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Mr. E. Hough, the Gifted
Chicago Author,

WRITES OF A HUNTING TRIP TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

His Impressions of our Province
and Its People.

OUR GAME LAWS AND GUIDES
PRAISED IN UNSTINTED TERMS.

An Able Article That Will be Perused
With the Greatest Interest.

(E. Hough, in Forest and Stream.)

There is perhaps no part of the sporting country of America which today is attracting greater interest among big-game shooters and anglers than the Province of New Brunswick. This is true not only in regard to the sportsmen of the East, but those of the West, and it is curious to note that among the visitors to that region during the season just closed, there were numbers of Western men, including gentlemen from Cleveland, O.; Dayton, O.; St. Louis, Mo., and one or two points in Indiana. Hence we have the curious spectacle of large numbers of sportsmen of the Middle West turning not to the wilderness of Wisconsin or Minnesota, nor to the more distant Rocky Mountains, but to the forest-covered hills of the northeastern sections of America, those very portions which were first visited and settled by the white inhabitants of this country.

There is a reason for all this, and there is a reason for this sudden and growing popularity of the moose and caribou country of New Brunswick. In brief, it is that the extreme doctrines of modern game protection have been worked out to successful issue. In New Brunswick they have game because they have a protection which protects. In no portion of America are the Forest and Stream theories of game protection more fully believed in or more thoroughly carried out than in New Brunswick. No waste, no sale, a very limited bag, and the most stringent inspection—such are some of the proved and practical features of the law of that land.

Believing, as one must, that the days of our American game are numbered, and being curious to see the effect of modern methods of protection in a country once depleted of its game and now more fully stocked with big game than any other area of equal extent in any portion of America, the writer hailed with extreme satisfaction the opportunity to make a winter visit to New Brunswick, and to look into the matter of the New Brunswick game supply at first hand. That this could be done in a thoroughly satisfactory way was made possible in the first place by the kindly offices of Mr. Adam Moore, president of the New Brunswick Guides' Association, than whom a more level-headed sportsman or more splendid man never existed in any country. Mr. Moore, with his friends, Henry Braithwaite, George Armstrong, Arthur Pringle, Harry Allen, Bob Allen and W. T. Chestnut, will all be remembered as members of the New Brunswick party which visited the Sportsmen's Show in the winter of 1901. The fine impression made by these men here is not dispelled, but heightened, by the acquaintance the writer has had with them during the trip recently ended. I want to say in advance of my story that I believe New Brunswick has more game than any country in America, and that it raises the best guides and the best men on earth. It is a square country, an honest country. Fakes do not flourish there, do not grow there, and are not wanted there. It is a square, fair, heel and toe, man's game that one will get in New Brunswick.

I wanted to see New Brunswick in the winter time, because it is in the winter that one can best tell how much game there is upon a given bit of country; and because, in the second place, I am personally fond of winter camping and of snowshoeing. A third consideration was the fact that during the month of December most hunters are out of the woods. Therefore it seemed possible to have plenty of time, plenty of room and plenty of chance to see what there was to be seen. In these days of special interest in moose and caribou, the plain story of this trip may prove of service to other sportsmen who purpose going into that region.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

Perhaps I may further preface the story by a little advice as to the preliminaries, which I found so easy and simple that I dare counsel others to do just I did.

All talk of trouble with customs officers etc., in going into New Brunswick is a mere bugbear, a humbug. I explained to the customs officer here in Chicago that I was going on a hunting trip, that my rifle, camera, etc., were of American make and that I had nothing which I considered dutiable in Canada which I did not intend to bring back with me. With great courtesy my baggage was marked in some mysterious way which enabled me to take it from the depot without further trouble at Fredericton, N. B. I had, in advance of this, written to Mr. W. T. Chestnut to attend to the details of my shooting license, etc. Either that gentleman or Mr. Robert P. Allen, of Fredericton, will take up such matters for shooters, since both are connected with the Fredericton Tourist Association. I found everything arranged on a thoroughly complete schedule. One leaves Chicago on the Canadian Pacific connection at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, reaching Montreal the next evening. A wait of an hour at the latter city and one then crosses the grand St. Lawrence River and works on northeast, ever northeast, across the State of Maine, into New Brunswick, and so by noon of the next day arrives in the beautiful and homelike little city of Fredericton, the capital of the Province, a city of many governmental traditions as well as many graceful social heritages of a dignified past.

Madame went with me, it being at first a question of whether it might not be possible for a woman to go into the woods. This was decided in the negative, so the better half of Forest and Stream expedition surrendered at discretion and was made beautifully at home in the families of friends. As to the method of the conversion of the Yankee, I was not so much, but the work of the Chestnuts, the Everetts and many others was of so potent a nature, that when at length Adam Moore and myself returned from the wilderness, we found that Madame had applied for naturalization papers, was wearing Canadian garb and was rebellious at the mere suggestion of ever going home to Yankeeedom again. The quality of New Brunswick hospitality is not the least charm of a visit to that land.

Big Adam Moore—they sometimes call him "Little Adam" for fun—was at the depot at Fredericton, with Henry Braithwaite, that lovable old-timer who personally superintended the turning on of the water into the Miramichi River in the remote past. We three foregathered forthwith and began to buy stockings. We bought some, and then some, and then some more. I certainly would counsel anyone intending to hunt in New Brunswick at any season of the year to purchase his clothing at Fredericton. The woolen socks you get there, for instance, are just the sort you need, and cost about one-third of what they do in the States. One ought to have from eight to twelve pairs of stockings at least for a winter trip, a couple of pairs of heavy over-stockings and a good pair of shoe-packs in size about three or four numbers larger than his regular shoe. For dry cold snow, many prefer the moccasin, among these Henry Braithwaite will not wear a shoe-pack if he can help it. I found the shoe-pack very useful, as we met much thawing weather, and also found my Yankee wear of Gold Seal rubbers very serviceable. I also committed the heinous crime of using a pair of Alaska model snowshoes, five feet long and one foot wide, the bow turned up in front after the fashion of the "tripping shoe" of the far North. These shoes created in turn horror, consternation, amusement and scorn, wherever they went in the Province. I had them fitted with straps such as we used in hunting in the Rocky Mountains—straps which must have caused Adam Moore and Henry Braithwaite many a pang of misery. I would not counsel anyone else unless wedded to his idols, to take this sort of snowshoe into New Brunswick with him. Let him get all his outfit on the spot. He can get practical footwear and any sort of snowshoes that he needs at Fredericton, and much better snowshoes than he can get in the United States. Luckily, I had with me a pair of genuine Arthur Pringle shoes which dear old Frank Rietten had made for me by

Arthur, several years ago. These snowshoes saved my life—that is to say, prevented me from being publicly mobbed by the public of that Province, who look upon any long bowed shoes as seditious and dangerous. In parentheses I may say that I wore the flat-bow shoes and the regulation New Brunswick tie, fashioned after the Millicete Indian tie, every once in a while; that is to say, whenever I felt that I could spare another toe nail. Then I would hie me back to the long bows and straps and give my toenails a chance to grow out again. If you are a snowshoer you will know about these things, and if you are not a snowshoer you will learn about them when you go against a New Brunswick trip in the winter time. You will then learn the source of that greeting which all New Brunswickers exchange: "Good morning, sir. How many toenails have you lost this week?" Inquiry of almost any man in regard to himself and family will usually discover the fact that the New Brunswick human being sheds his toenails as regularly, if not as painlessly, as the moose does his horns. A little ball of ice under a snowshoe strap will do wonders in a day's tramp down hill under a heavy pack. Try it, and you will learn all about it. I had tried it before. Hence the heresy of the long bows. In straight-away walking, and in not too rough a country, the long bow is, in my opinion, more comfortable to wear than the codfish model, which is universal throughout New Brunswick. I would not advise it as a hunting shoe.

One will perhaps prefer to take his own arms and ammunition with him. I took both my .30 30 and .30 40, for no special reason except that I dislike to be confined to a single gun, which may get out of order. The .30 30 I left at Fredericton. Had I taken Uncle Henry's advice, I would have left the .30 40 also, and would have bought me a gun down which one may drop a can of frozen beans in lieu of better ammunition. Uncle Adam, upon the other hand, slyly said that he thought the .30 40 would do the trick. I relied upon it, as will appear. Later also we may discuss somewhat of the ancient war between Uncle Henry and the small-bores.

We had a little meeting of sportsmen the first night in Fredericton, there being present Adam and Henry, Jack, a brother of Adam, Billy Walker, F. B. Edgcombe, president of the Board of Trade; Bob Allen, of the Tourist Association; Arthur Shute, and a lot of other awfully good fellows. All these, filled me so full of moose and caribou stories that I began to feel that it was not really worth while to leave Fredericton, which I had already discovered to be a mighty comfortable place. Nor was this resolution without a certain support in recollections. Mr. W. T. Chestnut, sometimes called Billy Chestnut for short, had, in the week just past, gone out and killed his caribou within twenty five miles of the town. They told me of moose which had crossed the river practically at the edge of Fredericton—showed me the very place where one moose came down the road just beyond the edge of town, and, refusing to be frightened, at length deliberately turned around, took his time, and walked back into the water again. They showed me good deer country running right up to the edge of the town, and told me innumerable stories of how this that and the other fellow had gone out and done this, that and the other thing in about fifteen minutes after leaving home. All of which, by the way, was strictly and literally true.

"You must not get too much worked up by these stories," said Billy Chestnut

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to me. "The finest story of that kind we ever knew to happen here was that of a young dude who came in here from Boston. He came into our store about the first thing he did and stood looking around. He wore a suit of bicycle clothes, carried an old .44 gun, and said, kind of off-hand like, that he had come to kill a moose and would be glad if I would tell him which way to go. He said he did not have very much money and not very much time, but he thought he would kill a moose or so. The law then allowed one to kill two moose. Well, this fellow, acting upon my advice, went into the country about twenty miles from here, and put up at a farm house. He took lunch and then walked out into the edge of the woods a little way, and blamed if he didn't meet two moose, and kill them both! The next day he was back here in town. 'I got 'em,' said he. He thought it was the easiest thing in the world to kill a moose, and, in fact, was the only fellow not surprised at his feat! I may add that he came up again the next year and did not get any moose at all."

Still running ahead of my story, I may supplement the foregoing statement with the story of three Fredericton shooters who had just come back to town about the time Adam and I returned from the wilderness. One of these men went up about 25 miles on the railroad, and in less than fifteen minutes killed a caribou, which he put in the express car and sent back home, and it reached Fredericton the evening of that same day. The other two members of this party each killed his caribou before noon of the next day. At about the same time a bunch of caribou broke through the ice on the St. John River not far from Fredericton, and one of the animals was drowned. It is no exaggeration to say that game is abundant even close about this old settled community, although the true hunting country is much further away and more difficult of access.

I must linger also in the preliminaries of my story sufficiently to tell of the day which we passed at the Pine Bluff Camp, six miles up the lovely St. John River. This house party was gotten up in honor of the visitor, and there were present Mr. W. T. Chestnut and his brother, Mr. Harry Chestnut, Adam Moore, Henry Braithwaite, Arthur Shute, Billy Walker, Gus Tweedale, Bob Allen, Harry Atherton and Bud Babbitt, sometime known as "the Deacon." For the refreshment of these the Chestnut boys had provided a noble party, composed of partridges, the same blended with fine herbs and other articles wisely added thereto. This with many other concomitants furnished an ample luncheon, superintended by no less a personage than Joe Paul, a brother of Jim Paul, the guide and sportsman's show performer. Joe Paul is homelier than Jim, and deaf as a post, but they say he can draw the long bow upon occasion just as well as Jim.

Pine Bluff Camp is rarely open in the winter time, but it is ideal at any season of the year. Built of small round logs, provided with an ample fireplace, with its walls decorated with trophies and weapons of the chase, it is a beautiful tabernacle of sport and fit to be enjoyed by the sportsmen who built it. Here are antlers of moose and caribou, and pieces of beaver cuttings, and the skulls of all manner of animals native to that country. Among other curios was the iron head of an old Indian tomahawk, which was dug up on an island in the St. John River some years ago. Authorities state that, from the model of this Indian ax, it is undoubtedly 150 years old or more. Yet in the eye of the ax head there may still be seen the wrapping of birch bark, which the former owner used to tighten it upon the shaft. Wonderful fabric is this birch bark, for here is some of it, subjected to earth and air and water for more than a century, and yet shows unmistakably the grain of this useful product of the wild woods.

It was a jolly day at Pine Bluff, and here we heard more moose stories and more caribou stories which I may not pause to narrate, as well as many partridge and woodcock stories. For instance, Harry Chestnut mentioned casually that his bag of woodcock for the season just closed was 110. He shoots over a level-headed old setter which he purchased years ago from W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., and tells me that there

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is grand grouse and woodcock shooting near Fredericton.

I noticed Adam Moore and Henry Braithwaite poring over some maps of the province, and I could hear all sorts of talk about the Tobique and Nictau and Miramichi, the Little Southwest and the "Big Divide," and a lot of things which at that time I did not understand so well as I do now. Presently I learned that these hospitable New Brunswickers were indeed planning upon a large scale to give me what Adam Moore promised should be the "biggest trip ever undertaken in the province by a sportsman at this season of the year." Henry Braithwaite and Billy Chestnut and Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, were all to come up with us to Adam's camps on the Nictau lakes. There we were to kill each his moose and caribou, and then undertake a little enterprise which had long been in the brains of both Adam and Henry; to wit, to cross over from Adam Moore's country, south over the unknown Tobique Divide, and come out in Henry Braithwaite's country, of the headwaters of the Miramichi system. I learned that Mr. Flower could not go, that Billy Chestnut could not go, and that finally Henry could not go with us, for the reason that he had just received word from Mr. Arthur S. Phillips, of Fall River, Mass., that his services were engaged for the month of December. This left Adam and me as the sole members of the original party, and Adam and Henry were now discussing whether or not it would be safe to try to make a winter journey across this unexplored country which lay between their two game ranges. Billy Chestnut got wind of it and told us not to try to make it across. Henry rather thought that it might be done, but was not sure. I did not know anything about it. Adam said nothing, but apparently kept up something of a thinking. The oddest of it all to me was that there should be any part of New Brunswick which was not thoroughly well known. Henry Braithwaite has been trapping [pretty much all over that Province for forty years, and when not hunting, trapping and guiding, has been engaged with the lumber companies cruising. Adam Moore has traveled all over the Tobique and Nepisiquit countries, and every spring runs a bear line more than 200 miles in extent, with some fifty or sixty traps on it. Now, how these two men, who both knew there was to one in between them, and who both agreed that it could not be so very far from one fellow's country to the other, could have been in their business so long and not have known every inch of the whole Province, was that seemed to me a singular thing. I had the notion that New Brunswick was an old country, and thoroughly well known, and moreover not so big but what one could travel all over it easily. That was my first impression. I knew more about it when I came out.

E. HOUGH.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

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