

The mysterious guide Maloney and the writer, at the log cabin in the Canaan Woods, where Maloney once escorted Prince Henry of Battenberg.

TRAILING THE MOOSE

By MANNING W. DOHERTY

WE had enjoyed a good dinner and sitting on the verandah; were in the middle of our second "pipes." The moon was rising gloriously, bathing the distant hill-tops with a flood of soft bewitching light. A beautiful New Brunswick valley lay before us wrapped in shadow. The air was delightfully crisp and clear, denoting that summer was past and the hunter's day at hand.

We smoked in silence, each knowing well that the other was thinking of rifles, camps, and moose. "When shall we hit the trail?" my friend Harvey was giving utterance to what was uppermost in his mind. In a few minutes it was arranged that we should secure the services of an Indian guide, John Maloney, and start the following Saturday for Canaan woods. There were no wasted hours during the succeeding days. Our spare time was occupied in rubbing up rifles, sorting ammunition and arranging our kit. Saturday morning found a stout farm waggon standing at my back door, ready to be loaded with blankets, provisions, horse fodder and other things indispensable to a two weeks' stay in the woods. At five o'clock Harvey and I mounted the seat, Maloney snuggled down among the bags prepared to enjoy a twenty-five mile drive to the Widow Kierstead's where we intended to spend the night.

When we reached "the Widow's" all lights were out; Maloney raised his birch bark horn and gave a couple of moose calls which had the desired effect. Soon our horses were comfortably housed and we were seated around the kitchen stove, a hearty supper, a few puffs at the pipe and then to sleep, the sleep of the hunter, who has left the cares of office and daily grind and who knows that the Canadian huntsman's paradise is ahead of him.

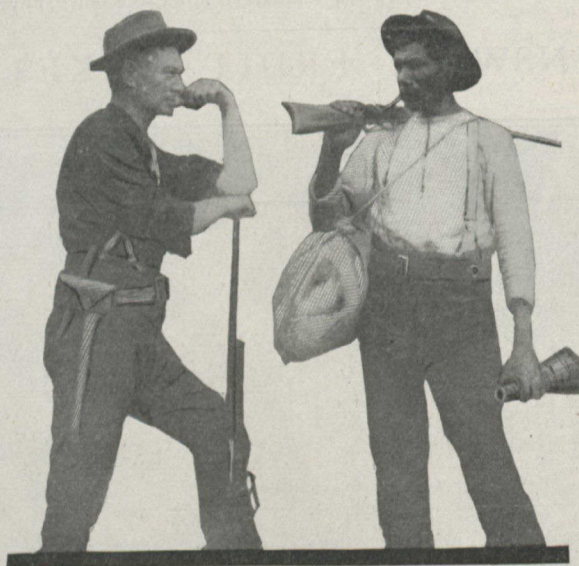
We awoke at dawn, having seen to the horses and demolished a breakfast that would have made an "American plan" restaurant-keeper commit suicide. An hour's drive brought us to Fork Stream. We had decided upon a deserted lumber camp which was five miles up the stream, for the reason that the "barrens" and feeding grounds were near, and also because Maloney had some years ago taken Prince Henry of Battenberg to this camp and had secured an exceptionally fine moose for His Highness.

Camp reached, we made the horses comfortable in a hovel and proceeded to sweep and air the old log-cabin and arrange the details of the interior economy of camp life. The waggon-box filled with spruce twigs and covered with blankets made a very comfortable bed for us. We went to considerable trouble to make a soft, and what proved to be, uncomfortable bed for Maloney. The first night he was restless, and in the morning declared the bed too soft and afterwards slept on a fourteen-inch pine board supported by two chairs and placed close to the stove.

Breakfast over while it was yet dark, we were early on our way through the woods to "Neighbour Bale's" spring some four miles away. On this tramp I was struck with the complete transformation which had taken place in the general personality of Maloney. On the town streets he

appeared disreputable and uninteresting, here he was a different man, keen, alert and picturesque even if a little unnecessarily mysterious. The man in his club, the lady in her drawing-room, the actor on the stage, pride themselves on posing with effect, but an intelligent Indian guide, bent on thrilling his patrons is a past master in the art of striking attitudes of intense expectancy. Walking ahead with long, springy, noiseless strides, he would stop suddenly in the middle of a stride, snatch off his old hat, raise his head and sniff to the right and left, and with the stolidity of a wooden god point in one direction or the other. He kept up this pantomime at frequent intervals, until he caught Harvey giving me a humorous wink, which put an end to the posing.

The air was heavy and close, weather conditions were not favourable for "calling." About eleven a slight rain began to fall, we turned our faces toward camp. The tramp abroad, however,



White man and Indian on the same social level, with gun and birch-bark horn.

was not entirely devoid of interest, as we crossed many tracks of bull, cow and calf moose. Some of these were quite fresh, proving we had chosen our quarters wisely. As showers fell intermittently all afternoon we wandered only far enough from camp to secure a few partridge. A 22-calibre rifle was used so as to make as little noise as possible. The evening was spent smoking and listening to Maloney's adventures in former hunts.

The morning found no change in the weather. We started out, however, fairly disgusted and the most indignant member was Maloney. Walking silently in file we were surprised by a rustling of the leaves, followed by a thud of hoofs close beside us. Although we stood motionless we heard no more. Soon we found the spot where the moose had rested, in fact it was still warm, this proved the faculty these large animals have of stealing

without fear of detection through the densest underbrush when once their fears have been roused.

The following morning, Wednesday, broke fine and cold, not a breath of wind. Maloney was in fine fettle and had us on the barren at six o'clock. Choosing a location he raised his birch bark horn and gave a call first low and deep then swelling to a higher pitch. In a few minutes an answer came from a bull moose probably three-quarters of a mile away. In the still clear air we could plainly hear his deep sonorous grunts accompanied by the crashing of small timber and the ripping of saplings by his antlers. My heart beat against my ribs, perspiration stood on my forehead and in those moments I experienced the thrilling fascination of hunting moose. When the moose stopped Maloney gave another call low and seductive, the crashing began again, growing closer and more distinct. The woods fairly rang with noise, my fingers twitched nervously at the rifle. Once more he stopped and we judged he was not more than three hundred yards away. Here it was that Maloney showed himself master of the art of imitating the call of the cow. Raising his horn he sent forth in low plaintive notes a call that would melt a heart of stone. Each note must have rung true to the bull for on he came, now so close that we could hear the water splash as he ploughed through the marsh. I quietly cocked my rifle, keeping watch in the direction of the noise. Presently the branches parted and there he stood, a magnificent specimen, with head raised, eyes gleaming, and never a sign of fear. I aimed carefully and fired. With a roar that echoed through the woods he reared and fell sideways. The bullet had reached his heart. Maloney snatched off his old hat and grasped my hand, a silent approval.

An Election and a Navy

(Concluded from page 8.)

antagonism to this policy it may become necessary to forget the differences that have hitherto kept the two great parties apart and unite upon what, in our humble judgment, seems to be the greatest question of the hour."

The Ottawa Citizen (Conservative) says:

"The Citizen has no sympathy with Bourassa and his Quebec agitators, whose sole object is apparently to prevent any assistance whatever being furnished, either directly to the Imperial fleet or by taking over the defence of the Canadian coasts."

The Montreal Witness thinks that the ultra-Imperialists should be less "shrill" in their demands, but adds:

"Mr. Bourassa now pretends that the victory for his side was won because the question of a navy or no navy for Canada was not submitted to the people. Leaving aside the fact that the referendum is up-to-date no part of our political system, and has only been resorted to in case of the question of prohibition. Mr. Bourassa knows very well that his appeal has, for several years past, been to race and religion, to prejudice, and that the election in Drummond and Arthabaska has been won largely by frightening the voters into the belief that the able-bodied among them would be dragged off to fight in Britain's wars by land and sea."

The Ottawa Journal analyses Mr. Bourassa's attitude as inconsistent, and says:

"Beyond all question, the rest of Canada has determined upon a policy of common self-respect as regards naval defence. Some of us may want a Canadian navy, some of us may prefer contribution to the Imperial navy, but the vast majority of us, outside of Quebec, favour one or the other—favour the principle of defensive preparation under whatever form—and must resent the Quebec position, if Quebec should follow the lead of Mr. Bourassa."

The Toronto News is not terrifically angry over the defeat of the Laurier candidate, but it is averse to any union between Conservatives and Nationalists. It declares:

"The Conservative party, however, has been educated to accept Imperial responsibilities and to desire partnership in the Empire. In that way lies its future and its success, and fortunately there will be no attempt to commit it to new courses by a doubtful alliance with extreme movements which have no certainty of length of days and which make neither for the unity of Canada nor the consolidation of the Empire."

These opinions from leading Conservative and independent journals should be sufficient to indicate that the best opinion of Canada, is more opposed to the Nationalist propaganda than to the Laurier policy of a Canadian navy. The Laurier policy may not be wholly satisfactory to ardent Imperialists, but the Bourassa-Monk policy is absolutely impossible, and demands a united opposition from all classes of Canadian citizens.