

## TREED BY A MOOSE.

Year after year we had gone deer hunting, with varying success, but ambition made us feel that we could not rest satisfied until a Moose had been offered up as a tribute to our skill as Nimrods. It was the year before the Moose were put upon the protected list, and our party consisted of Jack Scott, a jolly little lumber king, from Buffalo; Paris Stone, a well known guide and trapper; and myself, a weather beaten old bachelor, not so far gone that I could not appreciate a pretty face, or enjoy a quiet chat in the shady corner of a dimly lighted conservatory. Our outfit was simple, as long experience had taught us it should be, when long portages and rapid currents make every extra pound of baggage a matter of grave importance. Two Peterboro canoes, a stout tent, a plentiful supply of fat bacon, flour, sugar and tea, were the staples; three 44 Winchesters, and two No. 12 Scott shot guns, made up the armament. We went by train to Sturgeon Falls, a short distance from Lake Nipissing, and from that point paddled up stream for forty-five miles, to the mouth of the Temangamingue River. Nothing remarkable occurred on the Sturgeon, a muddy stream, with ugly, sloping clay banks, that offer little of interest to the voyageur. When we had gone twenty miles, plenty of Moose signs were visible, and Paris saw the trail of one monster bull, who must have been of gigantic proportions.

It was surprising how little game we met, indeed this is generally the experience in the Moose tract, for this monarch of the forest loves not society. We had heard fabulous tales of the numbers of the game sought on the Temangamingue, or

as it is more commonly called, the Temigamog River. When we entered this stream, we found it a delightful change from the roily Sturgeon. The water was like crystal, and pebbles, even at a depth of twenty feet, loomed up with startling distinctness. The current was exceedingly swift, with here and there a short rapid, too stiff to paddle up. We made our camp in a suitable spot, and early next morning, Jack and I set out to reconnoitre. Jack is an enthusiast by nature, and loves to talk of the beauties of paddling, when on the broad of his back in a hammock, but in a canoe he loves to spin yarns, and give an occasional dash with the paddle, to emphasize some particular point in the story. As the day goes on, the stories get decidedly weak in point, as far as paddling is concerned. We forgive John his little failing though, as Camp would be desolate without his jovial face and merry humor. This morning the stiff current made paddling hard work, consequently progress was very slow. We had swung in to take advantage of an eddy beneath an overhanging bank, covered with drooping cedars, when far up the river, four hundred yards away, we saw a Cow Moose quietly feeding in the water. The wind was blowing directly from us to the animal, and we could not approach nearer without giving alarm, so we stopped paddling, took hold of the cedars, and held a council of war, sotto voce. The Moose seemed uneasy, stopped feeding several times, and looked in our direction, then quietly into the underbrush and was gone. We accepted the situation with reluctance, and dropped down stream to discuss a plan of action with Paris. It was decided to go up to the feeding ground