

"HUNTING IN COUPLES"

THE DIARY OF A DASH TOWARDS HUDSON'S BAY BY HORACE GREEN

Author of "The log of a Noncombatant", War Correspondent for the Evening Post in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, etc. Mr. Green is now a lieutenant in the Aviation Section of the United States Army.

E. G. The Author Jim Stanger A half-breed Indian Guide
E. T. G. ("The Missus") Author's Wife. George Turner, Another half-breed Indian Guide
Moses A bull moose bagged by the author

Also Partridges, Deer, Foxes, Ducks, Black Bass, Speckled Trout, Wall-eyed Pike, Dore, Muskrats, Mink, Night Owls, and Timber Wolves. Bear tracks may be seen in the distance.

THE Missus and myself (or the "other fella," as Jim occasionally called her) established no new records for hides or heads. We cannot truthfully say that we were lost, exhausted, or on the point of starvation; our lives were never in danger; wolves and bears refused to charge us when our ammunition was short; and even "Moses," the towering bull moose whose mounted head now decorates our dining-room, halted in his charge and wheeled about in the opposite direction when the first bullet from my 30.30 Winchester cracked through his lower jaw.

Within four days of our decision for a change of base we had paddled the eighty-two-mile route over eight bodies of water, and made the twenty-nine portages back to Lake Temagami; turned in our equipment and said good-by to "Commodore" Clarke of the Keewaydin Camp, who was kind enough to lend us wangan boxes and blankets for the second trip; paddled eighteen miles more to Temagami Station; travelled a few hours up the railroad line to Haileybury, Ontario; and bought a Winchester 30.30, cartridges, 24 pounds of bacon, baked beans, and heavy gloves, and checked off rods, blankets, ground cloths, reflector, tents, coffee, matches, extra compasses, kodaks, axes, extra rope, compass, coffee, tea, lumberman's socks, and safety pins—all dumped into the duffle bags, together with the thousand and one necessities for those who venture into the forest, depending solely on what they carry.

The circus had not visited Haileybury of late. Therefore Haileybury enjoyed the sight of a strange couple—the male of the species staggering under the weight of a 100-pound duffle bag and a three-weeks' growth of beard, but the stranger looking of the two, judging by the glances in that direction, being a young—let us say—figure in knee-high moccasins, short khaki skirt (more spots than khaki), a leather hunting-jacket, bought when Joan d'Arc was a child, and a Mexican sombrero, so broad as nearly to hide the girl's smile underneath. Across the shoulder of the young lady, as she marched up and down the streets of the frontier village, endeavoring to purchase a certain brand of safety pin, whose importance must have been inestimable, there rested—or rather lurched, sagged, and rattled—a frying-pan, four spoons, a tin basin, and a twenty-four-pound bag of unsliced bacon.

George and Jim refused to be seen in our company. They themselves were renovated for civilization. George had mysteriously produced a pair of corduroy pants and a distinctly audible lilac-and-white striped shirt; and Jim, clean-shaven, with a new brown sweater and low patent-leather shoes (holes in soles), looked more handsome than ever. "Will leave you fellas here," said Jim; "have much other things to do." By this time the guides referred to myself and the Missus as "you fellas."

And so, in disgrace with high society, the Missus and I were left to our own resources. Alone we crossed the lake which divides Ontario from Quebec, and alone arrived at North Temiskaming, the home of Jim's Indian forefathers. Mrs. Jim, mother of seven young Injuns, escorted us solemnly to Jim's shack, on the outskirts of the settlement, where the evening was passed with entertainment by the pride of the village—a prehistoric phonograph, suffering from a raucous and inarticulate disease. The following noon found us with two canoes strapped athwart one farm wagon, our wangan boxes, duffle bags, guns, and occasionally ourselves athwart another, traversing the seventeen-mile mountain ridge to Quinze Lake, by means of the most execrable road ever dignified by that name. We saw our first partridge. Knowing full well that the 22 was buried in the bottom of the pack, Mr. Partridge sat drumming on the end of a log till we were within kicking distance. By way of revenge, I supposed, the Missus put five bullets into the next bird, shattering its small body beyond recognition or edibility. This prodigious waste of ammunition she explained by saying that she hated to see the poor creature suffer, and was afraid the first bullet had not killed it "dead enough." For the remainder of the trip she refused to fire unless it were at big game.

The fifteen rapids connecting Quinze Lake and Borea Lake were circumnavigated by means of portages. On such occasions Jim and George made two trips carrying on the first the inverted canoes balanced on their shoulders, and later stumbling across rock and ravine, buried under heavy wangan boxes, reflectors, and various pots and cans, which were balanced on their backs by means of leather "tump" lines passing around the forehead. The author usually carried two duffle bags, eighty or ninety pounds apiece, while the Missus brought up the rear with rods, guns, axes, and lighter paraphernalia, or else ran ahead to test with fly and minnow the whirling pools at

certain extent "bad lands," but that Jim would take me to the village of his tribe, then smuggle me (why smuggling was necessary I did not know, except that Jim had a penchant for Indian wiles) into the Indian's happy hunting ground, where game abounded and no "tourist" soiled the landscape. I explained that the Missus was neither gun-shy nor Indian-shy, and if I could stand the trip, she could. In half an hour it was settled: we were to follow Jim to Indian land.

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Have you ever sat in the bow of an Old Town canoe as the sun disappears on a biting-cold October night over the edge of a glass lake, a couple of hundred miles from the wildest depths of nowhere, while a bronzed Indian behind you, at times so silent, sombre, and remote as to seem a part of the landscape itself, begins to coax the bull moose from his lair? Have you waited, stiff and motionless, for an hour or more, while the fog rises from lake and swamp, the icicles form on the paddle, your hand freezes on the rifle-stock, and one by one your toes, and then your feet, and then your legs, become numb and go to sleep? Have you listened to your Indian give the barking hoot of the night owl, mimic the caw-caw of the flapping crane, and make squirrel-like noises that entice the mink and muskrat within a saddle-length of the canoe?

There is not the slightest breath of wind; so still and quiet is it that the long call, resonantly sounded through Jim's birch-bark horn, can be heard echoing for two or three miles in every direction. The sun lowers behind the western hills tops until the afterglow of its lingering rays, spreading like the meshes of a spider's web, entangles the treetops in a soft film of scarlet-purple light. Brightly and quickly after a short intermission the moon comes up, absurdly like a stage seene. On nights like this Jim falls into a trance. He begins to "see" things. He becomes a medium between ourselves and the animal world. The right weather conditions and two or three cups of black tea, followed by a few minutes of equatty meditation, are apt to start the proceedings. He motions us to put away our paddles, and, still-paddling himself, glides noiselessly and without effort to the chosen spot. Suddenly (perhaps he fancies the slant of the wind, the tracks on the bank, or a bit of broken bush not visible to my uncurled eye) he begins to call:

"Ugh!" a low nasal grunt. "Ugh!" Uuuuughh! louder grunts. Was that an answer, or a distant echo? You hear crackling steps in the woods. No, only imagination. Five minutes' wait. Ten, twenty minutes' wait. A long, winding, appealing crescendo: "Uuuu-gh-gh-uughh!" UU-GH-GH-GH! UUGH-GH UUUUUUUH UUUUUUU GHGHGHGHGHGHGHH!!!!!!

Twenty minutes more of rigid waiting. You wonder if you dare move that left foot which is hopelessly frozen. You are about to do so, when a fish jumps, starting you, so you almost drop your gun. All is quiet again. By George! There is something moving in the bushes. A splash of water at the edge of the cove 200 yards away. Another splash. It sounds like a big animal. Jim motions to cock your gun. Your hand shivers so you can hardly obey. Your heart is thumping so you can almost hear the echo. The canoe glides towards the object—30—40—60 yards. There is another splash. You can positively see a great dark shadow, topped by antlers, swaying against the black-woods. Why doesn't Jim whisper "Fire"? You look around to the stern, the Missus has a handkerchief stuffed in her mouth, she catches your eye and bursts into a great cough that has been tickling for twenty minutes. A loud splash of water, whirling of wings and "Quack!" Quack!!

the foot of every rapid. Luck for the Missus meant fresh fish for all hands.

After fifteen miles of Borea Lake, we came on "signs" of game on turning at nightfall into the Lonely River. We paddled through what seemed an unending lagoon, flanked by wooded and marshy banks, where the water lay muddy and stagnant—black as a cave, until lighted by a hunter's moon. We saw ducks in plenty, beaver and mink, one wild fox and many caribou and moose tracks along the bank, and just before reaching the mouth of the lagoon we heard splashes and the swash of water around a bend. The canoes glided noiselessly ahead, but a slight wind carried our scent before us. In the darkness we made out a cow and a calf moose, just as the former plunged into the bush and retreated through the underbush. The calf followed a moment or so later.

At the entrance to Long Lake, on a high rock overlooking a cove of mysterious possibilities, we pitched camp in the moonlight, with bread and water for night lunch. Beside the fire in front of our hastily constructed lean-to the guides lay down wearily under a single blanket. Jim loosed his moccasin thong, and George, as the usual sign that he was in bed, lit a pipe, removed his Charlie Chaplin hat, and pulled over his ears a woollen skating-toque. The Missus, still ravenous, called out, "Oh, George! Is the cheese anywhere handy?" and George, with a lazy movement of one arm, produced from under his head a potato bag. In it was wrapped the huge slice of American cheese, our food and bull ballast by day, and, as we now discovered, George's pillow by night!

Subsequent pages of the log record that we travelled steadily, saw tracks and game, but did not shooting until north of the Height of Land, beyond which we came to the beautiful Lake of Islands—a body of water perhaps twenty miles in length and 300 to 400 in circumference, dotted, as the name suggests, with countless islands of every size and variety, and surrounded by coves, inlets, and lily-pond marshes ad infinitum—Jim's hunting paradise from which we were to stalk the moose in all directions.

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Ducks!!! Confound it! Nothing but ducks!!! The spell is broken. Jim comes out of his trance, the Missus coughs to her throat's content, and you all land and stretch your aching muscles. Jim is a mere mortal again.

Well, it was a great night. We ought to have killed something anyway. On the morning of the kill the Missus went out at sunrise with George. No results other than seeing fresh tracks of cow and calf moose. After a council of war we packed up and, an hour before noon, broke camp in favor of an unknown pond or group of ponds to the northwest of the Lake of Islands, vaguely hinted at by an Indian friend of Jim's.

We worked up a winding creek about six miles in length with marshy banks, and the further we pushed up stream the fresher and more numerous became tracks and "sign" of game. We hauled, pushed and shoved the canoes over beds of shallow ooze, often waiting ten or fifteen minutes while George chopped big logs which had fallen across stream. Finally the stream dried up altogether. The Missus and I sat disconsolately on a log; Jim and George, grunted, spat, and retired into the forest.

"They've got a hunch," I said. "Better leave them alone," suggested the Missus. Presently we heard a shout. Forty yards away, clinging to a limb near the top of the tallest pine tree in the neighborhood, hats gone and shirts torn, we espied the figures of Jim and George pointing triumphantly to the northwest. "Bolshi!" they shouted, which is White Bear Indian for water on lake.

Everything except the guns and a day's rations were cached by the side of the stream, to be picked up on the return trip. Then, dragging the lightened canoes by means of a leather "tump" line strapped to their shoulders, the halfbreeds squashed along the banks, sinking a foot into the ooze at every step. I carried the duffle bags; the Missus took the guns and paddles. At the end of half a mile we came to "our" pond—a limpid body of water hardly bigger than a puddle, bathed in a gorgeous October sunset. Shallow water, three marsh coves, and a lot of reeds and lily pads.

"Awfully moosey looking," whispered the Missus. "Ugh-hugh!" Jim grunted. "Any tobacco handy, Mr. Green?"

We paddled to the only firm ground on the shore, a jutting rock, anything but level. We didn't chop wood or make a fire, for fear of frightening game. Excitement ran high. The Missus and I waited while the men squatted and looked over the horizon with much guttural grunting,

punctuated by rapid spits! It was a cloudy evening and the rain threatened to hide the sunset's afterglow. It was getting dark. About 6.10 I had just stretched out on the pine bows and was vaguely thinking of putting wax-candle grease on my rifle sights, when Jim said he would go out in the canoe and try a few calls around the bend. In two minutes he came running back.

"Quick, Mr. Green. Get your gun, Quick!"

"Wha—wha—what?" "Quick, quick! Sh-sh-he's a big one. A great big bull—just around the bend." No doubt about it. Jim was in no trance this time. All four hurried into one canoe: myself in the bow, the Missus next, flat in the bottom, then Jim with his birch-bark horn, and George paddling in the stern. Wallowing in the marshes about five hundred yards from our camp stood the bull—a huge, black sploch with towering neck and horns, vaguely outlined against the forest background. Luckily he was up-wind of us, and as we approached continued thrashing the fly-pads and occasionally emitting a sound between a snort and a gargle. I had five shells in my chamber.

Jim gave the short mating grunt three times—"Ugh!—Ughh!—UUUGHGH!" The bull stopped eating, threw up his head, and eyed us inquiringly. Jim, wildy excited over the success of his calling, kept gibing the Missus in the ribs and ejaculating in a stage whisper: "See him? See him? He heard me—agswered me. There he comes!" "Ugh!—Uughghh!—UUUGHGHGH!" The bull suddenly charged towards us and horned the underbrush angrily and passionately. He lifted his head. I could hardly make it out against the dark background. There was a moment's silence. I could hear the water dripping from his bell. I watched him for a moment—fascinated.

"Shoot! Quick!" whispered Jim at about 140 yards. I took more time than was necessary, Jim repeating excitedly: "Shoot, shoot, shoot!" I fired. The bull turned very slowly, exposing the right side. He was hard to make out against the darkness. I again took deliberate aim at the shoulder and gave him two more. After the third shot the bull turned his back and staggered feebly towards the wood, Jim standing upright in the canoe and yelling at me to shoot again. At the fourth shot the animal fell sideways with a thud—one kick like a fallen horse, and it was all over.

Jim stood upright in the canoe and pounded the Missus (the nearest thing) on the back with his paddle. She passed it on to me. We paddled back to our

rock to get into the two canoes, the guides being afraid to approach the animal with four persons in one canoe and only one paddle. I threw out my remaining shell and we returned in two canoes, wading through the marsh. He lay on his side—a huge, black bulk, quite dead.

We measured him. Fifty-four inches spread and twenty-two prongs! I was astonished to find that all four shots had taken effect; the first when he was head on, went through the lowered jaw and apparently between the legs, without doing further damage; the second and third, either of which, Jim says, would have finished him, were found within three inches of each other, embedded near the heart; the fourth, as he staggered away from us, had entered the rear quarters and passed the length of the spine.

Cutting off a saddle for immediate consumption—the first fresh meat we had tasted since Haileybury—we postponed until the following day the remainder of the autopsy and the arduous preparation of the head and skull for the long paddle back to civilization. Moses, we called him, on account of the Hebrew bent of his nose, and the lake, out of deference to Jim's calling, we named "Lake Ugh."

"And you know," quoth the Missus that night as we toasted hands and fed before a crackling pine log blaze, while I revelled in the guides' praise of my steady marksmanship, "you know, you don't seem a bit more conceited than usual. Now, if I had shot Moses—"

But later in the evening as I rinsed the frying-pan in the starlit waters of Lake Ugh, some fifty feet below our campfire, I overheard the Missus taking Jim aside: "Oh, Jim. Do you think there'd be a chance if—if just you and I got up at sunrise and worked out that little creek to the northwest . . . ? I want a bull, you know, and—and—it's got to be a really big one—or I simply won't fire at him."

For the remainder of the trip I was forced to smile at the fashion in which one young lady made Jim's life miserable by insisting that every nook, creek, and cove be thoroughly investigated. For the ensuing ten days at sunrise, on the homeward journey and at eve, there were lively stalkings of the Quebec moose. But calves and yearling bulls were allowed to depart unhurt, the Missus remaining true to her determination of a record head or none at all.

And so, as I have had occasion to remark, it is the glowing eye of Moses beneath 54 inches of spreading antlers and above a drooping bell, which looks stonily upon us from the wall in that 6 ft. x 10 cubbyhole which our landlord, for reasons impertinent to suggest, sees fit to designate as "the dining-hall."—New York Evening Post.

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YEASTLE WAR BOSTON 1 cup ry 1 cup g 1 cup g 1 1/2 teas 1 teasp 1/2 cup m 2 cups s mill Mix and sift d ses and milk, sti into a greased m powder can ma loaf) and steam The cover shoul ing placed on m with string; oth might force off should never be thirds full. For on a trivet or sau water, allowi way up around m steam, adding m SWEET MI 1 cup wh 2 cups gr 1/2 teaspoo 1 1/2 teaspoo 1/2 cup m 1 1/2 cups s Sift the soda a add the molasses Pour into a gre three hours. NEW ENGLA 1 1/2 cups s 3 1/2 cups c 1/2 cup m 1 1/2 teaspoo 1 1/2 cups c 1 1/2 cups c 3 teaspoo Soak bread in t through a colla ingredients mixe ing water. Stir u tered one-pound b thirds full, cover HEAL 3 cups bra 1 1/2 cups s 1 cup whi 1/2 cup m 1 teaspoo 2 cups mi Sift together th in the milk and m ed pans, and let s about one-half hou about one and one- oven. BRAN 2 cups bra 2 cups whi 1 cup brow 1 cup sour 1 teaspoo 1 teaspoo Sift the salt and flour. Add the bra sugar and beat in greased pans. POTAT 3 pounds p 1 cup lukew 5 to 6 cups s 1 1/2 tablespoo 3 tablespoo 2 cakes cor softene water Boil the potatoe very soft. Pour of and mash the potat hot. When the Po add the dissolved other cupfuls of wa sugar. Mix into th flour, and allow th about two hours. A the flour and knead dough is smooth a until nearly double and shape into loav double their volum RICE 1/2 cup lukew 1/2 cup uncoo 2 teaspoo 1 tablespoo 1 tablespoo ping (1 1 cake com 6 to 8 cups Cook rice until ten to which one teaspoo added. Put the su used) into the mixi them a half cupful of yeast cake soften, the lukewarm water, flour and the boile cooled until lukewar to rise until very lig the flour. This d some pressure is nec last of the flour. All until double in bulk, to loaves; let thee bulk, and bake. Minard's Liment C