

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

Mr. Kough Continues His Interesting Description of a Trip

WHICH HE MADE ACROSS NEW BRUNSWICK ON SNOW SHOES.

Tells Why Game is Plentiful in This Province.

GUIDE ADAM MOORE (LIKED TO A GIANT OF PREHISTORIC TIMES.

(Forest and Stream)

The extent of a country is not always to be measured by its area in miles, but sometimes rather by its accessibility. It takes less than two days to go from Chicago to the Blackfoot reservation of Montana, and another day will take one into the hunting grounds there—a trip running into the thousands of miles. Yet at the best, Adam Moore and I could not get into the actual hunting country of New Brunswick in less than three days from Fredericton. This difficulty of access might at hasty glance be thought something disadvantageous. Not in the least so, but quite the contrary. The game region of New Brunswick, although it is a small one so far as the question of miles is concerned, is really a very large one, and one not soon to be exhausted. It is in fact hedged about by so many difficulties of transportation that it is not only a natural game preserve, but one naturally protected. It would not pay a market-hunter to try to kill game for the market anywhere in the region we visited. The game wardens would prevent him from selling his moose meat or caribou meat in the lumbering camps, he himself could not bring it out to the railroad, even were he sure of escaping detection, and sell it at any profit to himself. The only access to the interior of the big strip of country which lies between the forks of the railroad which runs northeast and northwest from Fredericton are the truly terrible "tote roads" of the lumbering camps. One does not always find game close to a tote road. He must kill his game and get it out by man power. There are no horses used in hunting in New Brunswick. A pack train could be taken in, as I believe, over a good part of the country, but the trouble is that there is no food for the horses. Out in the Rocky Mountains the question of horse feed is one which gives no concern. This cutting down the transportation to one simply of man power is of the utmost consequence in the preservation of the New Brunswick game. Of course there are the streams, but they are streams in nearly every instance leased and guarded. If you kill a moose, the fact is known. If you send out too many caribou hides the fact is known. If you start a toboggan load or canoe load of meat or fur, there is always some one to ask where it came from and where it is going.

They have game in New Brunswick, and they are going to have it for a good deal longer time than you and I will be interested in the matter. One of the greatest reasons for this is the inaccessibility of the country, another reason is the excellent enforcement of the game law, yet another is the fact that the game law limits the bag to a single moose and a single caribou to each gun. And still another reason, in the opinion of all New Brunswick guides and citizens, is the non-resident license, which excludes a great deal of the thoughtless public. However we may look upon the license on his side of the line, the New Brunswick man regards it merely as so much insurance for a good sporting trip.

"You put up your license, and it's a very little item in a trip that is going to cost \$400 or \$500, anyhow," say they. "Would you not better pay that extra item of insurance and get what you come after, rather than save that small amount and go somewhere and not get what you want, or than to come here and not get what you want? It's just like fire insurance. It costs a little something, but you are willing to pay it for the feeling of

safety and for the guaranty which it offers."

So much for the New Brunswick point of view. They sold about \$8,000 worth of licenses last year, and they think that something like \$75,000 or \$80,000 was left in the Province by sportsmen. The guides have a proverb that "it takes a month to get a moose," and that it costs a sportsman about \$500 for his trip. Of course these figures are subject to all manner of change, for sometimes the trip costs very much less and sometimes the moose is had very much sooner. The man dreaded of all others by the honest New Brunswick guide is the one who has been so inflated with ideas of the ease and certainty of sport in New Brunswick that he is persuaded he ought to go out and kill his moose and caribou within a few days or a few hours after he strikes camp. Indeed, this is sometimes done, often done, but the guide wants no sportsman who is not sportsman enough to know that the pursuit of this big game is full enough of doubt and difficulties to be worthy indeed of the name of sport.

GOING INTO THE WILDERNESS.

Adam and I struck a belated railway train on the Canadian Pacific from Fredericton. We reached Plaster Rock, after our long rail voyage up the beautiful St. John River, at 9 p. m. We took supper at 10.30 at a country inn and the next started out, with the thermometer around zero, for a beautiful winter night's sleigh ride, it being our resolution to push on into the wilderness as rapidly as possible. We reached another wayside inn known as Riley Brook at 3 o'clock in the morning. We were now pushing up that bold and beautiful river known as the Tobique—a river which I had read about for years, and which I imagined was about the jumping-off place of all the world. I chuckled to myself as we spun along up the river, thinking how, once we started, everything comes to us which we really desire. I had seen pictures in the Forest and Stream of Tobique sable traps. Now here I was on the Tobique and about to learn more of sable than perhaps ever I wot of.

Riley Brook is on the banks of the Tobique, and the local landlord, Mr. Ross, controls the riparian rights to the salmon pool here. The entire stream and its tributaries are leased to a salmon fishing club, and he it remembered that, when one goes fishing in New Brunswick, he must be mighty careful where he is and on whose toes he is treading before he begins to cast his fly.

On Tuesday morning, Dec. 3, we continued our journey, not indeed having slept more than an hour or so at Riley Brook. Our team was a good one, and by nine o'clock in the morning we were at the forks of the Tobique. Here we found the lodge of the Tobique Salmon Fishing Club, situated at the foot of a noble pool, where I am told there is grand fishing in season. We found this pool covered with ice not quite strong enough to safely carry our team. The right hand fork of the stream was frozen half over, and the other half showed a ford of perhaps a couple of hundred yards of swift and icy water belly deep to the horses. It was a bit cruel, but nothing better offering, we had to put the team through this ford, running our sled across by hand power. Luckily no harm resulted, and by noon we found an abandoned lumber camp, known as Red Bank, of the tale lumber operations, and here we put our horses in the warm barn while we "boiled the kettle," as the New Brunswick saying goes, in what was the bunk house.

We were now well entered upon a journey up a lumber tote road, one of the best tote roads in New Brunswick, and on one of the best claims of lumber camps in the province. What that road would be if stripped of its covering protection of snow, I would rather not imagine. It crossed a continual succession of little choppy hills, winding around the bottom of these slopes and sticking to the Tobique Valley closely. We were not sorry when we reached the Red Brook camp kept by a quiet old man named Glazier, who cooks for the tote teamsters, and is glad to see strangers at this time of year. We ate his pork and beans and drank his tea with cheerfulness, and passed a good night in the camp.

In the morning we found the appearance of nature offering much change. A

tremendous storm had come up, the first of the great storms this winter in New Brunswick, and the air was filled with a mist of the softly falling snow. It was a dozen miles yet to the next camp, which would be the end of horse transportation on our road into Adam's first camp. The team, plucky little horses they were, now showed signs of wear and tear, yet they carried us up to the next camp in time for lunch, though by this time the snow was more than two feet deep. Here we found Glazier Dickinson in charge of the camp, and old man Gibson the lumber scaler, and Brown the cook, a fabricator of most excellent brown bread and ginger cake. To all these we gave due and proper attention, and here we dismissed the team, which had brought us sixty-five miles from the railroad.

We were not yet quite in the wilderness, so Adam told me, and not yet quite at his camp. There remained six miles of foot travel, and the question was whether to undertake it that evening or not. Adam at this camp turned up with his son Jack, a strapping young fellow twenty-two years of age, nearly as tall as his daddy, and one of the best men physically that I ever ran up against in my life. Questioned as to whether we should try to make the six miles that afternoon or spend the night at the cheerful camp where we found ourselves, we decided that we would better push through. Hence we arranged our packs and presently started out, Adam and Jack insisting on dividing my own duanage, although it made for each of them a pack whose sheer dead weight caused me to shudder.

"Can Jack carry that thing?" I asked of Adam.

"Well, if he can't," was the heartless reply, "he hasn't got any business up in this country." And he did carry the pack.

These two husky products of Canadian soil fairly walked away from me, although I had nothing but my snowshoes and rifle to bother me. We did about two miles or so through the soft snow and at last came out on the shore of that beautiful body of water known as the Nictar or Nictor Lake, along which we were to journey for something like three miles further. Here the going was easier, for the water had come up over the ice and melted the snow underneath, so that it was not so deep. Score one for the snowshoes, and likewise one for the rubber shoes, for had we been wearing moccasins we should have been drenched to the bone. As it was, we traveled along for three miles, the guides looking around occasionally to see how the city man was doing. The city man was pretty tired, having discovered all at once that he was pretty near no good for this trip; this due to all kinds of ideas of what a man can do in the city without killing himself.

"Now," said Adam, as he stopped for a time and swept a comprehensive arm about him into the bleak face of the swirling storm, "we are in the wilderness. Never an axe has been set in a tree from here over to our camps."

Once in a while, through a rift in the blinding storm, I could catch a glimpse of bluff, rolling hills covered with bleak forests and surmounted with twisting weather of fog. Then the sweep of the storm would come again and blot it all out. We could not see more than a few hundred yards in any direction and hence lost one of the prettiest sights of the journey. As it was, twilight was coming with the thickening storm, when at last we reached the end of the lake, broke through a couple of hundred yards of hip deep snow and came out into a little clearing, in the middle of which there stole up a silent column of blue smoke, and shone the red eye of welcome from a cabin window. So now we clattered our snowshoes free of snow, and dropped our packs upon the floor, and welcomed Charlie Cremia as he welcomed us, the same Charlie being Adam's partner, who had been up to the camp all the fall running his trapping lines, while Adam had gone out to meet me at Fredericton. Charlie had a dozen sable skins, and one fisher, or black cat, drying on stretchers, and at the time we caught him was skinning a sable which he had caught that afternoon. He had two or three weasels on the table, which later he skinned for his own amusement. He finally gave me a bunch of weasel skins as a present to Madam, who purposes doing all kinds of things with them one of these days.

(To be continued.)

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

Heredity and Genius.

Expositions of the laws of heredity fail in affording no clew to the understanding of genius. As these laws of inheritance are now expounded it would seem that no offspring could ever rise above the average level of preceding generations, and we have all had thousands of commonplace ancestors. In animals excellence is, as a rule, easily accounted for; in man it is not so. How comes it that in the same family one member rises not merely above all the rest, but above the bulk of mankind? One only of the Bonapartes was a Napoleon; one only of the Shakespeares could write "Hamlet." And why should the son of an ordinary Lincolnshire farmer and his probably ordinary wife have turned out not merely the greatest natural philosopher of his time, but of all time? We are still waiting for a second Isaac Newton. To say that such men are "sports" is to give us a word for a thing and merely to cover ignorance. The sport must be caused, and what was the cause? The excellent work being done in tracing the influence of heredity only makes more astounding these prodigies of genius.

Asthma Can be Cured.

Thousands of testimonials conclusively prove that asthma can be permanently cured by inhaling Catarrhazone, a vegetable antiseptic that destroys at once the germs causing the disease. Catarrhazone gives immediate relief to the distressing cough and suffocating sensations, makes breathing easy and regular and insures undisturbed sleep. Catarrhazone cures asthma that doctors are unable even to relieve and can cure you. The Catarrhazone inhaler is made of hard rubber, fits into the vest pocket and can be used at work, in church, in the street, in bed—any place—at any time. Two months' treatment (guaranteed), price \$1.00; trial size 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Try Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake Pills.

"Man proposes and woman disposes," remarks the young man who gets quotations twisted. "Well," replied the beautiful blonde on the other end of the sofa, "I'm disposed to my part of the man will do his." In three minutes she had him landed.

"Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Large things are but an aggregation of small things. If we take care of the small things we are in effect taking care of the large things which the small things combine to make.

Take care of what you eat, when you eat, and how you eat, and your stomach will take care of itself. But who takes care of such trivial things? That is why, someday, the majority of people have to take care of the stomach. When that day comes, there is no aid so effective in undoing the results of past carelessness as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the stomach, and restores the organs of digestion and nutrition to a condition of healthy activity. It cures biliousness, heartburn, flatulence, indigestion, palpitation, dizziness, cold extremities and a score of other ailments which are but the symptoms of disorder in the stomach and its allied organs.

The Home of England's Wealth.

The Bank of England generally contains sufficient gold in sixteen pound bars to make 20,000,000 sovereigns. The bank, which stands in three parishes, covers three acres of ground, and, as the current price of land in the vicinity works out at £1,000,000 an acre, it is easy to form an idea of the money value of England's wealth. The ratable value is about £1,000 a week. The bank employs about 1,000 people, pays a quarter of a million a year in wages and £35,000 a year in pensions. There are £25,000,000 worth of notes in circulation which have been handed over the bank's counter.—London Globe.

Slown—"There goes a man across the way who stole \$100.00 from me." Dixby—"Did you get it back again?" Slown No, he eloped with an heiress that I was engaged to."

Pimples, Blisters and Skin Eruptions

How unsightly, sometimes even disgusting, and certainly very mortifying to the sufferer. They are merely an evidence of impure, poisoned blood, and lowered vitality of the elementary organs, which can be quickly changed by taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone cleanses the blood of all poisons and eruptions, makes it rich in red corpuscles that manifest themselves in a healthy ruddy complexion. To have a pure, soft skin and good complexion simply use Ferrozone

regularly. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold by C. A. Burchill, Try. Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake Pills.

Valuable Advice to Rheumatics

Eat meat sparingly, and take very little sugar. Avoid intoxicants, keep away from dampness, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Nerviline as a quick reliever of rheumatic pains. Being five times stronger than ordinary remedies, Nerviline's power over pain is simply beyond belief. It cures also sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, and all pain, whether internal or external. Large bottles, price 25c.

A GREAT ART.

The Rare Ability to Select Efficient Executive Heads.

Many men mistakenly think that because they work hard and try hard they must eventually succeed to some extent. This does not follow. Some men carry on great enterprises with little apparent effort. Their success is due to skill in selecting efficient executive heads.

Many a business man breaks down trying to supplement the work of incompetent heads of departments simply because he does not know how to choose the right men. A man of commanding ability does not worry himself over details. He makes out his programme and then selects men who can carry it out to the letter. Indeed it is a sign of weakness for the head of a concern to bother about little details. It shows that he lacks the insight, the business sagacity, the ability, to select and to manage men who can do things efficiently.

Many heads of large concerns spend little time in their offices. They travel or remain at home, but the business goes on like clockwork simply because they know how to select men who can efficiently do the work assigned to them.

It is a great art to duplicate oneself in another and multiply oneself many times by selecting those who are vastly superior to ourselves, but who did not happen to have had our opportunity to do the thing themselves.

Encourage every person you meet to become a successful man. It is necessary to encourage themselves.—Atchison Globe.

At the Southwark, London Police Court a witness appeared in khaki uniform. You are a soldier? asked the counsel. No, answered the witness, I'm in the Yeomanry. Whereat the court smiled genially.

Mrs. Buggins—Does your husband say grace at the table? Mrs. Moggins—Yes, he thanks the Lord, but he seldom forgets to find fault with my cooking.

Judgment Has Been Delivered

by thousands upon thousands that the only cure for corns and warts that acts without pain in 24 hours is Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Try "Putnam's," it's the best.

A Juvenile Feminine Prayer.

A little girl was spending the summer at a fashionable watering place, and one morning as she played upon the veranda of the hotel where her mother was stopping she heard a lengthy conversation upon the fashions of the day and the absolute necessity of stylishness in dress if one hoped to be a success in society. One lady went so far as to say that stylishness was far more important than beauty.

That night as the child said her usual prayer she added, with great earnestness, "And, oh, dear Lord do please make me stylish!"

Medicinal Uses of Salt.

Salt is one of the greatest of natural remedies and antiseptics. A weak solution—an even teaspoonful in a glass of water, cold or hot—is excellent for indigestion. A solution of about the same strength will often relieve a cold in the head if snuffed up through the nose.

Severe pains in the bowels are often relieved by the application of a bag of hot salt.

Her Mother.

Jack—Charley, why don't you propose to the Widow Green's daughter? She's rich and is regarded as the pearl of her sex.

Charley—I know it, my boy, but I dislike the mother of pearl.

Art, Not Nature.

Madge—After she's painted her face she always looks in the glass.

Marjorie—So that's one girl who does not hold the mirror up to nature.—Smart Set.