

Parry Sound Bear Hunter

The life of the professional hunter and trapper, while naturally attended by a certain amount of danger and hardships, is not utterly devoid of amusement. It is, perhaps, true that such men are more easily amused than the jaded brain-worker and mechanic in our modern centres of civilization, and what affords entertainment to one might not appeal to the other. For instance, Mr. Alexander Tremblay, the well-known hunter and trapper of the Parry Sound district, some of whose adventures in the pursuit of Bruin have already been recounted in *The Globe*, would sooner spend twenty-four hours in the woods than the same length of time in a theatre, though the latter might offer a bill to which even the heart of a callous first-nighter would respond with something akin to enthusiasm. Tremblay, on a recent visit to Toronto, went to see a performance which had been received with favor by the critics and the public. It wearied him; the crowds bothered him; the artificial light and the close atmosphere were not to his liking. The only incident in the whole show that gave him any pleasure was a clever act by a number of trained dogs, and that only because he was confident that some of the canines would have made good hunting dogs had they been trained from their puppyhood to "the great game."

"Peepul, peepul," he said in his quaint broken English, when speaking of his visit, "nothin' but peepul, an' stone an' breek, an' coal smoke. No tree, an' all the street so straight run, one's head go swim. For me the woods, the lak', my gun an' pip'. What more'n dat to satisfy?"

And some of those that heard sympathized because they understood, and those who did not quite catch his meaning joined with the others in demanding just "one more story." He told me more, and was persuaded to tell still another, pieced out at times by the comments and interjection of several who had witnessed with him some of the incidents he related. His first bear, "hee's verry fir't," fooled him, he says, with a merry twinkle of his deep-set eyes. It occurred when he was wandering through the northern wilds of Quebec with the Indians who had adopted him, or whom he had adopted, "just w'at you lik'." He was at this time about thirteen years of age, and the proud possessor of a musket, the first firearm with which he had been entrusted. Behold him, then, not much taller than his weapon, and eager for adventure, setting off on his first lonely hunt. With every nerve strained he walked along, scanning the ground and brush-wood for a trail. At last he found it—that of a fair-sized bear. With heart beating high he followed it, until at last he found the animal, a bear of the male persuasion, vigorously tearing at a rotten log. Child as he was, the inherited instinct of the hunter came to his aid and checked a sudden desire to give vent to a vigorous whoop. Carefully he aimed and fired, and the shot found its home in Bruin's shoulder. Maddened with pain, the animal threshed wildly with its forepaws for a few moments and then started to run. Tremblay reloaded and followed. The blood-spattered trail was easily read for a considerable distance, and then hard and broken ground was reached; the signs grew fainter, and at last were altogether lost. For two or three hours the lad searched, keen disappointment and hope alternating in his heart, until at last his perseverance was rewarded, and he found the bear lying close to a fallen tree. There flashed through his mind stories of the cunning of wounded animals, and he approached cautiously, halting to fire another shot at the prostrate body. Not yet satisfied, he fired once again. Both shots found a mark near the bear's shoulder, and the animal made no sign. Tremblay's imagination, however, was in full working order, and he was confident that Bruin had moved a paw and blinked an eye. He waited for stronger signs of vitality, and then, in order to make assurance doubly sure, threw some stones at the animal's head. Still the bear lay low, and at last young Tremblay walked boldly forward and laid his hand on Bruin's side. "Heem's nea cold quite," he says when telling the story, "an' heem's die of the fir'shot. Wat's dat for hee's (I) be fool?" Tired, as he was, he covered the animal with the heaviest stone he could lift, and returned triumphant, but with aching limbs, to the tent of his Indian friend, Bokko. In the morning the whole family moved to the spot where the carcass lay, and did not leave it until the last edible morsel of bear had been disposed of. It would be a very Solomon of bears that could fool Alexander Tremblay now.

The best laid traps sometimes do not work just as the trapper intends

them to, and Tremblay has found this to be the case more than once. In a former incident related in *The Globe*, it was shown that an occasion of this kind resulted in an encounter with a large bear, which, though ending happily, threatened serious consequences for a time. On another occasion the denouement was not nearly so dramatic. Having set some traps on a well-marked bear trail, Tremblay left them for a day or so, and went on a fishing expedition. Returning towards evening he saw a bear moving slowly and awkwardly along the bank, one foot securely clinched in a twenty-pound trap attached by a strong chain to a sixteen-foot pole. "My trap and my pole," said the hunter to himself. He turned his dugout in shore, and landed, his only weapon being a well-made and reliable tomahawk. The bear saw him coming, seized the pole in his forepaws and hobbled off as fast as circumstances allowed. The pole and the trap inconvenienced the animal greatly, and it did not seem to just exactly realize the why and wherefore of things as they were. The bear stopped occasionally and made desperate but futile attempts to get rid of its strange and unwelcome encumbrances. Tremblay, at first, thought only of the fur and meat, but after awhile the helplessness of the brute appealed to him, and he began to wonder if he could not set it free. He approached several times with that intention, but the attitude and actions of the bear, raging with pain and incapable, of course, of any understanding of Tremblay's desire, was so foreboding that the hunter concluded to await the chance of despatching it.

And so the strange hunt went on, the man stopping when the bear stopped, the bear suffering, impotent, and perhaps well aware of its ultimate fate, the man cautious, cool, wary, biding his time, and confident of what the end would be. Finally the animal, in spite of trap and pole, started to climb a tree. Up it went, uttering weird cries and panting painfully. Bravely it struggled, almost to safety, and then its grip loosened and it fell crashing to the ground, its sufferings and struggles being quickly ended by the tomahawk.

The story of "the praying bear" is told not by Tremblay himself, but by friends for whom he occasionally acts as guide. He had tried for a long time to catch a bear whose trail ran under and beyond the partly fallen trunk of a tree, which formed a kind of an arch. The usual traps and stratagems failed completely, and Tremblay, put upon his mettle, tried another plan. He made a slip-noose of thin but exceedingly strong wire, fitted it in the evening to the tree, and returned to the shanty, to stand some good-natured chaff as to the futility of his efforts to catch this particular bear. He ventured the opinion that "heem's catch before so verry long," but refused to state the grounds of his belief. In the morning he and his friends started out, and by accident or design, no one but Tremblay knows, they went first to the fallen tree, and there they found the bear, a 400-pound male. He was standing upright, and apparently without support other than his own, his eyes closed, his head bent, his paws one above the other, hanging loosely before him. One of the hunters whispered excitedly, "Let me have first shot, fellows; never shot a bear in my life." Another said, "Looks like the old fellow was saying morning prayers." Tremblay, however, advanced toward the animal with the words, "Heem's caught, an' no bullets for heem's." And, sure enough, Bruin was dead and cold, but it was not until a careful examination revealed to the rest of the party the wire noose, drawn tightly, by reason of its own struggles, around the bear's neck, that they realized why Tremblay had ventured his prophecy of the night before.—Toronto Globe.

Chief and Sons Drowned

Seattle, Feb. 14.—A tragic story of the drowning of an Indian chief and two sons within sight of the wife and daughters, is reported from Killisnoo. Mrs. C. E. Van Huebner, who writes to the Douglas News under date of January 2, says that the natives of Killisnoo and Angoon are in sorrow at the fate of their countrymen.

The Indians at Angoon had long been preparing for a reception to the Taku and Sitka Indians. A flag pole had been erected in front of every house and a flag raised there. At night lights are strung up. On January 18 the Indian lookout noticed a light coming toward the village and thought it was some of the visiting natives so the whole village commenced to beat their tom-toms and sing and dance in welcome.

The joy was soon turned to mourning and the singing to wailing. In

the canoe was the widow and two daughters of Adam Ah-Yau-Ka. He and his two sons were thrown from the canoe not more than ten miles from the village. All three were drowned.

The man and his family were returning twenty miles. They were within ten miles of Angoon when darkness fell and they proposed camping on the beach. About 1 o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow furiously and the boys went to look after the boat. Adam, sr., woke up and decided to anchor the craft away from the shore. While trying to fix it where it would be safe, Mrs. Van Huebner says, a large wave capsized the craft and all three men were thrown into the water. None of them succeeded in reaching shore alive.

The wife was a cripple and her daughters were unable to do anything so the poor native women lived as best they could on the barren and uninhabited beach for the next seven days, until another canoe happened along, when they were rescued, more dead than alive, and were taken to Angoon. The next morning, after reaching that place, there were four canoes from Angoon and two canoes from Killisnoo, with more than 100 Indians, went out in search of the bodies. All the flags were at half-mast, and both villages were in deep mourning. Adam, sr., was the chief of the Wash-Kee-Nas tribe and has three brothers living at Killisnoo.

Just previous to the mailing of Mrs. Van Huebner's letter some of the searchers had returned to the village with the body of the oldest boy. They found it some distance from shore, at a depth of fifty feet.

May Come West

Seattle, Feb. 14.—Sheriff Cuddehe is in receipt of a circular from the Pinkerton Detective Agency bearing the photograph of Phil S. Adams, and offering \$500 for his arrest and detention.

Adams was cashier of the Commercial National Bank at Fulton, Mo., and is alleged to have taken \$10,000 in gold and currency from the bank and absconded on January 13, 1902. The sheriff is also advised that William H. Huey is wanted at St. Louis, Mo., for forging an endorsement on a check for \$3,200, and getting the money on it.

Both men are thought to have started for Seattle. A sharp lookout is being kept for the men by the sheriff's sleuths.

DAWSONITES ON A LARK

William Walsh Met Them All at Ottawa.

Says White Pass Company is up Against It and Must Blow Back.

William Walsh was still shaking hands this morning with friends who called and congratulated him upon the good looks he had come back with from his winter trip, considering how many old sourdoughs he must have run up against in the course of his travels.

"Yes," he said, "I met lots of Dawson friends while away. I went from here to my old home near Toronto, and in that city I met Wills, Chute, Fred Wade, Sheriff Ellbeck, Major Primrose, Patullo, McCaul, White, and a whole lot of the boys, all having a good time, in fact a regular holiday.

"From there I went to California and run down to Los Angeles. It was a novelty to see the people lying along the beach with umbrellas to protect them from the sun, in the month of February—I mean to a Klondiker—and then to walk out in the morning and pick oranges off the trees; that was great."

"Did you hear of any Dawson deals or Dawson law suits in your travels?"

"I heard of the number of suits begun against the White Pass people for return of exorbitant freight charges. A couple of weeks ago the White Pass counsel made application to the court at Victoria to have these suits dismissed, on the ground that no action could lie against the company; in other words, that the actions were frivolous. But the court refused to dismiss them, finding that there was reasonable grounds for bringing the actions and, furthermore, that the evidence showed a probability of the actions being suc-

cessful. So it seems that the White Pass people are up against it.

"As to capital coming in here, I know of several large deals that have been made, but I only know them in confidence and they are not yet ripe for publication.

"I run across a lot of Dawsonites at Seattle, some of them on the way in. I met Tom O'Brien and 'Black'

Sullivan one day. Tom was in Ottawa and Sullivan was in Chicago. I would be with big trading schemes for the coming spring. Wills was there when I left for Ottawa with Mr. Hartman. It seems to be no doubt that the road to the creeks will be built that work on it will soon be

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INVEST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

Lone Star Stock Is the Best Investment Ever Offered to the Public.

We claim we have the mother lode. Can you deny these facts. The mines are situated at the head of the two richest creeks on earth—Eldorado and Bonanza. Gold is found on every claim on Bonanza creek, and up Victoria Gulch to the quartz mines. If it did not come from this ledge, where did it come from?

The gold found in the creek is the same as that found in the ledge.

The gold is found in slide matter on Seven pup. Where did it come from?

The best pay found in Gay Gulch is at the head of the gulch, below the quartz mines. There are eight gulches heading at the Lone Star mines. They all carry gold. Where did it come from?

Lone Star stock is the best investment ever offered to the public. Buy now. The books will soon be closed and you will be too late. Don't let the man who knows it all tell you that there is no quartz in this country. The fools who make that statement have no bank account, which is the proof of their wisdom.

Every placer camp in the world turned into a quartz camp.

Cripple Creek was a placer camp. The men who knew it all were there. They made the same statement. A carpenter found the quartz after the wise men had left.

Have you ever visited the Lone Star mines? If not, you have no right to even think. Go up and satisfy yourself. Yours for business and a quartz camp. LEW CRADEN.

LONE STAR MINING AND MILLING CO.

LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.

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