

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

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New Brunswick Moose.

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(Concluded from the April issue.)

As soon as Mr. Bird would make a fresh start to crawl, the moose would begin to get anxious. After looking several times and seeing nothing, it walked up to the beaver house and climbed up on top, and thus it could see Mr. Bird lying in the grass and mud. The bull made up its mind there was trouble in the air, so slowly left the beaver house and started for the shore. When it got out on the meadow, and was half way to the woods, Mr. Bird let go one of his 30-30's. It made not a bit of difference in Mr. Moose's step; so crack went Mr. Bird's rifle again, and still he walks on as if nothing were the matter. I was beginning to get uneasy, and jumped out of the woods and told him he must be missing him. He jumped up and fired two more shots, and still the moose was going steadily, and was now nearly to the woods. I told him to take care and get him next time, so he took a careful aim and pulled the trigger, but no report came. The rifle was empty! He had only put four cartridges in the gun, slipping the rest in his coat pocket, and his coat was now on the other side of the lake, over a quarter of a mile away. "Well," he said, "if I have not hit that moose I will never fire a rifle at another; he is welcome to live." I told him to watch the way the moose went, and I would run back and get the cartridges. So away I went ploughing through the mud, but after getting over to where I thought we had left our coats.

I could not find them. Finally, after loosing fully ten minutes, I found them.

When I got back to Mr. Bird he said he had heard the moose making a terrible noise in the woods a few minutes before, but that all was quiet then. Mr. Bird loaded up again, and we walked over to where he had last heard the moose. On reaching the spot we found lots of blood, and saw where the moose had started down the edge of the meadow on a runway. A few yards beyond lay the forest king, stretched out in death. It was a large moose. We measured the spread of antlers, they were fifty-eight inches; thirteen inch webs; with thirteen points on each web. We went back and measured the distance Mr. Bird fired at, and it was one hundred and twenty-five yards. On examining the moose we found two holes through its neck, about six inches apart.

While standing there looking over our prize, Mr. Bird said to me: "What is that I see moving down at the foot of the lake. I looked down, and to my surprise I could see the antlers of a large moose above the alder bushes at the foot of the lake, about half a mile away. It was coming to the lake, and it was only a minute until it stepped out into the water. and looked around awhile and then took a drink, and started up the shore of the lake towards us. The sun was now about half an hour high, and was shining very brightly. It was one of our beauti-