

The Land of Big Game.

MR. HOUGH CONTINUES
HIS INTERESTING
NARRATIVE

Of His Trip Across New
Brunswick on Snow-
shoes,

LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP AS
SEEN BY A CHICAGO MAN.

(Forest and Stream).

So much by the way, and while we are as it were, waiting for Ellis and his partner, John Moulton, to come back and tell us something more of the late Louis Bear trapping trail. This was to take still a couple of days. Adam and I trotted down to his blackcat trap on Thursday, fixed up the steel traps and were back in time for lunch, a distance of about nine miles. That afternoon he and I marched five or six miles up to the "Carry" after caribou. We saw some sign, but we thought that the soft weather had sent the caribou away from the lake for the time being. We saw considerable otter and mink sign on the lower side of the Bathurst Chain, this making the fifth instance of otter sign we had noted.

THE TRAIL OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

At length our two Indian trappers showed up at Bathurst camp, and we held a long pow wow together. We now began to hear of a certain lumber camp, far up toward the head of the Little South Branch and known as the Branch camp. There used to be another camp further down the stream, and this old camp Joe Ellis said he knew, and could no doubt find, as he ran his trapping trail up into the mountains. To reach this lumber camp one needed to travel six miles or so to the mouth of the Silver Brook, thence eight or ten miles more to the southward up the Little South Branch of the Nepisiguit.

This was a distance of about five miles more than it would be in a straight line over the hills to the lumber camp. For a time it was our intention to take our toboggans up over the trapping trail which Ellis and Moulton said they were now going to run (the same being the old Louis Bear trail). Yet when we began to talk of that awful trip over the big mountains, even those hardy citizens, Adam and Jack and Charlie, looked grave. We all of us knew by experience what it meant to climb those hills with nothing but rifle and a light pack. To cut across with toboggans meant that it would consume four times as much time as to go light; and the toboggans were a necessity. Hence we formed a plan of campaign which, if a little risky, proved in the end a wise one. We decided to get off of the rough country over which the old trail ran at its northwestern end, and to trust to fortune to make some kind of a meeting with Ellis later on at the Branch camp. From this point we intended to head south and to take Ellis along with us, so that he might give us the advantage of all he knew about the old Louis Bear trapping trail. Of course all hunters, especially the hunters of New Brunswick, will know that this so-called "trail" was not a trail at all, but simply a line of blazed trees. An Indian never does any unnecessary work. We did not wish the task of dragging the toboggans over the Indian trail any more than was absolutely necessary, but any sort of trail is better than none, especially when you don't know where you are going.

STARTING INTO UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

Charlie had been baking biscuits industriously for about three days, and these we packed in our boxes on our toboggans. We had plenty of tea and sugar, plenty of blankets, but unfortunately were at this time short of meat, as we had eaten up all that we had been able to carry down from Adam's moose, and had killed nothing since. We thought that our total weight on the three sleds was between 300 and 350 pounds. We took with us our precious bundle of furs, also took along some rifles which we intended to take out to the settlements, having four miles in all, the

camera, the horribly heavy glass plates for the camera, a little ammunition, and some odds and ends which we did not care to send down by the slow tote team, sixty-five miles down the Tobique River. All in all, we had pretty stiff loads.

As luck would have it, good or bad, we made our start south on Friday, this being the 20th of December, at which time I ought to have been going home, instead of starting out into the wilderness, where there was a very fair working chance that nobody would hear of us for a month if at all.

The sledding was beautiful, however, and we did our six miles down to the Bear House, Silver Brook, in jig time. (The depot camps are called "bear houses" because it is necessary to build them tight and strong enough to keep out the marauding bears, which otherwise would rob the stores.) Adam left us at a point on the trail for a run across lots to have one more look at his black cat trap. Although we had found these creatures had pretty much torn up all the country the day before, they had not returned during the night. Hence we went away and left the steel traps to hold their silent watch on the banks of the Nepisiguit, trusting to Providence that one of us might get back and visit them later in the winter. While Adam was gone I got into the toboggan shafts, and had the pleasure of three miles at this sort of travel. I should not fancy it as a steady diet, it remaining a wonder to me how these men pull these sleds with such loads and across such country.

We all rounded up for lunch at the mouth of the silver Brook, and then started for a long ten-mile tramp up the Little South Branch, which we picked up but a short distance from the mouth of Silver Brook. It was cold that day, and our faces were well hung with ice when, just before dark, we pulled up at the little lumbering settlement known as Branch's camp. Forty men here lived in one house, and were packed like sardines. Branch himself, the foreman, we found to be a quiet sort of fellow, and the cook was willing to do his best at least. It was beans and black tea as usual, and for the first time in my life, I think, I sat at a table where there was absolutely nothing provided except a knife wherewith one might eat. Not that a knife is a hardship, but on the contrary a very simple and practical thing. I did not notice any of the lumber crew eating any more than any one of ourselves.

ACCIDENT IN CAMP.

That evening as we were all sitting around the stove taking off our stockings and jumpers to hang about the big stove, one of the men came in from his work badly and looking pretty pale. He had met with one of the accidents which are by no means infrequent in the woods, and had cut himself badly with an axe. The poor fellow sat on the bench afraid to take off his stockings to see how badly he was hurt. No one seemed to help him and even the foreman was indifferent. I got the stockings off at last, and disclosed about as badly a damaged a foot as I imagine any human being had ever seen. An earlier accident had cut off three toes on the outer side of the same foot. These had healed and retained their place on the foot, although entirely stiff and unmanageable. Now he had cut himself straight back from the front, the deepest part of the cut being under the foot, the two outside toes being severed clear back almost to the original cross line, which had nearly separated them from the foot. It certainly was an ugly looking wound, and certainly the conditions for treating it were bad enough. The poor fellow searched around his bunk for a rag, and produced the dirtiest looking handkerchief I have ever seen anywhere. This I discarded and taking a couple of my own rendered them as antiseptic as possible with boiling water, washed the foot, and fastened the bandages as well as possible. They had what they called "h'seat," a solution of carbolic acid, which at times it appears is provided in the lumber camps against such accidents. I wet the bandage with this "h'seat," and although the sufferer did not sleep very well that night with the pain of the wound, he could eat his breakfast the next morning, and thought that in two or three weeks he would be around.

This was the second accident of the kind that had occurred within a week, a

man at the Bathurst camp having cut his leg to the bone just above the knee. He was just getting around at the time we left. The unfortunate soul who meets an accident of this kind at a lumbering camp is in bad luck indeed. His "time" does not go on, and in some camps they even make him pay his board while he is laid up crippled. If he is cut so badly that he has to go out of the woods, it is customary for the other boys to chip in and raise the price for sending him out to the settlements. I never heard what became of my patient, but hope he got around all right.

LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

A cheerful, happy-go-lucky, hard-looking, hard-talking, but after all, soft-hearted crowd, are these workmen about a lumbering camp. I can't imagine any life much harder than theirs. They get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and start out in the dark to walk perhaps a couple of miles in the cold and snow. Then they hammer spruce butts all day, where every blow of the ax sends a shower of snow down on their backs. They come back to camp an hour after dark, and yet you will see them walking into the cook house with an easy step and an elasticity of movement which does not seem to denote any physical lassitude. Proof enough, this, of the excellent tonic of hard fare and winter weather. We all of us walked that way when we came out of the woods. We were dressed also after the crude fashion of the woods, in wool and then more wool, and socks, socks, socks. Some of our lumbermen wore shoe-packs. None of them wore rubbers, and some of them wore a low, wide, and roomy moccasin over their numerous layers of heavy wool socks.

One of the drivers, an Irishman by the name of Lanigan— you will always find an Irishman in a position of authority in any gang of laborers— called a meeting together after supper and took up a contribution for some church or other at some settlement whose name I did not catch. One after another these unkempt fellows whose wages were not more than \$22 a month, called out "Put me down for \$1," or put me down for \$2," to Lanigan, who kept the subscription list. He raised something like \$60 or \$70 in a few minutes, all of which will be subtracted from the men's pay when they come to settle up at the end of the month. If the lumber jack is able to pay for his clothes and come out even at the end of the winter, he considers himself rather lucky. His money goes, one way or another.

FUR TRADE IN CAMP.

All these Frenchmen at the logging camp seemed to be doing a little trapping on Sundays or other off times, and this camp was pretty near full of fine bunches of sable, fox, etc. This made Adam's eyes shine, for if there is anything in the world which he loves, it is a bit of good fur. We started in to buy fur soon after supper that night, and we kept on buying until all our party was broke and we had to run our face for one or two bunches. We were all of us broke, but we had not yet bought all of the fur when that time arrived. There was one bunch of seven sable skins, fine big fellows, every one of them, and it pretty near broke Adam's heart to leave them hanging on the wall. We were paying \$2.25 to \$3.00 for sable skins which would bring on an average at least four dollars at Fredericton, yet we paid the men about as much as they would have received had they sold them at Bathurst or anywhere along the railroad on Tobique side. By the time we were through our impromptu merchandizing, the precious bundle of furs which was strapped to Adam's toboggan had taken on godly proportions. I may state here that we sold out for just \$175 when we struck Fredericton. Whereupon Charlie Cremin promptly bought a fur overcoat, a new horse and a set of harness, and the woods saw him no more for this winter, I am sure.

(To be continued.)

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 Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, and Sick Headache. It has five times the strength and curative properties of ordinary remedies, and should be in every household. Better buy a 25c. bottle and try it. Nerviline is all right.

Hamilton's Pills for the Liver.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Makes Permanent Cures
In Chronic and Constipated Cases
of Rheumatism.

IT GIVES NEW LIFE TO HELP-
LESS AND CRIPPLED MEN
AND WOMEN.

Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., has given to his profession a positive and permanent cure for all forms of rheumatism now so common in the autumn season. To the rheumatic, this truth should prove encouraging and comforting. Men and women suffering intense agonies from a disease that frequently stiffens the joints, cripples the limbs and renders its victims helpless, can be restored to activity, vigor and health if Paine's Celery Compound be used for a few weeks. There is every reason why sufferers should pin their faith to this best of medicines. Your friends and neighbors have used it with success; the honest physician is prescribing it every day in cases where all other means have failed, and they are delighted with the grand results. It is your only hope; your safety and life depend upon its use. Mrs. M. McKillop, Campbellford, Ont., writes about her cure as follows:

"I was a sufferer from rheumatism for a long time, and endured great pain. The cords in the palms of my hands were drawn up in knots, and I despaired of getting relief. After using Paine's Celery Compound, I have banished all my pains and troubles, and find myself strengthened in every way. I think Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine in the world for rheumatism and all nervous complaints."

What have you gone to smoking for, at your age? I want to show my boys how easy it is to break off a bad habit. Then you are going to quit it? Yes—as soon as I get the habit a little more firmly fixed.

The girl is the mother of the woman just as "the boy is the father of the man." The period when the womanly functions begin is one to be carefully watched and considered. Irregularity or derangement at this time may be promptly met and cared by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. But neglected at this critical period may entail years of future suffering. "Favorite Prescription" acts directly upon the womanly organs giving them perfect vigor and abundant vitality. It removes the obstructions to health and happiness, and delivers womanhood from the cruel bondage of "female weakness."

You pay the postage. Dr. Pierce gives you the book. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, 700 illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray cost of mailing and customs. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper bound book, or 50 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Glady—If she doesn't love him, why does she encourage him? Edith—Well, she's hoping her father will suspect she loves him and send her on a trip to Europe to overcome her infatuation.

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 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 only Ferrozone, it's the best tonic made. Price 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$2.50, at Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

Biggs—They say Mrs. Gableton is guilty of an attempt at blackmail. Diggs—I don't believe it. Biggs—Why not? Diggs—No woman on earth would think of accepting "hush money."

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.

As if It Were Possible.

Claribel—I wonder what that creature meant?

Laurie—What creature?

Claribel—Why, Tentworth, of course. When I told him everybody said I was improving in my singing, he said he was delighted to hear it. The ideal!

Benefits of Traveling.

Proper recreation prolongs life. This fact is now better appreciated by busy people than ever before. Of all the forms of recreation the best perhaps is traveling. The benefits to be derived from it cannot be exaggerated. A journey, whether brief or long, is sure to relieve the mind of business or domestic cares by directing it into pleasant channels. Thousands can testify that traveling has improved their health, lengthened their lives, brightened their mental faculties more than anything else.

The Other One.

Two brothers in Paris were remarkably alike. A gentleman meeting one of them on the boulevard stops him, saying, "Pardon me, but is it to you or to your brother that I have the honor of speaking?"

"Sir," was the reply, "you are speaking to my brother."

His Hard Luck.

Jones—Brown is an unlucky dog. Smith—How's that? Jones—His object in marrying was to get out of a boarding house. Smith—Well? Jones—Now his wife is running one to support the family.

An Easy Task.

Lover (mournfully)—Have you learned to love another?

Flirt (who had just broken off her engagement with him)—Oh, no, George; I didn't have to learn. The man is very, very wealthy, and the love came spontaneously.

The Usual Kind.

Nodd—What do you mean by saying that my baby is just an ordinary baby? Todd—Why, he is precocious and beautiful and the best that ever lived. Isn't he?—Life.

Persecuting Corns

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

"I am trying," said Tommy, who seemed to be doing something with a knotted rope, "to fix this rooster so his alarm won't go off before 7 o'clock tomorrow morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Nutrition In Its Best Form.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

Promotes and Maintains
Health and Strength.

Malt Breakfast Food is a true health food. No other cereal food gives such a scientific concentration of life-giving nutriment. It is the most delicious and appetizing food ever given to the public and being partially predigested, the weakest stomach easily completes the process and appropriates every particle. Malt Breakfast Food is the only breakfast cereal that has received the approval of the best physicians and the most noted food specialists. Its delicate flavor and great nutritive properties make it a food of wonderful value for invalids and convalescents. Once used, it becomes a necessity in the house. All Grocers sell it.

"What in earth are you doing in here, Tommy?" asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the henhouse, whence had been coming for five minutes or more a series of dismal squawking, accompanied by a loud flapping of wings.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other soap powders, as it also acts as a disinfectant.