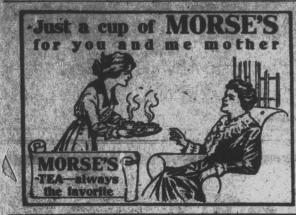
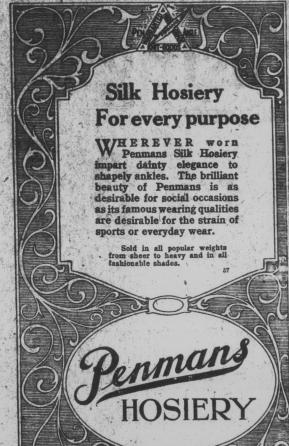
OSITION but it must be Colman's





A Moose Hunt on Riviere De Chute

Riviere de Chute. For the first halt of this distance, to where the road crosses the de Chute, portages haul to lumber camps to the Southwest, but once the river no lumber opera-

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checked the entire expanse and perhaps for a generation never shall. Much of the timber that is accessible has been removed, the Kiance to remain, perhaps for all time a hunting country whose fringes are but 24 hours from Boston and Montreal. Our immediate plan was to hunt the ridge at the foot where we found seven beds. On the morrow we would return and, skirting this ridge, cross the de Chute and hit the lower end of the large ridge and work back into the wind toward camp. And that night, for good measure, there fell about four additional inches of snow.

As we picked our way through the bough-laden bushes, ducking the tiny drifts which perched about our collars, stopping briefly to blow the sights clear of snow, hauling ourselves by main force over knee-deep buried windfalls, I recalled some of the opinions I had heard expressed regarding the simplicity of moose hunting. In fact it scened that, despite all my care in selecting this country, plus sixteen sea-ons of experience, that I was to case my rifle without a single decent shot. As for Bill, he was, with giant strides, forging ahead and skirting the lower end of the mountain. In the tiny opening the storm beat upon our shoulders. For the twentieth time it seemed I blew out the receiver sight and then happened to glance to the lower country to my right.

I was conscious of what at first appeared as if someone from above had suspended through an opening in the edge of the ridge was by no means open. Instinctively I paused and, after what seemed several seconds, realized J was facing perhaps the largest moose I had ever seen. Of course, the black overall illusion was the forelegs and chest, while from the trees the merest tips of antlers were discernable. There was no semblance of a blade and I figured that perhaps the head was thirty odd inches. "Bill," I whispered, "come here, can you see the head?"

Rapidly Bill turned, strode through the snow and answered, "it's a good one, give it to him!"

As I raised the rifle the bull swung As I raised the rifle the bull swung and I realized what I had thought might be the total spread was but a pair of sturdy brows. As he turned it seemed as if his spread covered the entire tength of his body, the "of yapped and elicked and with a huge stride he was gone.

"I am sure," said I, "he is hit, I

(Continued on page eight.)



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