

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

Walling, Kinn & Marvin,

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Pills for constipation.

Who are you asked the shade of Darwin, as a strange looking animal appeared on the bank of the river Styx.

I'm one of the missing lynx, replied the new arrival, as he shook the water from his pelt. I just escaped from a travelling menagerie. See?

If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try again. If you had used the right kind of shoe, You would not need to try again. Remember, shoes wear every day. And to the human body, as you are, Is the best of all, genuine and take like new. So buy, buy, buy again.

I am in favor of enlarging the sphere of women, said Mrs. Tenpeck.

Impossible, my dear, rejoined the husband of his wife.

Why is it impossible? Because, he meekly explained, there's no way in which the earth can be stretched.

TEST THE KIDNEYS

Allow urine to stand in a glass vessel for twenty-four hours and if at the end of that it is clouded or has left a sediment in the bottom of the vessel you may be sure that your kidneys are diseased. As a means of investigating the action of the kidneys and making them strong and healthy, there is no preparation so prompt and none so thorough as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

I don't understand why the blood-and-thunder show didn't take, said the manager, we even offered souvenirs.

Yes, drawled Amber Pete, the ads said every one would receive a bullet, but it didn't say just where he'd receive it.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs—I have great faith in MINARDS LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring-bone with five bottles.

It blistered the horse but in a month there was no ring-bone, and no lameness.

DANIEL MURCHISON.

Four Falls, N. B.

So Ernestine married that young man after giving him the shake three times?

Yes, indeed! She believes in treating young and medicine in the same way—shake well before taking.



Underwear a Farmer Needs

Regular weights won't do for the farmer. He must be warmer clad, because his work about the farm and long drives to town keep him out in the cold so much.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

comes in special weights, especially for farmers. Special weights don't mean clumsy, bulky garments. Stanfield's Underwear is so warm because of the peculiar knit of the garments. It's pure Nova Scotia wool, that has been treated to take out the shrink and leave in the softness. We—and your dealer—both guarantee Stanfield's to be unshrinkable.

TWO WEEKS IN MIRAMICHI WOODS.

The Hon. F. G. Harris Writes Pleasantly of His Present Hunting Trip.

The Hon. Frank G. Harris of Clearfield, Pa., who was here on a hunting trip with State Printer Ray, under the guidance of Carl Bersing, contributes very interesting letters on his trip to his home papers. The following account of his trip appears in the Clearfield Journal:

To the Editor of the Journal, For many years I have longed for the privilege of a hunting trip to Canada, the land of the big moose and caribou, the land of big trout and salmon, and when some time ago W. S. Ray, well known to many of our Clearfield people, invited me to accompany him to New Brunswick on a moose hunt, I at once accepted.

On the evening of September 7th we left New York with our Winchester and baggage, via New York Central, bound for New Brunswick. We arrived on Friday morning, Sept. 9th. Our guide, Carl Bersing, who had been secured for us by Mr. John Robinson, Jr., the gentlemanly Game Commissioner of New Brunswick, and his assistants, Joe Hosford and Jim Street, and our jolly cook, Allan Matchett, met us at the station and we were soon on our way to Bersing's Camp on the head waters of the Miramichi, forty miles from Newcastle, and in the heart of the New Brunswick wilderness. We reached camp about nine o'clock that night tired and hungry as most of us walked a good part of the last half of the road rather than ride in a spring wagon and take the jolts. The next morning each with a pack on his back, we started for Bersing's Camp on Clear Water Lake, over a trail cut through the wilderness and over which no horses had ever travelled.

Our purpose in reaching the hunting grounds so early was to spend a few days in looking for bears and doing some trout fishing and to be ready for moose hunting by the 15th of September, when the hunting season opened. We found no bears, as we were not on the huckleberry ridges, which were some ten miles to the north-west of us and which we had not time to reach, but we caught all the trout on Clear Water Lake and the head waters of the Miramichi that we wanted in camp. On Clear Water Lake, the trout run from six to fifteen inches in length, and we caught all we cared to carry every day and all we could use in camp.

Our guide, Carl Bersing, gave us notice that to successfully hunt moose we must live like a moose, and after two weeks experience we were ready to agree with him in this respect. Madison Grant in his work entitled "American Big Game in its haunts" says:—"To slay a full grown moose in a fair hunt is, in these days, an achievement for there is no royal road to success with a rifle."

There are several methods of hunting moose in Canada, and just here let me remark that before a non-resident can hunt moose, he must secure a license from the Game Commissioner, for which he pays thirty dollars, which entitles him to kill one bull moose, one caribou and two deer.

Moose are hunted either by tracking them on the snow during the latter part of November, or by calling them during the rutting season, which usually begins on the first new moon in September. We reached the hunting grounds several days too early for the rutting season, and our guide was obliged to use every expedient to secure for us a shot at a bull moose.

Bersing, our chief guide, took Mr. Ray in charge the first day of the season, and after one day and one night, at Ray's Pond, dedicated in honor of our genial friend and all around sportsman, Mr. Ray succeeded in killing a splendid bull moose, Ray's Pond being but two miles from camp, we packed the hind quarter of the moose into a smoke house improvised by Bersing and his helpers, and we had fresh moose meat for the balance of our visit in camp.

During the time that Bersing and Ray were in the woods, Hosford and I watched from a blind on Clear Water Lake, but during all the time I was at the Lake I saw nothing but a cow moose and her calf, that came within thirty feet of our blind and took a survey

of the situation, as the cow moose is protected in Canada, I did not do anything but stand and look at her and allow her to walk away.

On the morning of the 20th of September, Bersing, Hosford and I packed up our blankets and food enough to last us for several days and started on a tramp over a new trail to the head waters of one of the branches of the Sagouie. This trail, six miles in length, was simply a hazy path through the wilderness that had never been travelled over except by Bersing, when he hunted in that territory on snowshoes. When we reached our destination in which was named Camp Harris in honor of my killing the first moose at that camp, we found a strip of dead water, caused by an old beaver dam, nearly a mile long, on each side of which was a strip of swampy grass making an opening in the wilderness about one hundred yards in width. Here we made our camp by simply cutting some balsam boughs and making a bed on the moss in the wild moss and on which we expected to sleep until we succeeded in getting a moose. I had slept out with my guide at Camp No-Good two days and nights where the guide called in vain for a moose, and I confess I was somewhat discouraged when we landed at Camp Harris, sixteen miles from a wagon road and forty miles from a Post office, where I expected to sleep on the cold ground and eat cold victuals, without a fire or any covering except my blanket, until I succeeded in killing a moose. While I fixed up our camp bed under a clear, cold sky shaded by spruce and balsam trees, Bersing and Hosford prepared a blind on the edge of the pond, from which we were to watch while Bersing called for a moose.

At the rutting season the guides have little trouble in securing a shot for the sportsman, as they utter the call of the cow moose through a birch horn, either in the morning or evening when everything is still, and this call which can be heard for miles through the forest, is answered by the bull moose, who approaches hoping to find his mate. Bersing, Hosford and myself entered this blind and took a seat on a little log, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th: a cold north-west wind was blown down upon the pond that chilled us through and through, and we sat there until six o'clock in the evening, when the wind died down and everything was still. Then it was that Bersing took up his horn and uttered the challenge that brought to the pond a magnificent bull who expected to meet another bull in battle.

Prior to the rutting season, it is the habit of the bull moose to preempt a certain amount of territory on the borders of a pond or lake, where he remains in seclusion until the mating season, when he goes forth in search of a mate. During this season of seclusion, the bull can only be induced to come out into the open by a challenge in imitation of a bull moose who, he thinks, is invading his territory. This is the challenge that Bersing gave through his birch bark horn, on the evening of the 20th: Using his horn as an ear trumpet Bersing soon intimated that a bull was coming. The trained ear and eye of the New Brunswick guide can detect the presence of game where

the amateur can not. He had heard the cracking of some brush, or the smashing of the bull's horns against the trees long before I was able to hear him. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the bull came nearer, and during this time the cow with whom he was mating was endeavoring to call him away. We could hear her call back on the ridge and could soon plainly hear the bull as he approached the pond, crashing through the forest ready to meet his antagonist. Just at sun-down, his head and antlers were poked out of the alder thicket directly opposite from where we sat concealed, and about a hundred miles away. I do not know that I ever had the buck fever, but I certainly had a chill that evening: for four hours I had not moved from my position, and the weather was so cold that ice was freezing on the pond; I shivered like a leaf, and when I heard that bull moose crashing through the brush, approaching the pond, I confess that I was just a little excited and I shivered somewhat, not with buck fever but with moose awe. I wanted to shoot the moose as he stood there with his head and antlers in view, trying to discover the whereabouts of the bull that had challenged him, but Bersing kept his hand on my arm and told me in a whisper that he would give the word. In the course of a very few minutes, the bull made a motion as if to go back into the woods, when Bersing said "give it to him." I jumped to my feet, fired at his head with my 32 Winchester Special, and just as I touched the trigger the bull lowered his nose and I shot him in the forehead below the brain: at the report of the gun the giant jumped clear out into the open, and the blood spurted from his nostrils. He wheeled in his tracks when I shot him a second time in the neck; the third shot passed through his lungs and clear through his body, when he disappeared into the dark woods. We crossed the pond some three hundred yards above, followed his trail into the thicket, and found him standing a hundred yards from where he was shot, sick and dying; a shot through his heart finished him, and we left him until morning. Returning to camp, we built a fire, boiled the kettle and made a cup of tea: warmed our blankets with a good fire that burned most of the night, and slept soundly until morning. We then photographed the moose, skinned his neck and cut off his head and packed the head and horns our camp truffle back on Clear Water Lake.

Constant Dread of Paralysis

Left arm got numb—Doctors said nervous exhaustion—Remarkable cure by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. CHAS. S. CRAVEN, North Gower, Ont., writes: "I do not hesitate to recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and would not begrudge fifty dollars for the good it has done me."

For six years I suffered with severe pains in my right shoulder and numbness in my left arm. No tongue can tell what I suffered. The doctors said the trouble was from the nerves but their medicines proved of no avail so I resolved to give Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a trial. After using six boxes of this medicine my health was so greatly improved that I got more energy and I used in all twenty-eight boxes with the result that I am completely cured. I do not feel that I can use strong enough words in recommending this medicine to all who suffer as I did."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 50 cents a box. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.



the heads of both these moose the one killed by Mr. Ray and mine have been sent to Vanceboro, Me. to be mounted, and in the course of a month I expect my trophy, here ready for my hall. Both the one shot by Mr. Ray and the one by me would have weighed 1000 pounds each and measured 8 feet in length.

I need not say that I enjoyed my trip to Canada more than I can tell. Ray is a royal good fellow and splendid sportsman, and this goes a great ways towards making a trip pleasant. Our guide, Carl Bersing, and his assistants and the cook were splendid men competent, honest, genial and kind. Bersing has several camps in the wilderness of New Brunswick, and they are all comfortable and well fitted for the purpose for which they are built.

The guides and packers of New Brunswick were to me, a revelation: with a piece of rope ten or twelve feet long and an ordinary blanket, they will pack up in compact form, one hundred and fifty pounds of camp equipments, provisions, etc. and with a strap across their breasts will carry this load ten or twelve miles over a trail through the wilderness, at the rate of two and a half miles per hour. They never lose their footing, shod with moccasins that make no noise, strong and muscular, they never slip or blunder.

During all the time we were in camp, we saw no person save our own party we heard the report of no guns except that of our own party and though we slept out three days and three nights, without a tent or fire, and spent several days sitting in a cold blind on the edge of the Lake, I took no cold, nor did I feel a pain nor an ache while on this trip.

I gained ten pounds while in the wilderness, and if I live until another year it is my purpose to go back again to not only kill another moose, but to endeavor to get the head of a bull caribou and the skin of one of the big black bears that are so famous in the region of Bald Mountain, New Brunswick.

I may, at some future time, have something to say in relation to the country of New Brunswick, its forests, its people its animals.

Very respectfully yours, FRANK G. HARRIS.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Hatcher*
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Large of ALL DRUG STORES
Solely Sold by
J. C. F. & Co.
New York

35 Doses—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Discriminate
"Clothes don't make the man, but they make all of him but his hands and face, and that's a pretty considerable area of the human animal."
Letter to A. Self-Made Man, 1904

Men who wear
"Progress" Brand Clothing
always look well, others pay a tailor twice as much and never look well. High prices don't always mean high quality. DISCRIMINATE. Buy clothes that set the standard of fine tailoring—that are guaranteed by maker and retailer. In other words, buy "Progress" Brand Clothing.

Sold by Leading Clothiers throughout Canada.
Progress Brand Clothing may be had from R. N. Wyse.

There are many
Merchants, manufacturers and selling agents reading The Union Advocate regularly who ought to be general advertisers. They would be if they only knew the selling force there is in reaching the consumer by advertising. They would like to try it, perhaps, if they knew how to make it succeed, or had complete confidence in some one to look after their advertising, who would relieve them of the details. We wish to tell these people that The Union Advocate with its guaranteed circulation for 1903 of 1857 and for the first six months of 1904 a weekly average of 1931, covers the whole northern part of New Brunswick, reaching all the best people, consequently the best buyers—that it is sufficient to use this one medium for a starter. What we say seems to be interested advice. Nevertheless we have kept up this line of argument, believing that sooner or later the man who is interested will surely find out the truth of our statements through the success of his friends or competitors who are using our columns.

We have started an advertising department with a man in charge who has made a study of this work and he will cheerfully look after your advertising for you. Let us know your needs.

CASTORIA
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Hatcher*