

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

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

THE ARRIVAL AT BRAITHWAITE'S CAMPS.

The Discussion as to the Merits of Big and Small Bore Rifles.

(From Forest and Stream.)

Adam, Charlie and I now hit the trail industriously, bound south along Henry's trapping line. We passed through an open hardwood and spruce country, the timber being small and hardly worth cutting. It was a good game country and we struck quite a little moose herd half-way over to the next camp, not to mention caribou tracks, which we had now seen so often that we paid no attention to them. The crust on the snow was better than it had been the day before, but was just strong enough to allow the sleds to break through sometimes and slide around in the little hollows of the swamps. The two big toboggans were too heavily loaded, for we had left one toboggan at Henry's camp and pulled our stuff down on two sleds. My pack was on Adam's toboggan, and I wished that I had not allowed him to take it, for I could soon see that his load was more than any fellow ought to try to pull. We were all pretty tired when we struck Henry's camp on Logan Lake, and, in fact, this was the hardest work that we had had at any time on the trip. We had covered six miles in getting to this first camp, and it was noon by the time we had our kettle boiled. Then I took my pack off of Adam's sled and did not allow him to have it any more.

We found the next six miles of the trail much easier, and toward the close of the afternoon we struck a mile and a half of nice going on the ice, which came to us as a Godsend. This was Gover Lake, as Henry calls it. We were trying our best to make it out to Henry's home camp for Christmas, but we saw that it was an impossibility, and that twelve miles was to be the limit of our travel for that day. We found this camp near Gover Lake a very nice one. We now had plenty of meat, having picked up a quarter of caribou which Henry had said he would leave for us. We got a good rest that night and plenty to eat, which was, perhaps, about as useful a thing as any under the circumstances. A man can go for three or four days on light fare and hard work, but after that he begins to get weak very fast.

So we spent Christmas day of 1901, all of us working like slaves on the trail. Adam said this was the hardest day's work he had ever put in on the hunting trail, and he told me he had never been on an expedition which was quite as tough as this one which we were now undergoing. We all felt perfectly hopeful now, however, for we were on a plain trail, and knew that we were safe and sure to get out without delay. We could not help noticing the change in the country. Around us we caught a glimpse now and then of hillsides and lake surface and could see that the hills were lower, although covered with the same dense black forest growth in which we had been ever since we left the railroad and started up the Tobique waters. Game sign we continued to find just as we had all the way from Nictau Lake. I have never been in any game country in all my life where there was so much sign of game as we saw made by moose and caribou all over this country from Nictau Lake south as far as the Crooked Dead Water and Indian Lake.

GOOD GOING.

We left Gover Lake at half-past eight in the morning and soon struck a big lake known as Birch Lake, where we got a lift of a mile and a quarter. Then we came into a level rolling region. We found splendid going this morning, for it had come off much colder in the night. The toboggan trail broken out by Henry and Albert would carry us up without snowshoes part of the way. I went on ahead with my pack and was able to

travel much of the time without my snowshoes, so that I made Henry's Birch Lake camp, about four miles, in an hour and ten minutes. I rested here for some time and was about to start on, when the toboggans came in, Adam having stopped to follow up a moose trail at a little distance not far from the camp. We all of us concluded to "boil the kettle" here and have a bite to eat. We each drank a quart or so of good strong tea, and at 10.57 by the watch left for the south, continuing the trail over rolling lowlands, which has been crossed at an earlier time, by the lumber road. I was by this time feeling pretty good, and was quite a different man from what I was when I first went in with Uncle Adam far to the north. I had lost about twelve pounds of flesh and was beginning to round into a good shape. I could surely say that snowshoeing was no longer any hardship. So I just thought I would play a joke on Adam and Charlie, and would go away and leave them on that next four miles which lay between us and Henry's home camp. I hit the trail good and hard, hard enough to throw me into a most profuse perspiration. I supposed that I had a start on the other boys, and thought I would go in and get dinner ready for them. At last in just an hour and eighteen minutes, I sighted a group of low log buildings, in front of which was a man carrying a log of firewood. Him I hailed, and learned that he was Albert, Henry's son-in-law, and that this was indeed the home camp which we had anxiously sought and now reached, albeit a day later than schedule. Albert invited me to come into the house and throw off my pack.

"Where are the other boys?" said he. "Oh, they're back about a mile on the trail, I reckon," said I.

Just then I looked out of the window and there, coming along under full steam were Charlie and Adam, fresh as paint and only a couple of hundred yards back of me on the trail. How they did it I am sure I could not tell. My actual walking time for the estimated eight miles was two hours and twenty-eight minutes, and they had done it in pretty much the same time. We weighed the toboggans at the camp and found that one weighed 120 pounds and the other 125 pounds. My pack was a mere trifle, weighing only 25 pounds—a weight that is regarded by the New Brunswick man with absolute contempt.

At the camp we found Charlie Cameron cooking, and we set him to work mighty soon after we got under cover. Henry was out with his "sport"—in New Brunswick any sportsman is always called a "sport"—on a last attempt to get a head of game. His customer was Mr. Arthur S. Phillips, of Fall River, Mass., who had been with him for a month, going on the same day we left Fredericton. Mr. Phillips had seen a great many caribou and had killed one, but had not yet killed a head of game. The boys said that the caribou were seen almost daily on the big expanse of the Little Southwest Lake, so after lunch Adam and I started out and took a trip of six or eight miles on a caribou hunt of our own in a strange country. We saw a great deal of caribou sign, but the recent thaw and freezing had left the ice so slippery that the caribou seemed for the time to have left the lake. Henry and Mr. Phillips came in that night and reported that they had killed one caribou, with a very indifferent head.

HOME OF THE BIG BORES.

Mr. Phillips took me to one side and besought me to advocate in Forest and Stream the abolishment of all small bore rifles. He was shooting a small bore and bemoaning his fate in having lost a caribou which he had shot through the lungs. Here at the camp I saw Henry's famous battery of big bore guns, which Mr. Irland described not long ago in these columns. Henry's favorite gun, the one given him by Mr. De Pauw, of Indiana, was indeed a corker. It weighed something over eight pounds and had a bore down which a cat might crawl with ease. We accused Henry of loading it with a can of frozen beans when he had nothing by way of projectile. Now, here we were in the very heart of the big bore people. Adam and I expounded of the small bore with all kinds of stories of what we had done and could do with the 30-40, and Henry meeting us with an incredulous smile.

"My moose are different down here," said he. Whereat Adam and I openly hoped that we would run across one of his moose and be able to destroy it utterly with a 30-40. As to which more anon, as they say in the story papers. We did feel a little like apologizing to Henry, however, for here I was carrying a small bore rifle, which is a horrible thing in Henry's view; wearing a pair of long-bowed snowshoes, which were anathema in the eyes of both Henry and Adam; and, moreover, with my feet encased in a pair of rubbers instead of moccasins! Henry thinks no snowshoe man ought to wear anything in the woods except a moccasin if he can help it. Adam says that for all kinds of weather the snowshoe pack is better, and I am willing to admit that we would have had wet feet for many a day had we stuck to moccasins. And so we had it around the big stove in Henry's camp, though I must say that a more cheerful and better natured set of wranglers never sat together on the same bench or ate out of the same pan of beans with greater unanimity of action. We had Christmas dinner all over again.

MORE CARIBOU SIGN.

Time was slipping away and still I had not had my shot. We decided to go out on the following day, which was December 27, for a caribou; so Henry and Adam and I went out for a social little hunt, I carrying the gun and sincerely hoping that we would run across one of the caribou which had been making all the tracks around the country. We saw what seemed to be sign of simply hundreds of caribou along the shores of the Little Southwest Lake and Jack's Lake, over to which we crossed in the morning. The caribou had been tearing up the snow in their pawing operations all over the country, and had we been there a couple of days earlier we certainly should have done business with them. As it was, the freezing up of the lakes had sent them back into the hills for the time—another instance of the bad luck which had followed me in my shooting operations for the past month. We walked eight or ten miles that morning and went back to camp for lunch, not having seen a caribou, though we had seen more tracks than you could shake a stick at. I accused Henry and Adam of each having a trained caribou, which was chartered for the express purpose of chasing around and making all sorts of tracks. All Adam and Henry could do was to grin and ask me to wait a while.

AT THE CROOKED DEAD WATER.

On that morning Mr. Phillips had gone with Albert over to the next camp southward, where they expected to catch a tote team for Mr. Phillips to take out to the railroad. The latter gentleman had the misfortune to hurt an ankle, so that he found the five or six miles of snowshoeing very much of a hardship. Adam, Henry and I followed across the same trail that afternoon, and made it comfortably in time for an early supper. This camp we found not so spacious and comfortable as Henry's home camp, but more like the smaller trapping shacks on the north end of his trail. This camp Henry calls his Crooked Dead Water camp, and it is located in a famous moose country. At present there are two lumber camps close together in that region, but this winter ends the lumbering operations, and Henry says that they have helped the country and not hurt it.

Mr. Phillips and Charlie Cameron having taken a team down the Miramichi country, there were left Albert and Henry, Adam and Charlie and myself in the little camp. It was big enough to hold us comfortably. We had lots of blankets, and all the meat we could eat and plenty of every other kind of supplies. Henry told me that he stocked his camps about a year ahead, tobogganing the supplies out to the further camps from the end of lumbering team transportation. As near as I could discover, Henry's province was much like Adam's, and while Adam is king of the Tobique, Henry is king of the Miramichi. I don't know of any better kingdom, or, for that matter, of any better kings. They are much to be envied, and so is he who can have a trip with either of them. As to a man having a trip with both of these guides, admittedly the head of their craft, I don't know of anybody who ever did that except myself, thanks to the generosity of Adam and to the no less generosity of Henry, who permitted small-bore, long-shod, rubber-shod people to come down into his country and chase his pet caribou and moose around.

AT INDIAN LAKE.

After our rest at the Crooked Dead

Water, we pushed on six miles to Indian Lake, crossing several of the sinuous channels of the big back water made by the lumber dams. The weather was now brilliant, but cold, and the snowshoeing was not bad. Henry said that if we could get to this Indian Lake camp, we would be out of the sphere of influence of the lumbermen, so to speak, and right in the heart of a very good moose range. He said he had hopes to get me a shot at a moose before I left, although we had now only a short time left of the legal season. I knew perfectly well that I was not going to kill a moose, but also knew that I was going to keep on trying until the last minute. As to business and home, I had forgotten that there were such things. I wanted to be a King myself, and own a principality in New Brunswick. In short I was seized of a swift rebellion, running back to the ancient Western days, and I wanted to run wild again, just for a year or so. As to the moose, Henry said he could show me one, or at least show me the tracks. Then he looked at my small-bore rifle and sighed.

(To be Continued.)

Inflamed Nose and Throat

And such diseases of the respiratory organs as bronchitis, weak lungs, cold in the head and nasal catarrh, are treated with marvelous success on strictly scientific principles by Catarrhazone. The medicated vapor of Catarrhazone quickly traverses every air passage possible to be reached by any treatment. All soreness, pain, congestion and inflammation are at once dispelled, and by means of the healing powers of Catarrhazone the vitiated tissues are quickly restored. Where Catarrhazone is used colds last only ten minutes, coughs half an hour and catarrh, consumption, asthma and bronchitis flee as from fire. A trial will convince any one of the starting merit of Catarrhazone. Costs \$1.00, small size, 25c. At drug stores, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

"I have just broken the record," was the way Zeke wrote from college, and the old man answered back by special delivery; "Wal, as you hev broken everything else, myself included, I guess you might just as well come home."

When a boy turns his bulging pocket inside out we marvel at the quantity and variety of articles he has stowed away. Odd lengths of string, marbles, a horse-chestnut, a top, brass nails, hickory-nuts, an apple, and many more articles are garnered by this "snapper up of unconsidered trifles." We think the collection must be hard on a boy's pocket. And it is. But do we ever think of the variety and miscellany of the substances we put into the pocket of our stomach? There's the apple and the nuts, and things besides quite as indigestible as brass nails and with no more food value than so many marbles. And yet we wonder that the stomach "gives out." When the stomach breaks down under the strain of careless eating and irregular meals it can be perfectly and permanently restored to health and strength by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The action of this medicine on the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition is so marked, that relief from disease is at once experienced, and the headaches, liver "troubles," kidney disorders, skin eruptions and other symptoms of a diseased stomach are quickly cured. Whenever the use of a laxative medicine is indicated, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They act in harmony with the "Discovery" and assist its action by purging the bowels of foul accumulations.

Sympathetic Friend—How you must miss your poor dear husband, Mrs. Weeds. Young Widow—Yes, it is terrible; but there is one consolation. For the first time since we were married I now know where Charlie spends his evenings.

Completely Fagged Out

The world is full of sickly, despondent, tired, enervated people, all hoping to be well some day. The surest road to health is along the way of taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone is a great appetizer and enables one to eat plenty of wholesome food without fear of indigestion or dyspepsia. This results in the rapid formation of an abundance of red, vitalizing blood, which will restore the nerves, increase flesh and vigor, and nourish and feed every organ of the body. Ferrozone is an ideal restorative and invigorant. It is a tonic of unequalled merit that anyone can use with benefit. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN.

The Provincial Normal boasts of a poet who sends us the following:

Not a sound was heard, not a student laughed,
As our marks on the black-board he pasted,
Not one of us grinned, but we sadly thought
Of the precious time we had wasted.

No useless flourishes decked the board,
But in black and white he painted;
And many a student's heart grew light
But some of us nearly fainted.

We thought as he covered the board
With chalk
And filled our hearts with sorrow,
That if we got our tickets that night
We might get home on the morrow.

At length his heavy task was done
And painful words were spoken,
Then many a seat was left unfilled
And several hearts were broken.

Of course, we don't mind leaving school,
Nor don't mind leaving town,
But we hate to hear the smart ones say
"Go way back and sit down."

Cramps Are Like Burglars

They come unexpected and when least welcome. Be armed with a one-minute cure in a bottle of Nerviline, which relieves cramp and stomach pains in five minutes. In Colic, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Indigestion and Nausea, Nerviline is a remedy of remarkable potency, and acts promptly and satisfactorily at all times. The composition of Polson's Nerviline expresses the highest medical progress of the age, which accounts for its superior merit. Price 25c. Hamilton's Pills are Good Pills.

A Perilous Predicament

Brockville, Ont., Nov. 29.—In the fire which destroyed the barns and outbuildings of M. Laing, near Merrickville, entailing a loss of \$3,000, Mr. Laing had a thrilling escape from death. When the fire was discovered, he made an effort to save seven cows. He led out two and was bringing a third, when the fire fell on him and pinned him to the floor just as the flames were rapidly approaching where he lay. For some moments he was powerless and imagined death must very quickly come to him in most horrible shape, when the cow made an effort to raise herself, and in so doing, gave him the opportunity to free himself and dash through the flames out of the burning building. Only two of a herd of seven cows were saved, and the one that Mr. Laing had been leading was among those burned.

Corns Cured in 24 Hours

When Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor is used, Corns, Warts and Bunions can be removed in one day. No pain, no bother, no suffering. Try "Putnam's."

"Mike—Say, Pat, phwat is a water spaniel? Pat—Sure, he must be some rilitiv at him ocean greyhounds we read about."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects. 1c

Papa, what is marriage in high life? Two vacant hearts entirely surro unded? by cash.

MOTHER AND BABE

Sick mother—sick child! That's the way it works when a mother is nursing her infant.

Scott's Emulsion is an ideal medicine for nursing mothers. It has a direct effect on the milk. Sometimes the mother is weak; her thin milk does not make the baby grow. Scott's Emulsion changes all that. The rich cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion feeds the mother and gives a flow of rich, nourishing milk for the baby.

The medicine in Scott's Emulsion not only strengthens the mother but goes naturally through the milk and strengthens the child.

Nothing to harm—all for good—Scott's Emulsion.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.