

hunting trip to this province his was the unique and thrilling experience of having five monster bull moose respond to his call on a single evening! Fancy the feelings of a medium sized man, crouching in the dark on an old beaver dam, fifty miles from the nearest settlement, surrounded by five obstreperous old bulls, each one grunting for all he was worth and polishing his horns on the trees!

This province is not only intersected everywhere by a wonderful natural system of water communication, opening up a limitless perspective for the camper and canoeist; it has railways in every section thus bringing the sportsman within a few miles of the virgin forest. The principal big game centres, or outfitting stations of the province, are Edmundston, Andover, Fredericton, Boiestown, St. John, Newcastle, Bathurst and Campbellton. Owing to its central location, both from a railroad and geographical standpoint, there is no more convenient point of departure, as a rule, for the big game hunter, than Fredericton, the capital of the province. If a man were to place the palm of his hand on a pocket map of New Brunswick, with its base resting on this fine old elm-shaded city, he would have "right in his mitt" nearly all the choice game sections of the province. His thumb would touch the mouth of Tobique river, a stream almost unrivalled on the continent for its wealth of fish and game as well as of natural scenery. His forefinger would traverse the upper springs of the famed Restigouche and Nepisiguit; his second finger, the wonderful moose and caribou grounds of the Miramichi; his third finger would cross Calais river and Little river, and his little finger would rest upon the historic plains and lakes at the head of the Canaan and Salmon rivers. It would be a toss of a nickel as to whether he should go. His chance of success in any direction would be good, and if he were a sturdy trapper and a fairly good marksman, would be practically certain. There are guides in this province who, in many years' experience, have never failed, in a single instance, to produce the living target. It was an American sportsman who, after several days of arduous tramping, remarked: "Well, we came to still-hunt and we are still hunting." To which his Indian guide impressively replied: "Sartin, boss, if you want the moose bull you got to hang." Numerous though the moose and caribou are, they are seldom found near the settlements and the sportsman should figure on a stay of at least three weeks if he expects to make sure of his game. He should count also upon doing a good stiff turn of walking in a country where asphalt pavements and Martini cock-

tails are comparatively rare. Not a few cases, however, are cited where sportsmen who have to take their sport like their dinner, on the jump, have left Boston or New York for the New Brunswick hunting grounds and returned in triumph within a week accompanied by their moose.

From a scenic standpoint it is not easy to exaggerate the beauties of such noble streams as the Restigouche, Upsalquitch, Sou'-West and Nor'-West Miramichi, Tobique or the chain of lakes and streams known as the Squatooks. All of these forest highways present a boundless prospect of all that is wild and primitive for woodland scenery and all that is exciting and otherwise enjoyable for plenitude of fish and game supply. He who with birch canoe, or plebian "pirogue," ascends to the upper waters of any of these lovely streams, will secure a wealth of picturesque experience that will remain with him in reminiscent form as long as life shall last. He will not grow profane at the sight of some other camping party around every bend in the stream. He will not hear a fusillade of countless rifle shots echoing among the hills, nor be mistaken for game by erratic youths and shot at from behind stumps as he treads the forest trails. He will not see all the trees blazed with the mark of the mighty dollar. He will not have to weather the wash of steamboats on the big forest lakes. He will behold a region where dreamland visions meet the eye at every turn; where the unsophisticated trout, having never gone to college in a hatchery, will seize a flannel rag as quickly as the most alluring fly; where the sheldrake will churn the waters before him into foam with frantic flight, and where his sleep at night will be broken by the chattering of the mink, or the sloppy blow of the jumping salmon as he tumbles back in his native pool. Scarcely a day will pass as his birchen skiff silently threads the shining lakes or deadwaters that he will not come upon the monarch moose, or the timorous deer, shoulder deep in the water plants, and if he is "one of the chosen," to whom none of the good things of life are denied, he may even chance upon that coyest and wariest of all game animals, the black bear, browsing on the berry-covered hills, or patiently fishing for trout or suckers at the outlet of some brook or lake. The Nepisiguit river, it may be mentioned, enjoys the rare distinction of being, perhaps, the only region in America where the black bear can be hunted with a sure prospect of success. From the flap of your tent you can easily spot his sombre figure with a field glass as he roams the hillsides in search of his favorite fruit. Then it is only a matter of careful

stalking and good marksmanship.

There is hardly any limit to the variety of canoe trips offered to the camper and sportsman by the St. John river and its tributary streams. He may, as did the Indians for ages, urge his way with pole and paddle up the main St. John and, after a short portage, embark upon the Penobscot. He may float without effort from the remote fountain head of this noble river a distance of over 400 miles clear to its mouth through landscape scenes of panoramic grandeur. He may ascend the Madawaska from Edmundston a distance of fifteen miles, carry his pirogue over into Squatook river and thence enjoy a run down stream all the way of about 100 miles to the place of beginning, through a chain of forest-bordered waterways that fairly swarm with trout and through lakes that are as beautiful as poet's dream. He may pole up Green or Grand river and down the spacious Restigouche. He may ascend the silvery waters of the Tobique and the Victor and thence, after a short carry, reach the Bathurst lakes and the wild, tumultuous Nepisiguit. From the latter stream, if so inclined, he may carry into the Upsalquitch, a branch of the Restigouche. A favorite route is to portage outfit and canoes from Bristol station to the headwaters of the Sou'-West Miramichi, running down that beautiful salmon stream as far as Boiestown and returning to Fredericton by rail. The tenderfoot camper can launch his Millicete canoe at Fredericton when the morning sun is breaking through the river mist and at nightfall pitch his tent upon the level shores of Grand Lake, an ideal camping ground for the tourist who may wish to combine a maximum of water space and grassy mead with a minimum of work. Or, he may spend a most pleasurable day exploring the Oromocto river, which joins the St. John ten miles below Fredericton, by steam yacht or canoe. This stream may be navigated by such light craft for a distance of twenty miles. Its marshy shores are a favorite feeding ground for deer as well as black duck and teal. Here and there are gravelly banks, sloping to the water, shadowed by thick-folliaged trees and edged with a carpet of velvety grass, making the most delightful grounds for a day's outing. Then there are more extensive flats near bubbling springs, for campers of longer stay.

It is not alone in the item of such royal game as the moose, caribou, and bear that New Brunswick has been richly endowed by Nature. Deer are plentiful in the western and southern portions and are rapidly threading on nimble foot the remotest regions of the great north woods. The ruffed grouse is in evidence everywhere. On nearly