seven miles back of the camp. At last, just after pushing through a dense thicket of young firs, we came again upon fresh moose sign, not leading straightway, but scattered here and there. One big track led up to the shallow brook and we could see where the animal had waded in the water. Other tracks zigzagged here and there, and there were many beds where the moose had been lying. This, then, was my first sight of a genuine moose yard. A moose yard, gentle tenderfoot, is not a beaten down or trampled place in the snow, surrounded with a high wall of snow, such as you saw in your youth described in the natural history books. A moose can get out of his yard about as soon as he wants to, and in three feet of snow a moose does not need any trail, unless there is a very sharp crust indeed.

Presently we saw the occupants of the yard, only a cow and a two-year old, but great, big, splendid-looking animals with black sides, brown backs, and big, ungainly looking heads and long legs which traveled all so easily in the deep snow. For an instant they stood at a distance of about fifty yards, and had either been a bull our hunt for moose would have ended then and there. So now I had seen my first moose.

"You see," said Adam, "that once in a while you can come up with a moose on the snow." He alluded to my own doubt expressed on the preceding day, whether we should be able to get close enough for a shot when travelling on the necessarily noisy crust.

PLENTY OF CARIBOU.

It is a long walk back to camp, hence we felt that we did not have time to hunt further. We climbed the high spur of a mountain to find a lookout and were able to save a couple of miles of travel by starting straight across to intercept our earlier trail in the morning. It was dusk when we finally struck the beaten track, and we descended the trail towards the little Nictor Lake, we found that the caribou had simply cut our trail all to pieces. There had been twenty or thirty perhaps forty, of them marching up and down on our snowshoe tracks all day long. It grieved Adam very much.

"These blamed caribou," said he, "make me tired. You can't go anywhere here and start a good snowshoe trail but what the caribou come and flock into it like so many sheep. If we had that moose killed, we'd come here and do some business with

these boys tomorrow." Indeed, all the country in the lower levels about the lake was literally cut up with caribou tracks, there being a big scattered drove of them feeding in the windfalls at that time. These animals live on the moss which grows on the pine and spruce trees, and much frequent the windfalls or down timber. Jack, who had been out the day before on a little voyage of exploration to the top of Sagamok, or Bald Mountain, which rises up for nearly 3,000 feet just back of Nictor Camp, had also seen plenty of caribou signs as well as a bunch of about two dozen caribou not to mention deer. We found that the caribou had been out on the lake during the day, quite a bunch of them apparently. Indeed, the country was alive with caribou. "Mr. Bishop used to say when he was in here last fall," said Adam, "that if there were any more caribou they would be a public nuisance."

All the guides agreed that the caribou by this time had pretty well shed their horns, at least all the big bulls had shed. There might be some small bulls or an occasional cow with horns. For this reason we did not care so much for hunting caribou.

ABOUT NEW BRUNSWICK GAME.

Around the camp-fire that night I learned the following things: There were no deer twelve years ago in this part of New Brunswick. Deer are very abundant in Maine and are working into New Brunswick now in greater numbers, though not nearly so abundant as caribou or moose.

There have been no wolves known in New Brunswick for more than fifty years.

There are no lynx at all on the Tobique waters; but there are very many lynx on the Nipisiquit Chain.

There are moose pretty much all over New Brunswick now, but twenty years ago there were very few moose indeed. Today moose are protected west of the St. John river—[The law is changed now and it is open to hunters to hunt big game west of the St. John river under the usual restrictions.—Editor Herald.]—and they are increasing there very rapidly, and the overflow of the better game country is stocking the whole province. Adam says that the increase of moose is due to better laws, better protection, and to the stopping of "crusting" by the Indians.

The Indians once got \$5 to \$9 for a moose hide, and some years ago there were eighty Indians from Quebec who made a sweeping tour from the north to the south as far down as the Tobique River. They piled up their snowshoes and toboggans at Riley Brook, made canoes and thence took their hides down the Tobique River. A certain famous Indian by the name of Tom Bear, with two other Indians, a few years ago, hauled out seventy moose hides. Tom said that they went into the yards to kill the animals, and kept on killing, and came back later to skin the carcasses.

There were sixty-two moose heads which went down the Tobique River in the fall of 1901, among these many splendid heads. Adam Moore killed the finest head he had seen for many years, my recollection being that this measured 61½ inches. The Tobique heads average large of late, and both Adam and all those with whom I talked believe that moose are distinctly on the increase in New Brunswick. In a little symposium which we held at Fredericton, six or eight men put down their estimates of the number of moose contained in the hundred square miles contained in the middle of New Brunswick. Some thought there were 10,000, some as few as 2,500. The average was about 5,000 or 6,000. Of course this is all guesswork, but when one reflects that there will not be more than 200 or 300 non resident licenses going into the province each season he will see what a good chance each of these has for a good head in such a country. I was well persuaded at the end of my second day in camp that if one could not get his moose here, it certainly was not the fault of the moose nor the fault of the guides.

E. HOUGH.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

A New Crop of Corn.

Isn't very hard to raise with the aid of tight boots. Best remedy is Putnam's Pains Expeller and Wart Extractor, cures in one day. Refuse a substitute for Putnam's it's the very best.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

New Use for Refined Paraffine wax.

A new and important use for Refined Paraffine Wax seems to have been discovered by a prominent resident of Ohio, living near Lancaster, who had two trees badly damaged by storm, one being a maple and the other an apple. In each case a large limb was broken down from the trunk, but still attached to it. The limbs were propped up and fastened securely with straps, very much as a broken leg might be fastened with splints, and then melted refined wax poured into and over all the cracks. The "surgical operation" was entirely successful. The Paraffine prevented the escape of the sap, kept out the rain and moisture which would have rotted the trees, prevented the depredations of insects, and the limbs seem thus far to be perfectly re-attached to the trees.

They were discussing factors which make for success in the world, when the knowing young man said: "There's nothing like force of character, old man. Now there's Jones sure to make his own way in the world. Has a will of his own you know." But Brown has something better in his favor. "What's that?" "A will of his uncle's."

Stomach and Bowel Troubles.

A promptly satisfactory cure for cramps, colic, indigestion, heartburn, biliousness, sick stomach and summer complaint, is a few drops of Nerviline in sweetened water. Nerviline at once relieves pain and suffering, eradicates the cause of the trouble and cures permanently. Polson's Nerviline is the best general purpose remedy for internal pain known; it acts so quickly that no household should be without it. Buy a 25c bottle of Nerviline today, it's all right.

Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

Tress—Frank used to take me to the theatre every other evening or so, but when we were in the parlor I foolishly allowed him to kiss me. Mary—What has that to do with the theatre? Tress—Well now he wants to sit in the parlor all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

To Increase Your Appetite.

Nothing will stimulate a keen, healthy relish for food, insure good digestion and perfect assimilation like Ferrozone, which is the most successful tonic and health renewer known to medical science. Ferrozone is a positive cure for anaemia, impure blood, boils, pimples, indigestion, dyspepsia and stomach and bowel troubles. Ferrozone cleanses, strengthens and purifies the blood, it invigorates the heart and nerves, banishes sickness and pain, and makes ailing people well. Try a box or two of Ferrozone, the result will be a surprise. Price 50c. Sold by C. A. Barchill.

Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

"When a man of twenty considers a woman he, he thinks of her beauty, but at thirty he thinks of her loquacity." "What does he think at forty?" "Oh, he thinks only of himself by that time."

A lazy liver may be only a tired liver. A stick is all right for the back of a lazy man. But it would be a savage as well as a stupid thing to beat a weary or a starving man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging liver it is a great mistake to lash it with drastic drugs. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a torpid or sluggish liver is but a symptom of an ill-nourished body, whose organs are weary with overwork. Let your liver alone. Start with the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in proper working order, and see how quickly your liver will become active and energetic. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of their organs.

Admiral Cervera, according to the United States Minister to Spain is living in comparative poverty and obscurity. No Spanish minister will give him a post and he draws no pay while he is idle.

ALCOHOL AND DRUG USERS.

Victims of the above habits will be interested in the discovery of a harmless antidote which quickly and permanently removes all desire for liquor and drugs. This medicine has been publicly endorsed before Congress of Bishops and at Father Matthew's Anniversaries, also by Clergymen from their pulpits and by temperance societies of all denominations. Interested persons can obtain full particulars from Mr. Dixon, 81 Wilcox St., Toronto, Canada.